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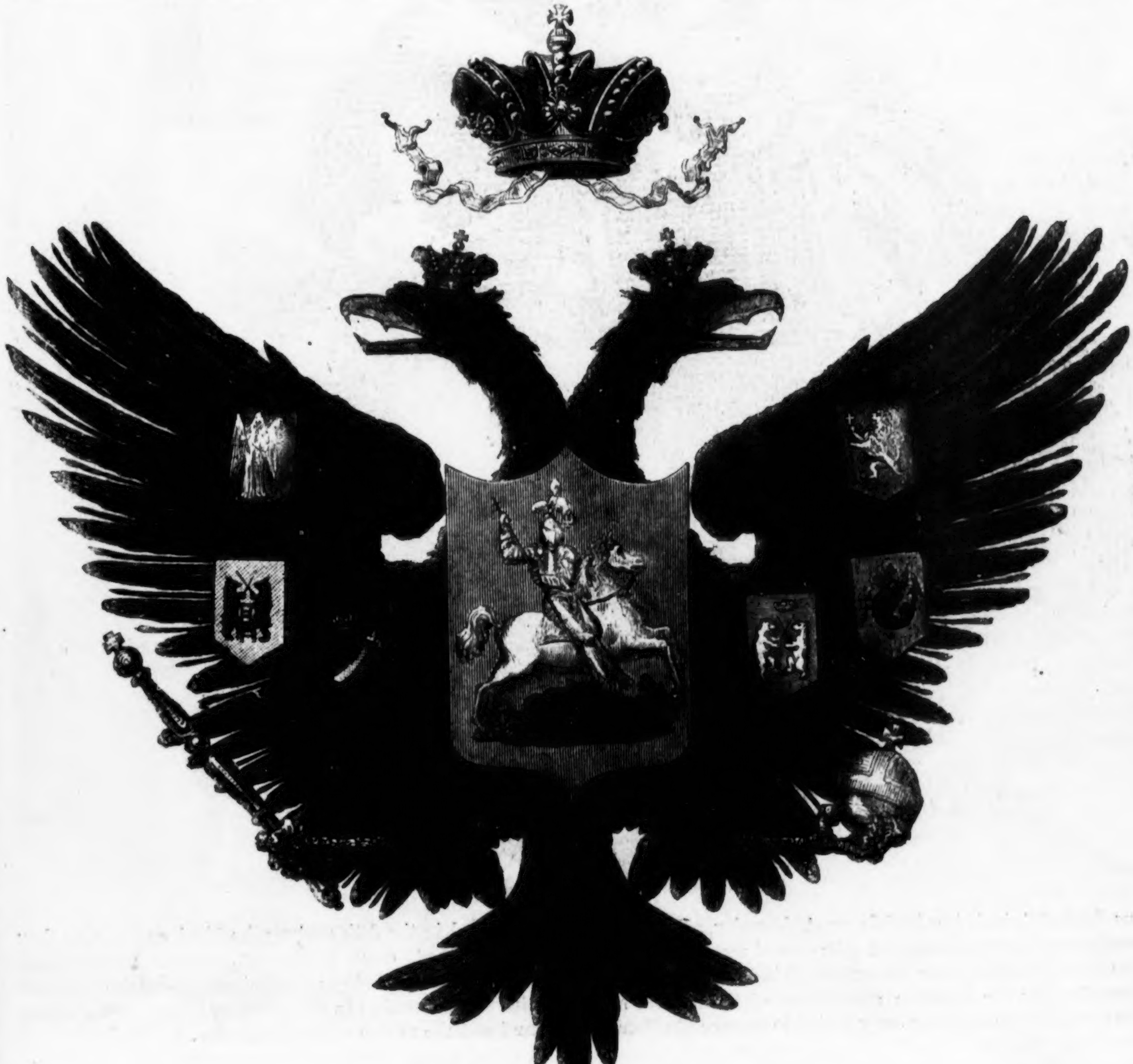

THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN POWER.—THE ARMS OF RUSSIA.

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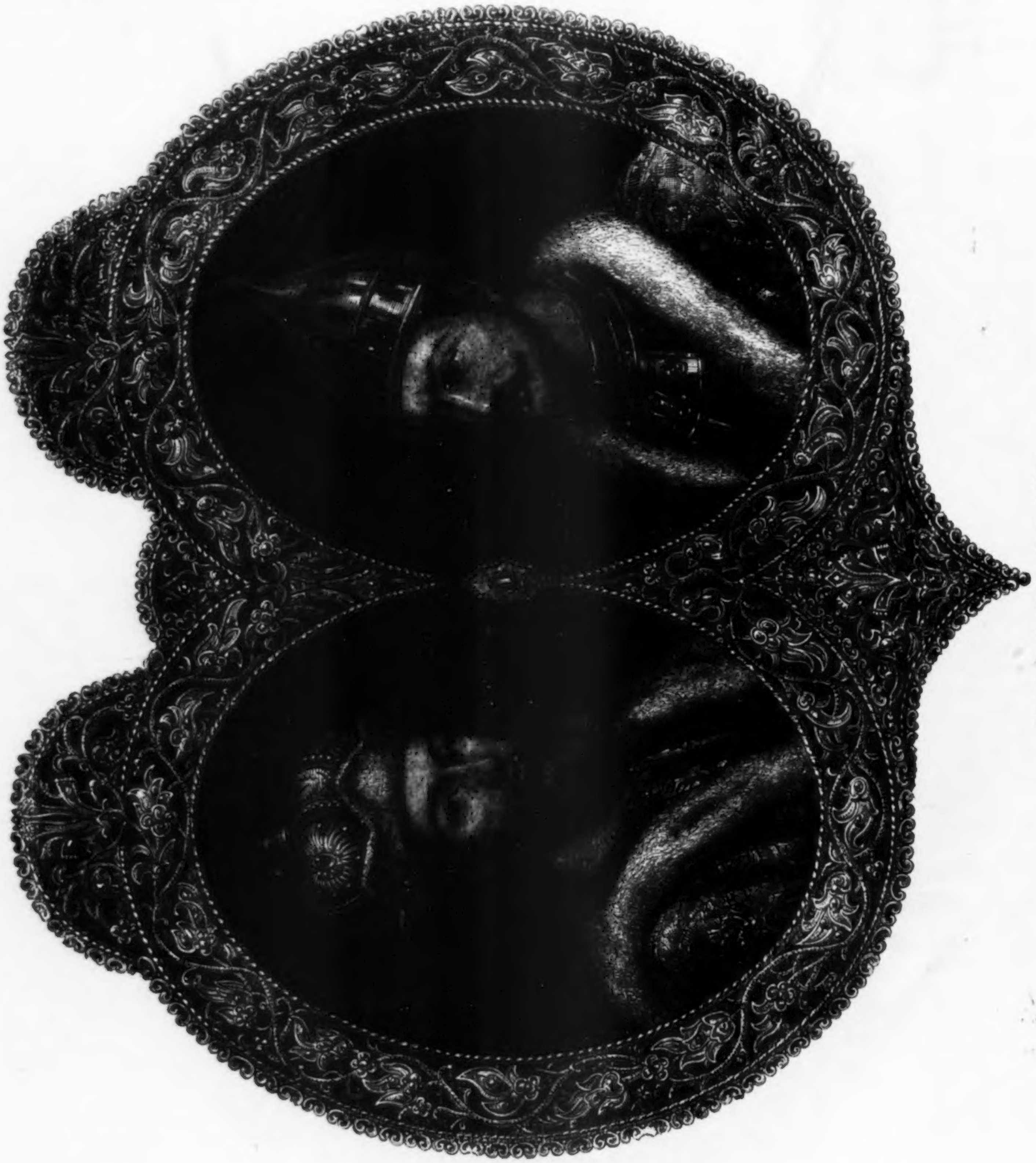
THE GROWTH OF RUSSIAN POWER.

The early history of that great empire, whose boundaries have been gradually extended until it now occupies almost the entire northern portion of the Eastern Hemisphere, embracing, in its immense area, more than half of Europe and one-third of Asia, is involved in great obscurity. Its earliest annals only furnish occasional glimpses of numerous barbarian hordes roaming over its surface. These nomadic tribes, classed under the common appellation of Sarmatians and Scythians, began at a very early period to menace the Roman frontiers. They inhabited the countries described by Herodotus between the Don and the Dnieper, and even before the time of Cyrus the Great of Persia had invaded Southern Asia. Strabo and Tacitus mention the Roxolani, afterward called Ros, as one of the most powerful and warlike of the Sarmatian tribes. The Greeks established several colonies in this region, and entered into commercial relations with the various tribes.

In the second century the Goths overran the country, and established themselves from the Don to the Danube. Successive migrations of Alans, Huns, Avarians, and Bulgarians followed, and in the fifth century the Slavi, or Slavs, as they are now termed, came from the northern Danube, and spreading themselves along the Dnieper, drove the scattered Finnish tribes dwelling in this territory higher north toward Finland and the region of the Arctic Sea.

The Slavs soon acquired, from commercial intercourse with their southern neighbors, habits of civilized life, and embraced the Christian religion. They founded the cities



THE CZARS VLADIMIR AND YAROSLAV.

of Novgorod and Kiev, which early attained considerable importance. Their wealth, however, soon excited the avidity of the fierce nomadic tribes by whom they were surrounded, and with whom they were compelled to maintain a perpetual warfare.

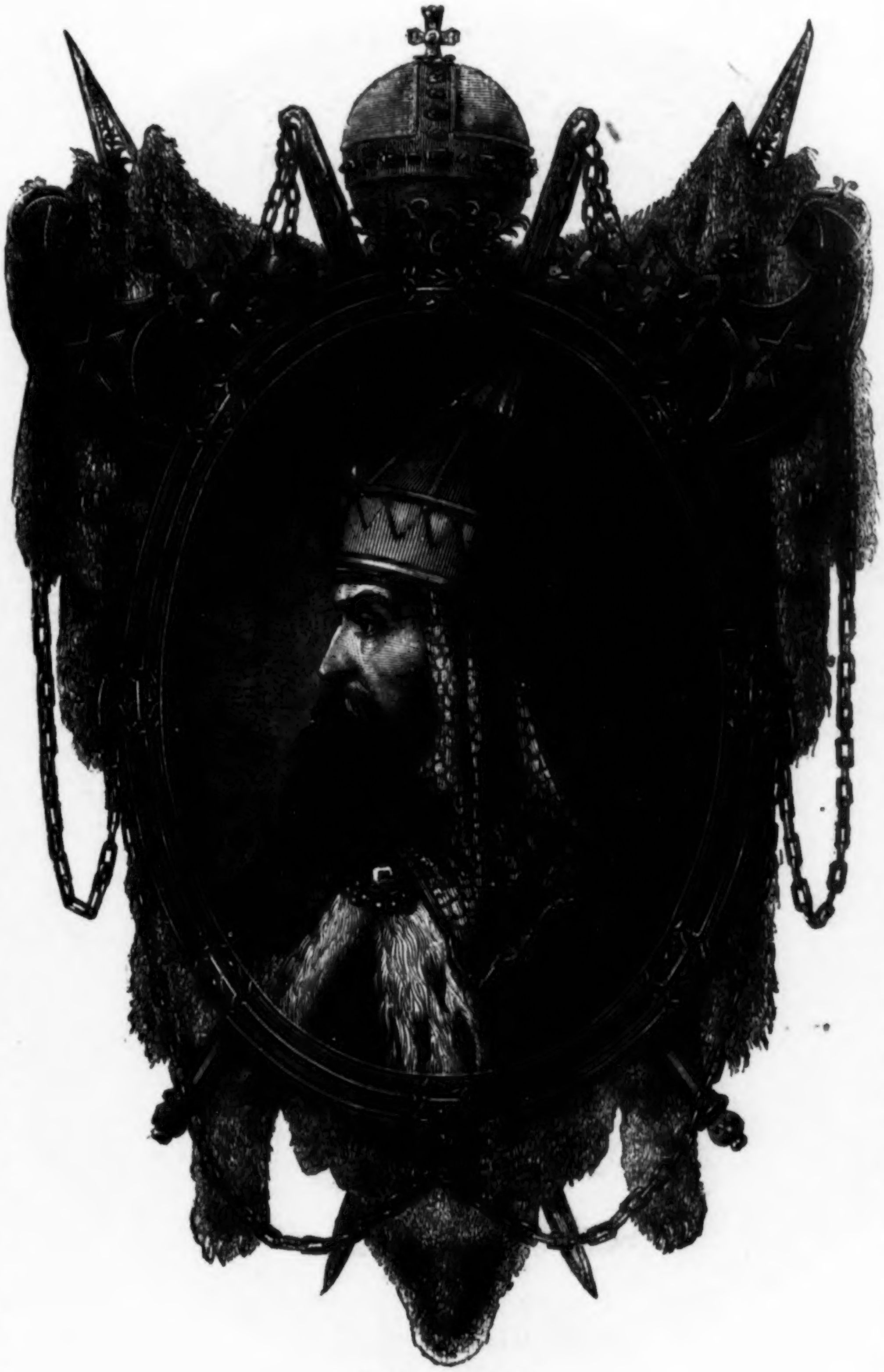
More formidable enemies were the Varagians, a race of bold pirates inhabiting the shores of the Baltic, who were called by the Slavs *Rus*, and having subdued the Finnish tribes, undertook the conquest of the Slavic peoples.

It is probable that these Varagians formed a part of those Scandinavian nations who, under the name of Danes and Saxons, successively made themselves masters of England; and to these bold invaders the name of *Russi*, *Russes*, or *Russians*, is believed to owe its origin.

From the confused and improbable legends and vague historical records which comprise all that we know of this period, we can derive little reliable information. This much, however, appears certain: that in these dark ages the country was divided among a great number of petty princes, who made war upon each other with great ferocity and cruelty, so that the people were reduced to the utmost misery; and the Slavs, seeing that the warlike races threatened their rising state with destruction, were compelled by the necessity of self-preservation to make terms with them.

Their negotiations resulted, in 862 A. D., in the arrival of a celebrated Varagian chief, named Rurik, with a body of his countrymen, in the vicinity of the Lake Ladoga, who laid the foundation of the present Empire of Russia, by uniting his people under one government with those who already occupied the soil. Rurik seems to have been a bold and sagacious ruler, and is credited with zeal for the strict administration of justice, and enforcing its exercise on all the *boyars* or nobles who possessed territories under him.

With this prince began that sovereignty, which, gradually extending its area, mainly by conquest, rarely by inheritance, has grown in ten centuries to four times the dimensions of the Roman Empire in the zenith of its power. For nearly eight hundred years Russia remained under the autocratic sway of his descendants, steadily growing in territory, population and power, although its advance was much impeded by the repeated partition of the empire among several heirs, and the dreadful internecine wars which accompanied such divided rule.


THE CZAR IVAN III.

Rurik died in 879, leaving his kingdom, not to his son, Igor, who was but four years old, but to Oleg, his cousin, a successful soldier and wise ruler. Oleg conquered the Principality of Kiev and united it with his own; vanquished the Khazars, a people of Turanian origin, who in the seventh and eighth centuries had established a powerful kingdom between the Dnieper and the Caspian; drove the Magyars out of the borders of Russia toward the country now occupied by them; and made an expedition by land and sea against the Emperor of Constantinople, with whom he concluded, in 911, an advantageous peace. He made Kiev and Novgorod the sister-capitals of Russia, a distinction they retained for nearly three hundred years. Igor, the son of Rurik, who succeeded Oleg, extended his territories along the shores of the Black Sea, from the Danube to the mouth of the Dnieper, and his son

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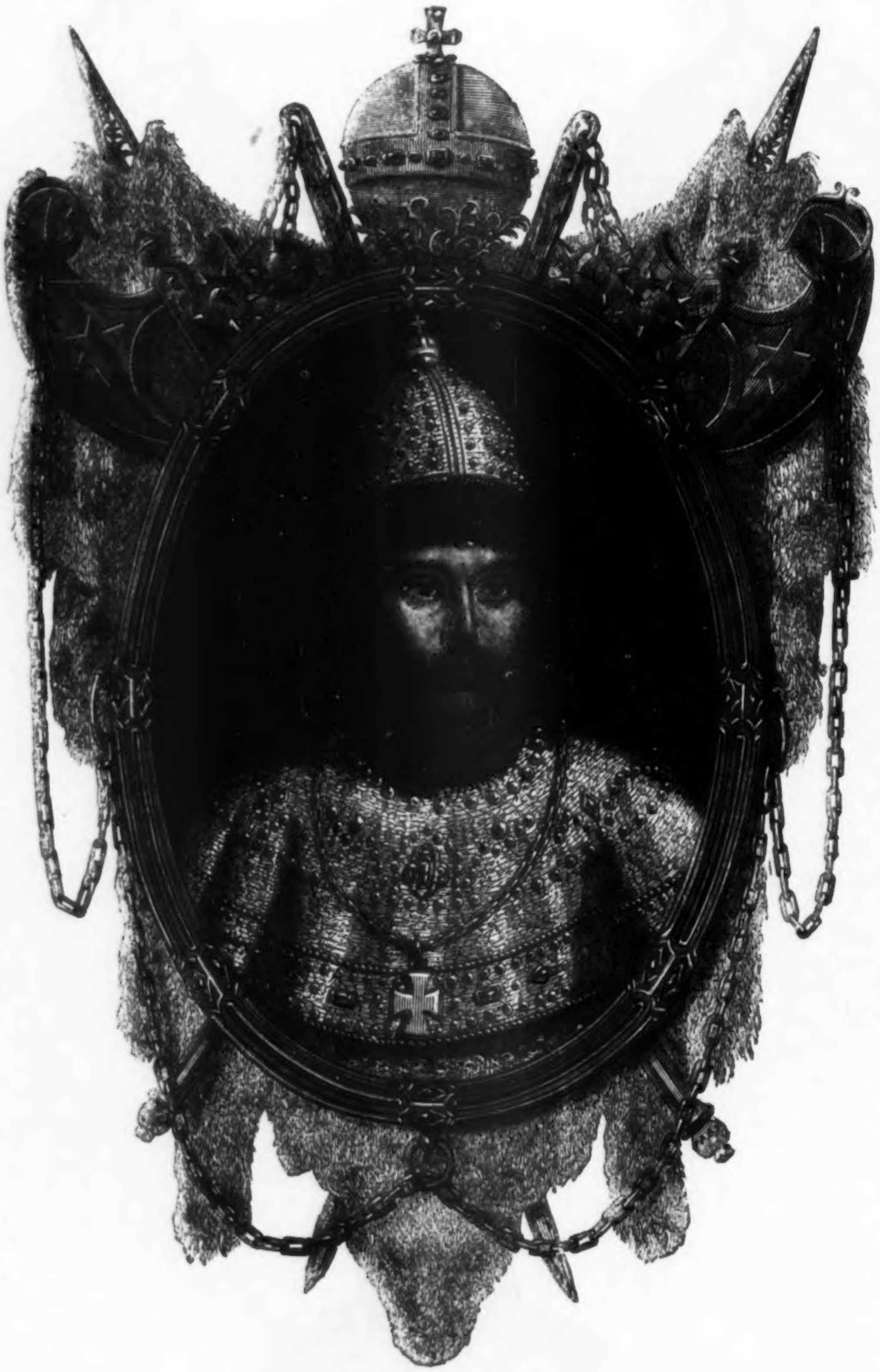
Sviatoslav carried the borders of the empire to the Sea of Azov.

From the practice of dividing the territory of the empire between the sons of the reigning monarch, the death of the latter was usually the signal for a fratricidal war of greater or less duration, and always of indescribable atrocity. For the same reason, the number of sovereigns who have occupied the Russian throne is very large. Thus, the ninety years between 1238 and 1328, covered fourteen reigns; and the last fifty years of this epoch is said to have been the most disastrous period in Russian history. The aspect of the country was that of a gloomy forest rather than an empire.

While space will not permit a chronological record of the rulers of Russia, we may refer briefly to those among its sovereigns who chiefly contributed to the extension of its territory and the establishment and consolidation of its power.

Vladimir, who came to the throne in 980, having put to death his brother, Yaropoek, received the surname of the Great, on account of the benefits he conferred on the empire. He engaged in numerous wars, and subjected several of the neighboring states to his dominion. He seized on part of the Polish territory, compelled the Bulgarians to do him homage, subdued the Patchenegans and Khazares, and reduced to his authority the countries now known as Galicia and Lodomeria. Marrying the Princess Anne, sister to the Greek Emperor Basilius Porphyrogenitus, he embraced Christianity, and the vast empire under his rule was thenceforward considered as belonging to the Patriarchate of Constantinople.



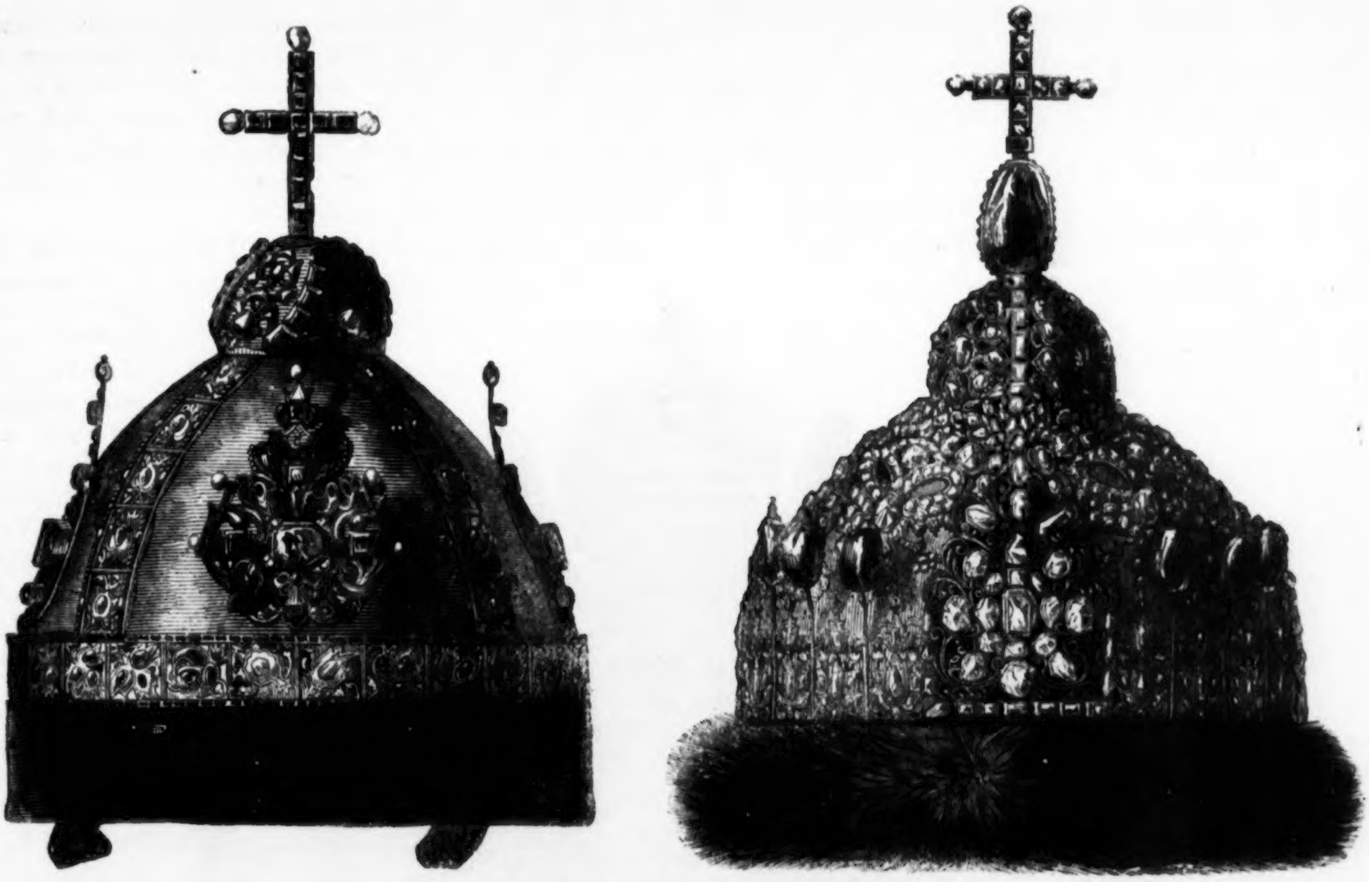
THE CZAR IVAN IV.

We are told that Vladimir called the arts from Greece, cultivated them in the peaceable period of his reign, and generously rewarded their professors. His merits as a ruler, indeed, appear to have been very considerable; he founded many towns, established churches and schools, and left the empire in a state vastly improved from that in which he found it at his accession to the throne.

His son, Yaroslav, who reigned thirty-five years, and died in 1054, was also a prince of considerable attainments, and made his name known and respected throughout Europe. Three of his daughters were married to the Kings of France, Norway, and Hungary, and his eldest son, Vladimir, who died before him, had for wife a daughter of the unfortunate Harold, the last of the Saxon kings of England. This shows that the intercourse and traffic between these nations at that period must have been far more extensive than is commonly supposed.

Yaroslav, at his death, divided his empire, according to the usual custom, among his sons. Vladimir Monomachus, his grandson, who died in the early part of the next century, did the same; and as the Russian monarchs were blessed, generally speaking, with a numerous offspring (the last-mentioned sovereign had eight children), the country was continually a prey to internal dissensions and strife; and these family feuds were seldom settled without an appeal to the sword; a method of adjudication which, being congenial to the disposition of the people and the temper of the times, was frequently prolonged for years.

The reigns which followed this period of Russian history



CROWNS OF THE RUSSIAN CZARS.

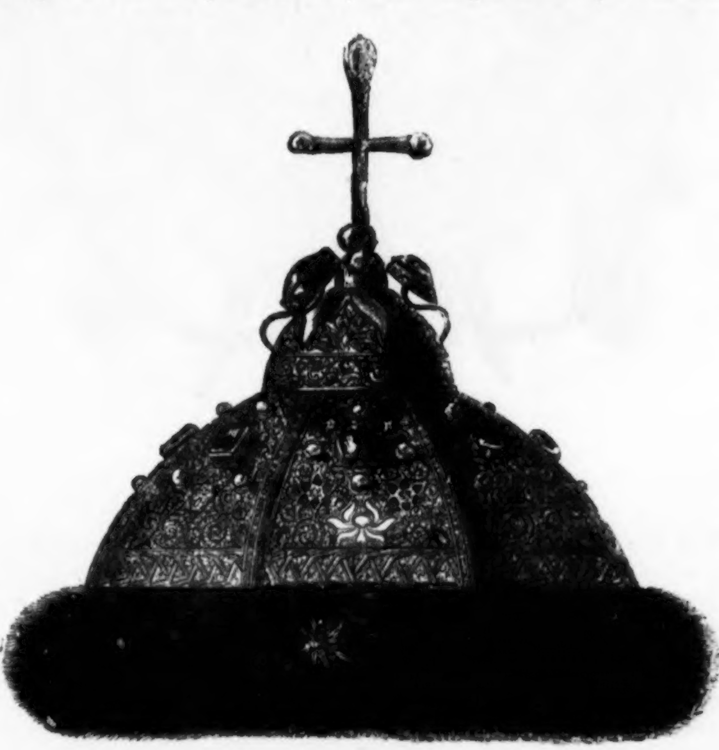
are distinguished by little else than continual wars with the Poles, Lithuanians, Polovetzes, and Tchoudes, with this exception, that the town of Vladimir, built by Yury I., in 1157, became in that year the capital, instead of Kiev.

A more formidable enemy than the inhabitants of the countries already mentioned now drew near the Muscovite territory, in the person of Tuschki, the son of the great Tartar conqueror, Genghis Khan, who, emigrating westward, led his Tartars, about the year 1223, from the shores of the sea of Aral and the Caspian to those of the Dnieper. The Circassians and Polovetzes, after endeavoring in vain to arrest the progress of the horde, were at length constrained to apply to their hitherto inveterate foes for assistance; and, the cause being now equally dear to all parties, the Russians made a desperate stand on the banks of the Kalka. The impetuous attack, however, of the invaders was not to be withstood; the Russians were completely routed, and scarcely a tenth part of an army composed of 100,000 men escaped. The Tartars pursued their way unmolested to the capital, which they took, and put to death 50,000 of the inhabitants of the Principality of Kiev.

Thirteen years later, Batu Khan, grandson of Genghis, invaded Russia, and desolated whole provinces, committing every species of cruelty, even in the towns which submitted to his arms.

Yury II., who then occupied the throne, placed himself at the head of some troops hastily called together, and marched to meet the foe. The contest was sanguinary and short; after performing prodigies of valor, the Russians were overpowered by numbers, and their prince left among the slain. The ruthless Tartars pushed forward to within sixty miles of Novgorod, laying waste everything in their track; but, for some unaccountable reason, failed to attack the city, and soon retired from the Russian territory.

The wretched condition into which the southern and central parts of Russia were thrown by these invaders afforded a most advantageous opportunity for other enemies to attack it, and, accordingly, in 1242, during the reign of Yaroslav II., the Swedes, Danes, and Livonians sent a numerous and well-disciplined army to demand the surrender of Novgorod. This Alexander, the son of the reigning sovereign, refused; and, leaving his capital, he advanced, unaided by any allies, to meet his opponents, and fought the celebrated battle of the Neva, which gained him the surname of *Nevski*, and a place in the Russian calendar. The personal courage of Alexander in this battle was of the highest order, and mainly contributed to secure the victory. His memory is still cherished by the Russians, and the Order instituted in honor of him is much valued.



CROWN OF THE RUSSIAN CZARS.

A cruel and constantly fluctuating war with the Tartars—various incursions by the Livonians, Lithuanians, Swedes, and

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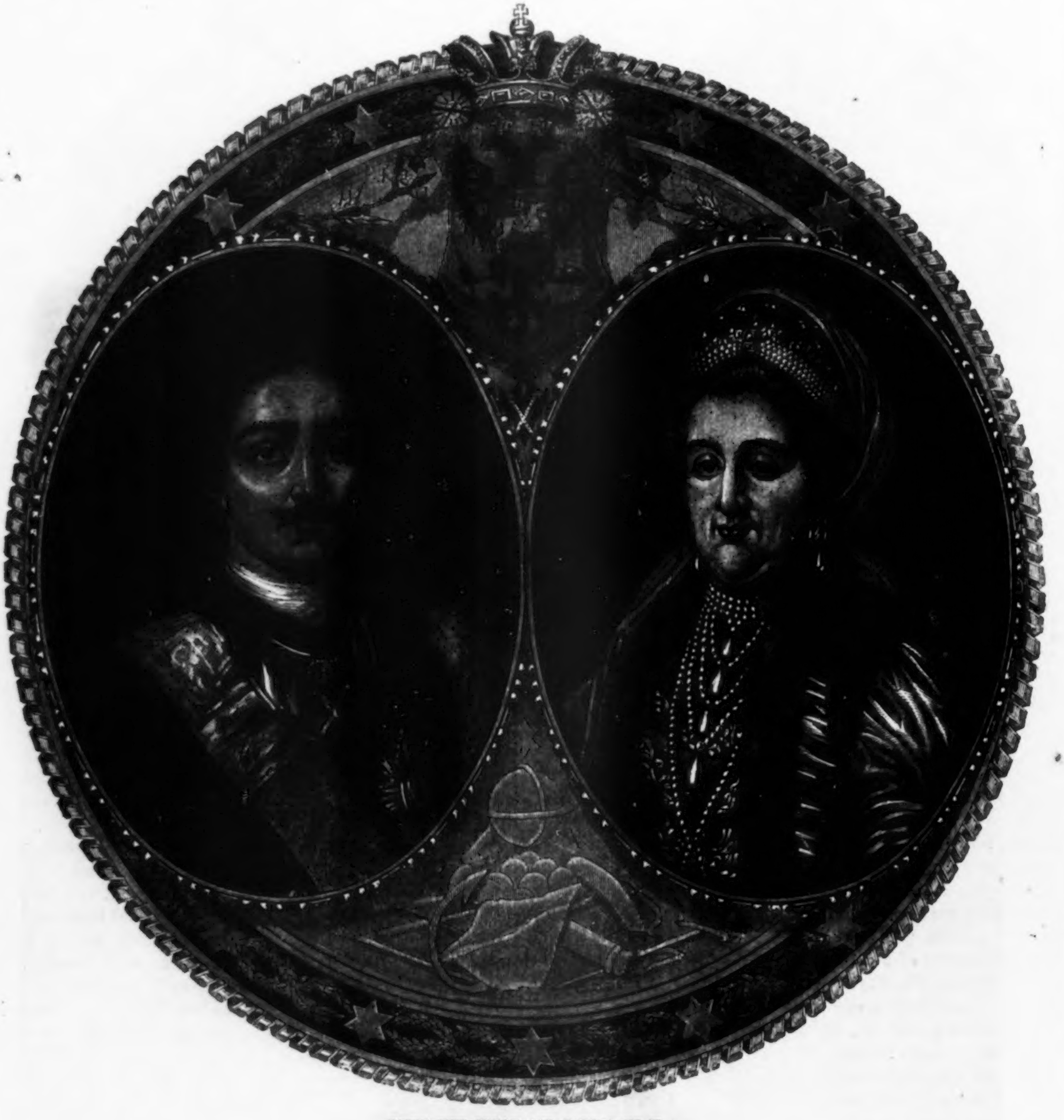
Poles—and the most frightful civil discord among the almost regal provinces of Russia, consumed nearly a century, comprising fourteen successive reigns, from Yury II., who died in 1238, to Ivan I., who succeeded his father in 1328. The latter sovereign, whose father had greatly beautified and improved Moscow (founded in 1147), made it his royal residence, and the city increased rapidly in importance. In the reign of Ivan II. it became the capital of the empire.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century the Tartars again invaded Russia, and Demetrius IV., raising an army of 400,000 men, met them near the Don, and defeated them with great slaughter. This terrible contest lasted three days, and was known in after ages as "The Battle of the Giants." The victors, however, suffered greatly, and when Demetrius reviewed his army after the battle, he found it reduced to 40,000 men! This success obtained for him the surname of *Donskoi.*

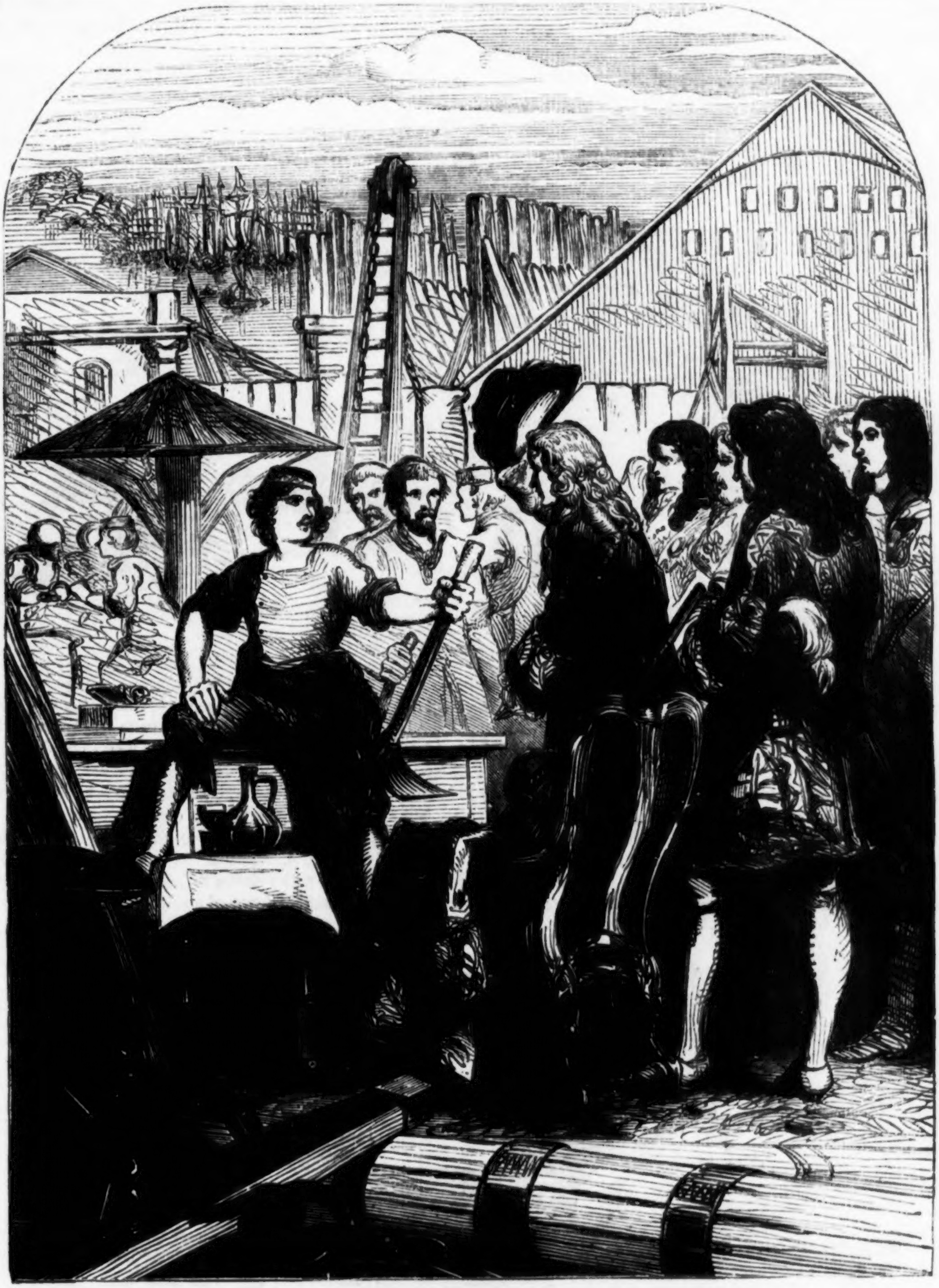


PETER THE GREAT AND CATHARINE II.

Subsequently, however, the Tartars again advanced, and captured the cities of Moscow and Vladimir, destroying both utterly with fire, while no less than 24,000 of the inhabitants of the former were put to the sword.

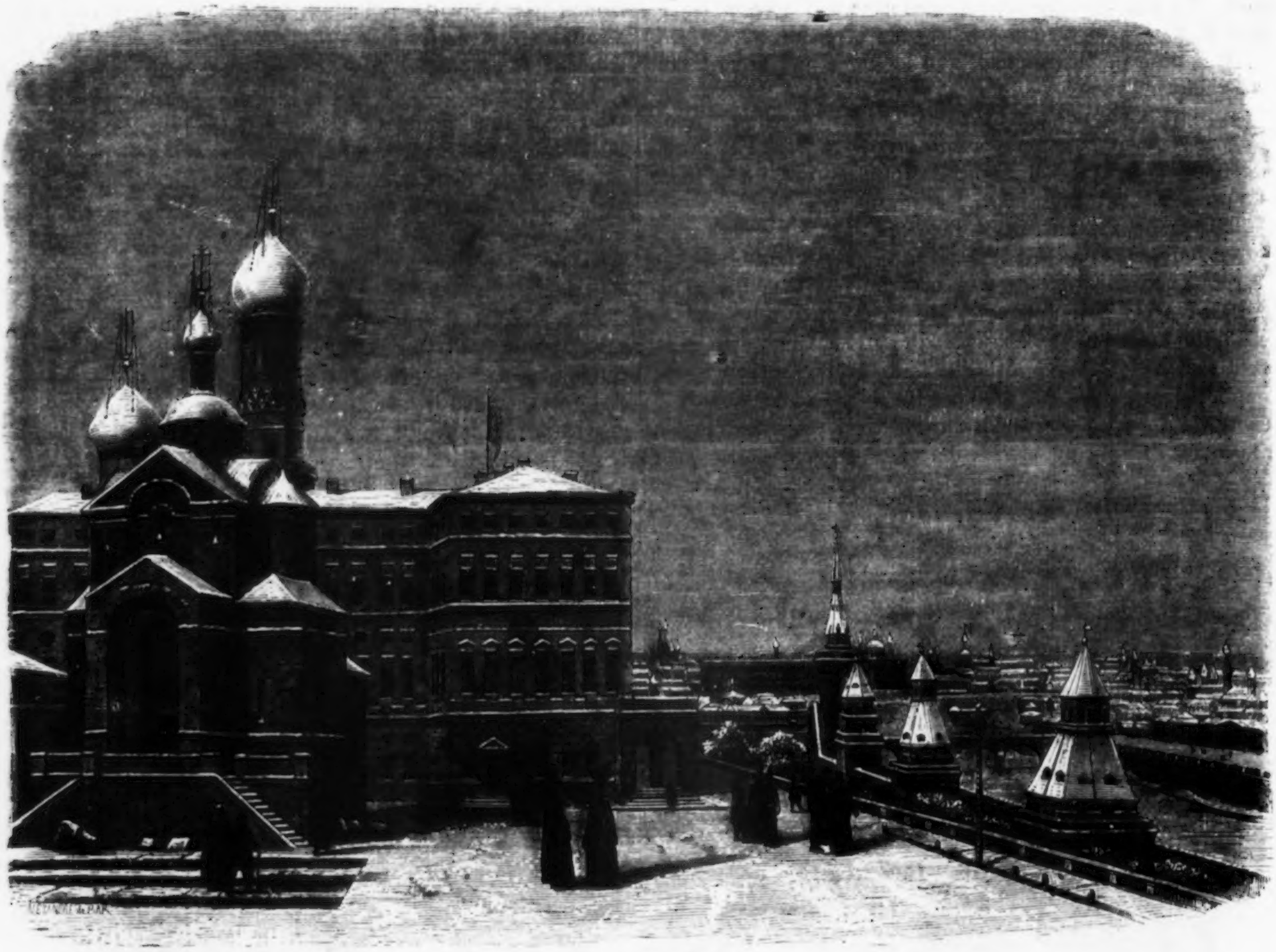
Basil II., who succeeded Demetrius in 1389, was also destined to see his country invaded by the Tartars, led by the famous Tamerlane, but they suddenly retreated just as he was about to give them battle.

A new period in the progress of Russia began with its entire deliverance from the rule and influence of the Mongols through Ivan III., surnamed the Great, and also called "The Terrible," although that title belongs rather to his grandson, Ivan IV. Ivan III. came to the throne in 1462, and may be called the true founder of the modern Russian empire. His first exploit was the reduction of the province of Kazan, in which he succeeded after two severe campaigns. The next was the subjection of Novgorod, in which he also succeeded, incorporating that city and province in his own dominions, and having received the oaths of allegiance of the inhabitants, he carried off with him to Moscow their celebrated town-clock, which he suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, to be used only to call the people to their devotions.



PETER THE GREAT IN AN ENGLISH DOCKYARD.

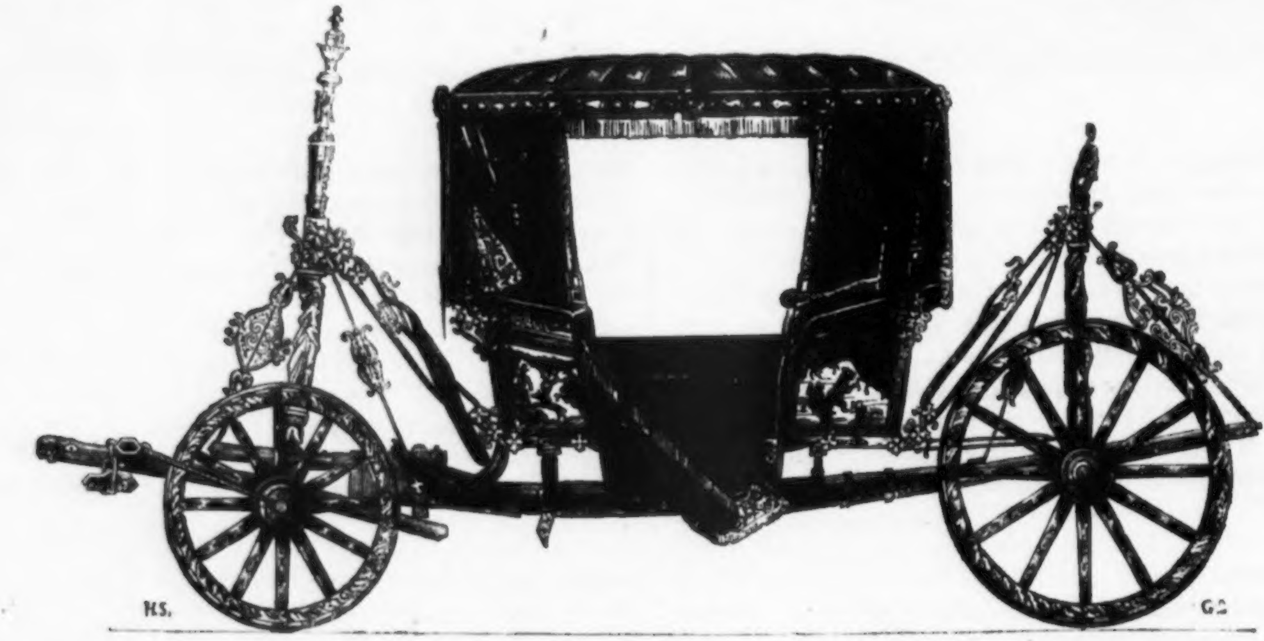
His next and most arduous undertaking was the destruction of the "Golden Horde," under Achmet, which he effected in revenge for the insult offered him by that Khan in demanding the homage he had received from his predecessors. Ivan spat on the edict and Achmet's seal, and put his ambassadors to death, sparing only one to convey the intelligence to his master, who prepared the following year to take his revenge; but, awed by the preparations made to receive him on the banks of the Oka, he retired for a time, and subsequently took the more circuitous route through Lithuania, from which country he expected support. The Russians, however, met and defeated a part of his horde, and



THE PALACE OF PAUL I.

were returning home, when the Khan was met on a different route by the Nogai Tartars, who routed his army and slew him in the battle. Ivan soon after defeated Casimir IV., King of Poland, Achmet's ally, and successfully invaded the Polish territory.

This powerful and ambitious prince also made treaties with, and received ambassadors from, the Pope, the Sultan, the Kings of Denmark and Poland, and the Republic of Venice. He assumed the title of "Grand Prince of Novgorod, Vladimir, Moscow, and all Russia," and changed the arms of St. George on horseback for the black eagle with two heads, after his marriage with Sophia, a princess of the imperial blood of Constantinople. Without being a tyrant like his grandson, he had received from nature a certain harshness of character, which he knew how to moderate by the strength of his reason. It is said, however, that a single glance of Ivan, when he was excited, would make a timid woman swoon; that petitioners dreaded to approach his throne; and that, even at his table, the *boyars*, his grandees, trembled before him. When the same *boyars* demanded that he should give the crown to his grandson, Ivan, whom he had dispossessed in favor of a son by his second wife, he



STATE-CARRIAGE OF THE CZAR.

said—"I will give to Russia whomsoever I please!" He died in 1505, after a reign of forty-three years.

Wars between the Russians and the Poles and Tartars, and a rebellion of the Novgorodians, again arose on the death of Ivan; and it was not until the death of his successor, Vassili IV., and the termination of a minority of twelve years in the reign of Ivan IV., that internal troubles were, for a time, suppressed.

This monarch, the first to take the title of "Czar," soon perceived that, to preserve his power, he must annihilate the Tartar dominion, and to this task he felt that his uninstructed army was unequal. He therefore established, in 1545, the militia of the *Strelitzes*, and armed them with muskets instead of bows, hitherto their arms, as their name imports, from *strelai*, an arrow. He then laid siege to and captured Kazan, taking the Khan prisoner. He also defeated Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, in a pitched battle near Viborg; ravaged Livonia, taking Dorpat, Narva, and thirty fortified towns; and made war on the King of Poland because he had refused him his daughter in marriage. An unsuccessful campaign against this potentate, attributed by the *boyars* to the incapacity of the foreign generals, as well as the death of his wife, Anastasia, whose controlling influence was no longer felt, led to the unlimited indulgence of his naturally ferocious disposition; and the remaining acts of his life gained for him, in the history of his country, the surname of "The Terrible." In Novgorod, which he hated on account of the free spirit of the citizens, he put more than 60,000 men to death in 1570, adding to the slaughter the most dreadful tortures. Similar scenes occurred in Tver and Moscow.

COTTON. SMEETON

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Independently of these many and frightful acts of barbarity, he killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage, and died a prey to the grief and remorse which this fearful crime occasioned him, after having endeavored to atone for it by giving large sums of money to different monasteries. Yet he contributed more to the greatness of Russia than any of his predecessors.

Besides the conquests we have already recounted, he opened, in 1553, a commercial road to Archangel; in 1554 subdued Astrakhan, made successful campaigns in Livonia and Esthonia, and in 1570 united the country of the Don with his empire. In 1581-2 a Cossack freebooter, named Yermak Timofeyeff, conquered for him the vast region of Siberia.

As a legislator, Ivan IV. was superior to all his predecessors, having, with the assistance of his nobles, compiled a code of laws called "*Soudebnik.*" In his reign an English ship, commanded by Richard Chancellor, on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Sea, anchored in the mouth of the Dwina; and, when information of this circumstance was forwarded to Ivan, he invited Chancellor to Moscow, where, on his arrival, he was received with marked attention, and presented with a letter to carry back to his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, expressing the Czar's desire to enter into commercial relations with England, and to have English artificers and workmen sent to him.

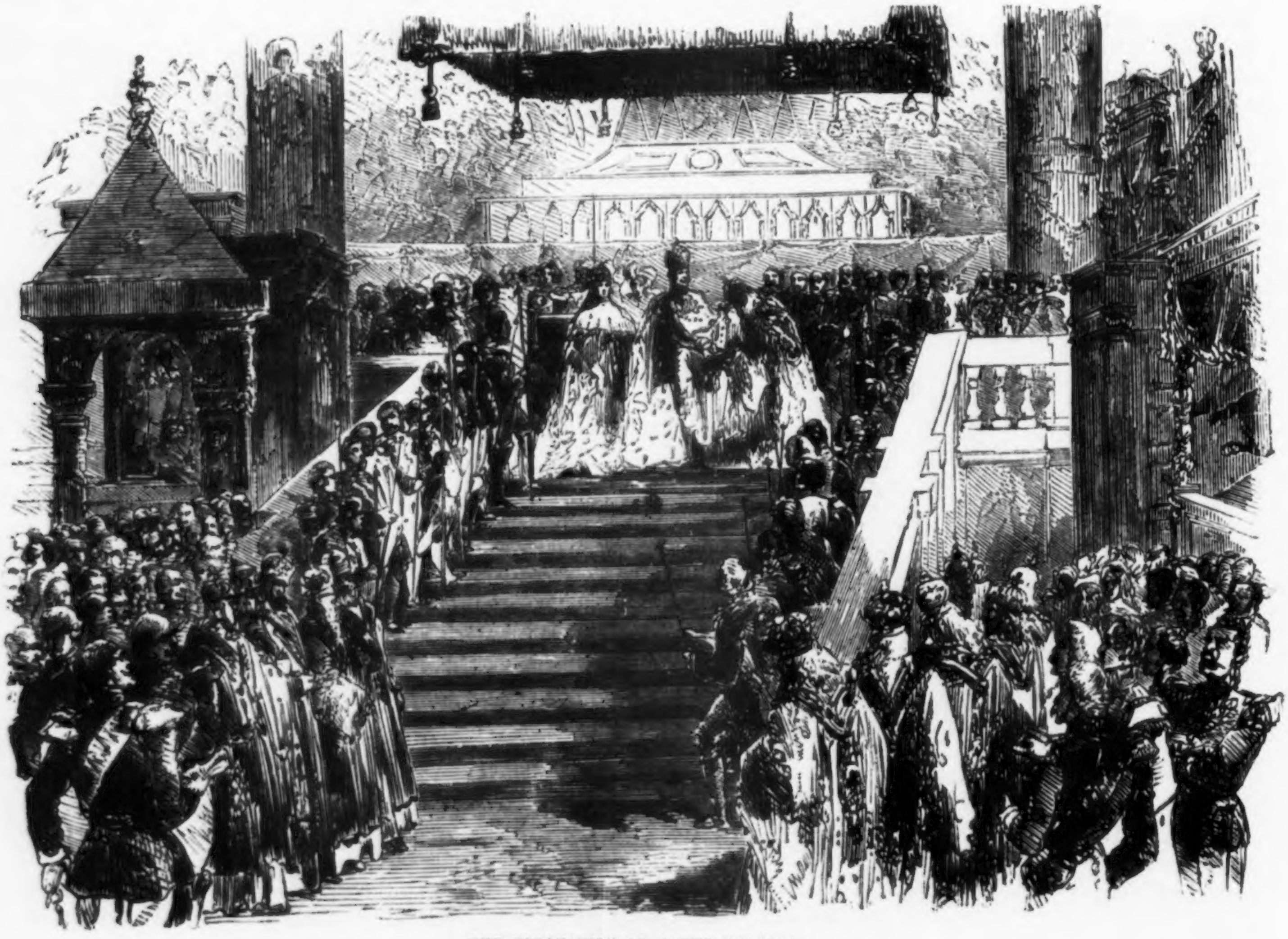
It is curious that even at this early period the fair which he established at Narva was so glutted with English, Dutch, and French goods, that some of them were sold for less than the original cost in the home markets.

In the memory of the people the brilliant renown of Ivan survived the recollection of his bad qualities. The groans had ceased, the victims were reduced to dust; new events caused ancient traditions to be forgotten; and the memory of the prince reminded people only of the conquest of three Mongol kingdoms. The proofs of his atrocious actions were buried in the public archives; while Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia remained in the eyes of the nation as imperishable monuments of his glory. Ivan IV. died in 1584, having reigned for fifty-one years; a longer period than any other Russian sovereign.

Feodor I., who succeeded Ivan, and was a feeble and vacillating prince, died in 1598, and with him ended the dynasty of Rurik, which, during eight centuries, had wielded the Russian sceptre.

A hideous period of internal strife followed, with many rival claimants for the throne. To the horrors of internal warfare was added the shock of invasion by the Poles, who burnt Moscow in 1611, and slaughtered tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

The turmoil was finally ended in 1613, by the elevation to the throne of Michael Feodorovitch Romanoff, the first czar of the present imperial family. He was a son of Feodor, Archbishop of Rostov, whose grandfather had been connected by marriage with the house of Rurik.



THE CORONATION OF A RUSSIAN CZAR.

Michael concluded in 1617 a peace with Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, and with the Poles, and devoted his whole energy to promoting the internal prosperity of his empire. Commerce, which had been entirely prostrate, was revived by treaties with England, France, Persia, and China; and the borders of his Asiatic possessions were extended to the Pacific in 1639. Under his son, Alexis, the Cossacks, who had risen under Chmielnicki against Poland, in 1654, acknowledged the sovereignty of the czar. A war with Poland ended with the restoration or annexation to Russia of Tchernigov, Smolensk, Kiev, and the Ukraine.

In 1689 a new era opened for Russia on the accession of Peter, known in history as the Great. In a brief time he transformed the entire nation; Russia became the most powerful empire of Northern Europe, and henceforth regarded herself, and was generally regarded, as a leading member of the European family of States.

The ruling passion of Peter the Great was a desire to extend his empire and consolidate his power; and, consequently, his first act was to make war on the Turks, an undertaking which was at the outset imprudently conducted, and consequently unsuccessful. He lost 30,000 men before Azov, and did not obtain permanent possession of the town until the year 1699, and then by an armistice. In the following year he was defeated in his intrenched camp at Narva, containing 80,000 men, by 8,000 Swedes, under Charles XII., then only a boy of seventeen; and on many other occasions the Russians suffered severe checks and reverses.

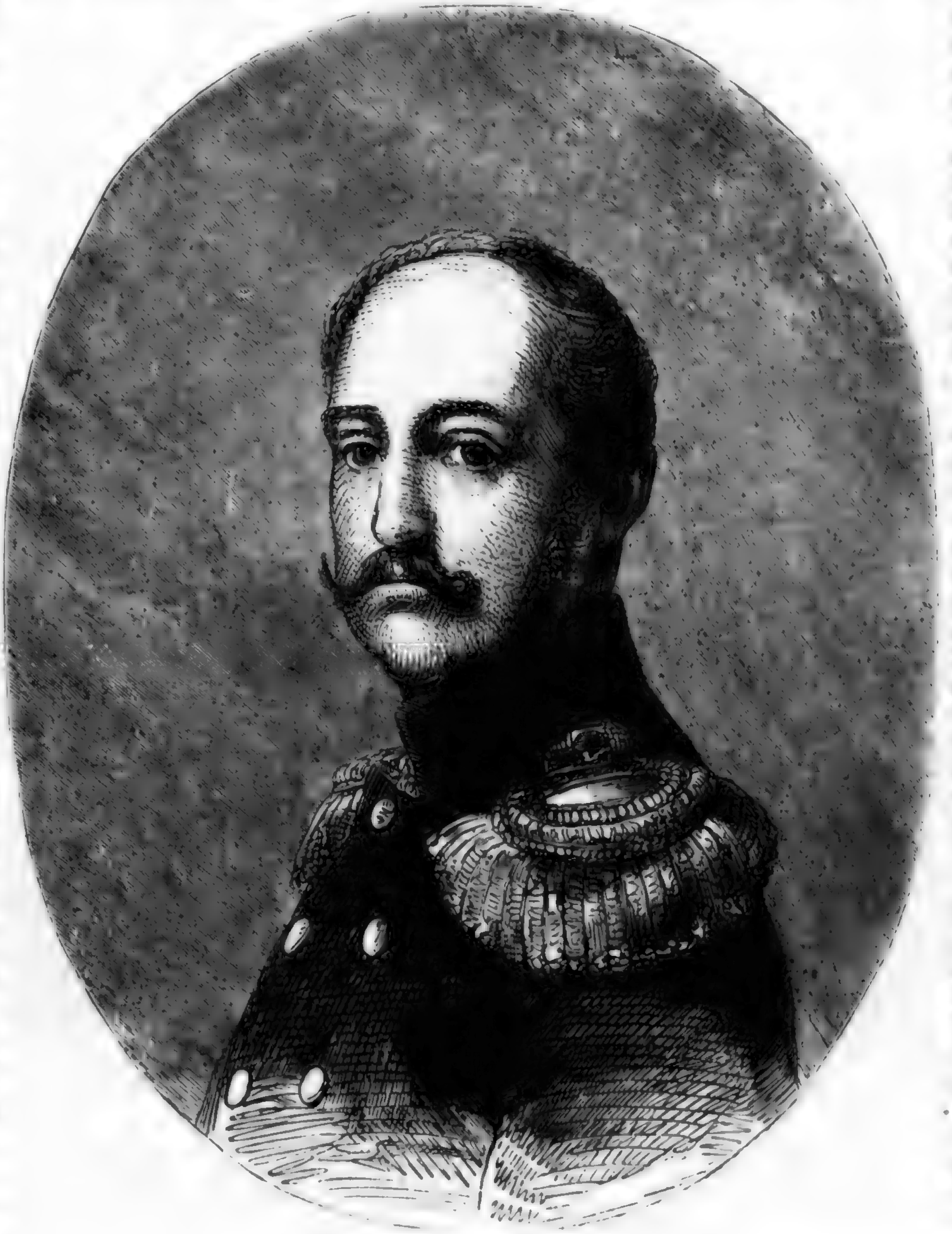
But at length the indomitable perseverance of Peter prevailed. In 1705 he carried Narva, the scene of his former defeat, by assault; and two years after, by the crowning victory of Poltava, where he showed the qualities of an able general, he sealed the fate of his gallant and eccentric adversary, and the brave nation over which he ruled.

In 1711, Peter once more took the field against the Turks; but his troops were badly provisioned, and, having led them into a very disadvantageous position, where they were surrounded by the Grand Vizier's army, he was only enabled, by a present of his consort's jewels to the Turkish commander, to negotiate a humiliating peace.

From this period to 1718, Peter was constantly occupied in pursuing with vigor the plans which he had originated for extending the frontiers of his kingdom toward the west. In the latter year he drove the Swedes out of Finland, made several descents upon the coast near Stockholm, destroyed whole towns, obliged her navy to fly, and finally, in 1721, by the peace of Nystadt, retained Esthonia, Livonia, Ingria, a part of Carelia, and Finland, as well as the islands of Dago, Moen, Œsel, etc.

Having now no enemy on the side of the Baltic, Peter turned his arms eastward, and took Derbend, on the Caspian, from the Shah of Persia, in 1724. This was his last military achievement, for he died in 1725, in the fifty-second year of his age.

We have said that the Czar's ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, but he likewise possessed to an eminent degree the national characteristics—a persevering mind and a resolute will, which bid defiance to all difficulties. By the assistance of his foreign officers, he succeeded in forming and bringing into a high state of discipline a large army; he found Russia without a fishing-smack, and bequeathed to her a navy to which that of Sweden, long established and highly efficient, lowered her flag; he built St. Petersburgh, which may be said to float upon the waters of the Neva, and which soon became one of the richest capitals in Europe; he caused canals and other public works of utility to be constructed in various parts of his empire; endowed colleges and universities, and established commercial relations with China and almost every other nation on the globe.



NICHOLAS I.

His manual dexterity and mechanical knowledge were great. Against the expressed wish of his *boyars* and the clergy, who thought it an irreligious act, he left Russia to make himself acquainted with the arts and inventions of other European nations, and worked in the dockyards of Holland, and also at Deptford, England, until he had acquired the trade of ship-carpenter. He not only built, but sailed, his own boat, which is still preserved at St. Petersburgh, with specimens of his engraving, turning, and carpenter's work. He rose at four o'clock o'clock in Summer; at six he was either in the senate or the admiralty; and his subjects must have believed that he had the gift of ubiquity, so many and so various were his occupations. He even found time to dabble in literature, and translated several works, mostly of a technical nature, into Russian. He had also the virtue of economy, a quality rarely seen in a sovereign.

During the czar's visit to London, in company with Lord Carmarthen, he one day sauntered into Westminster Hall, when it was, as usual, alive with wigs and gowns. Peter asked who all these people might be; and, when informed that they were lawyers, nothing could exceed his astonishment. "Lawyers!" said he, "why, I have but two lawyers in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home!"

Peter was succeeded by his consort, Catharine, who administered the government with prudence and moderation. During her short reign of two years, the boundaries of the empire were extended in the Trans-Caucasus.

Under the Empress Anne, who succeeded to the throne in 1730, Russia took a decisive part in the politics of Europe. Anne assisted the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany; frustrated the scheme of the French ministry for placing Stanislaus on the throne of Poland, and actually procured the crown for his competitor, Augustus, the Elector of Saxony. During her reign the Kirghiz tribes submitted to the authority of Russia, but the Persian provinces were lost. The northeast coast of Siberia and the Aleutian Islands were discovered, and the incorporation of Siberia was completed. Anne died in 1740, and was succeeded by her great-nephew, Ivan VI., then only two years of age. This disposition of the crown was unpopular; a party was soon raised in behalf of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to Peter the

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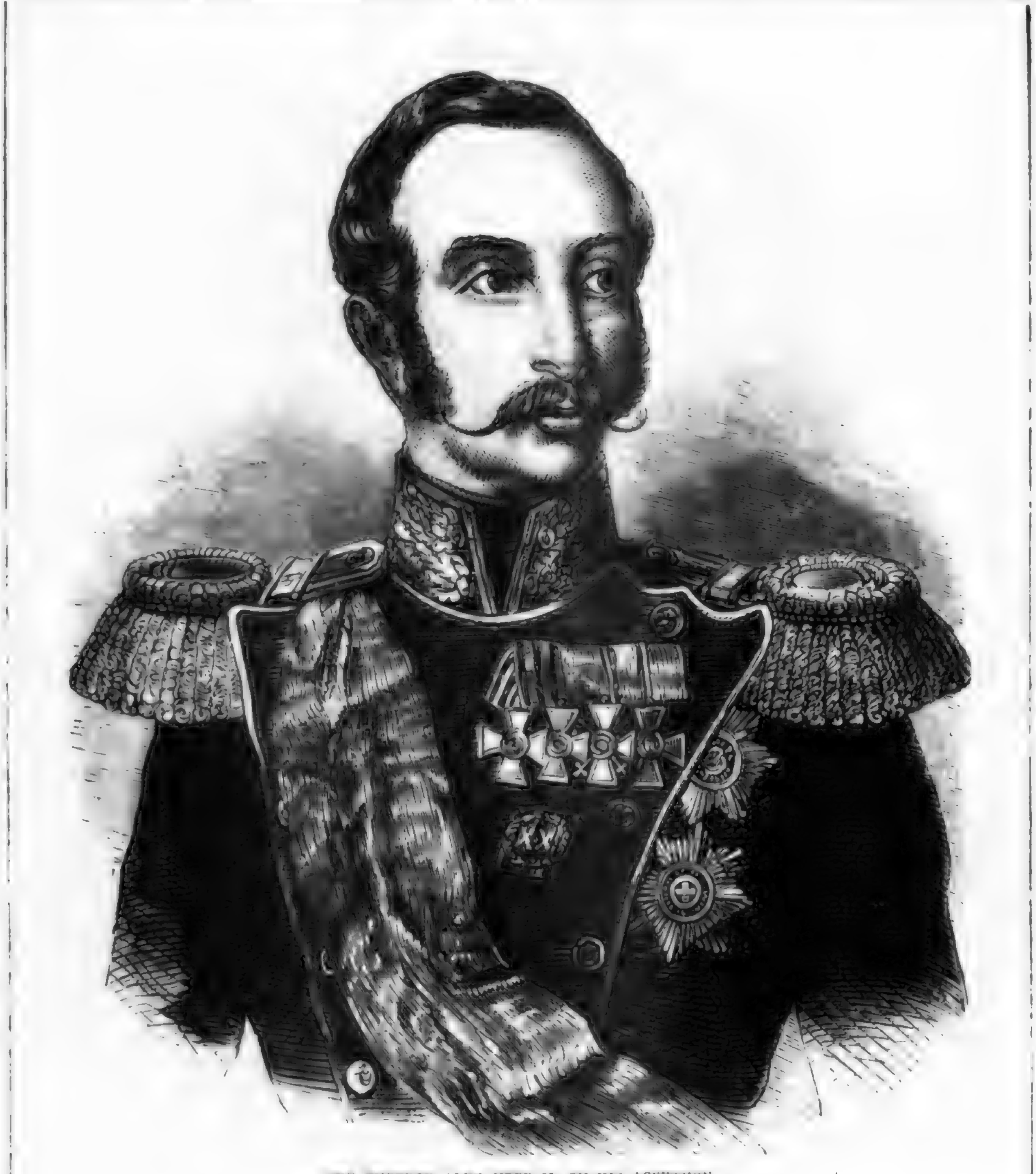
Great by the Empress Catharine; the infant czar was deposed, and Elizabeth raised to the throne in 1741. Her reign of twenty-one years was notable for the extension of Russian territory on the northwest by the successful war against Sweden, and the loss of several of the Persian provinces, conquered by Peter the Great, and now reconquered by Nadir Kouli Khan. Elizabeth also espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, against the aggressions of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and was on the point of crushing the Prussian monarch, and possessing herself of his most valuable territories, when death suddenly closed her career, in 1762, at the age of fifty-three.



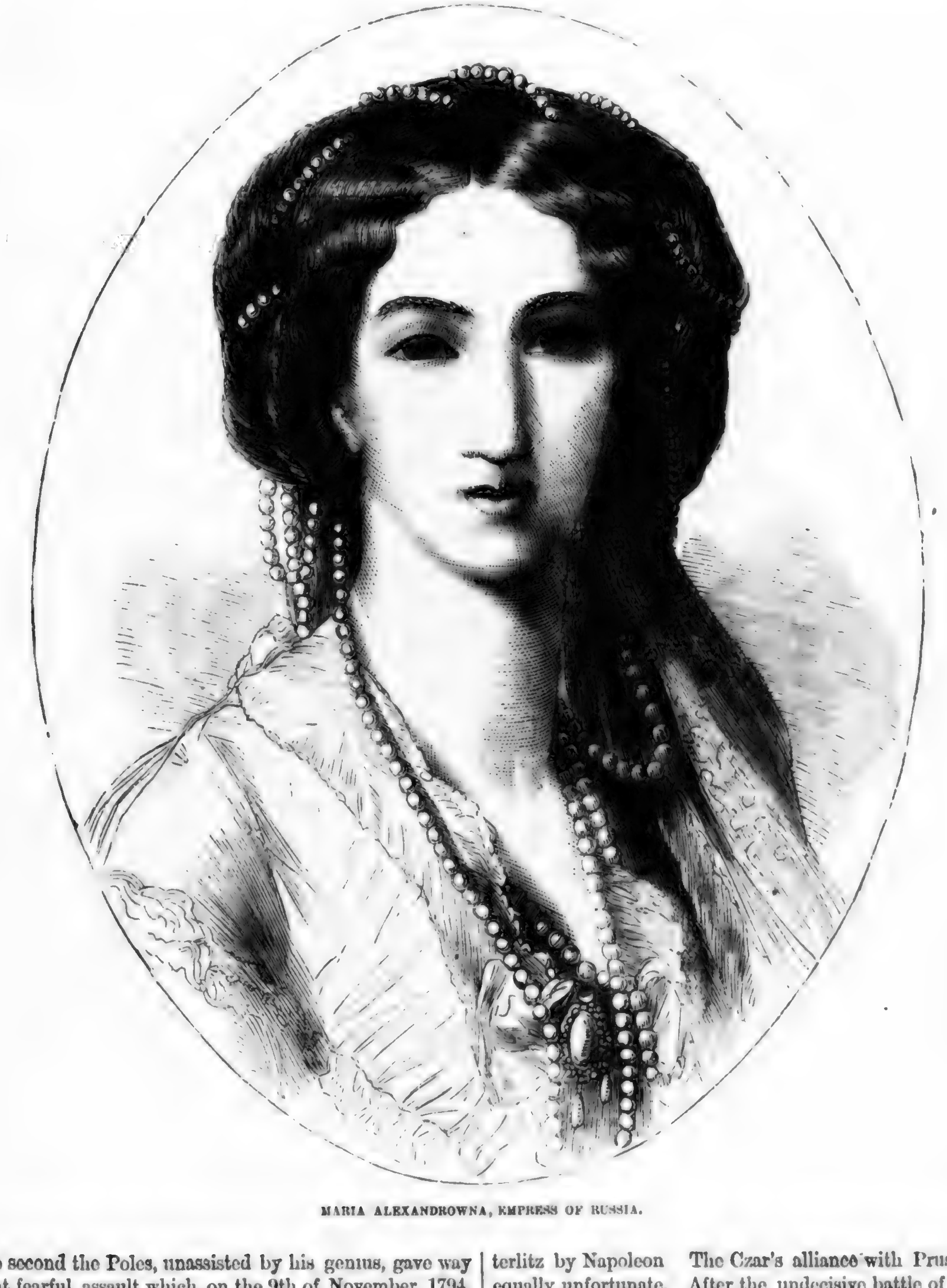
THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. ON HIS ACCESSION.

Peter III., who succeeded Elizabeth, was deposed and murdered, after a reign of only six months, and his czarina, the German princess Catharine, of Anhalt-Zerbst, was solemnly crowned Empress of all the Russias, under the name of Catharine II.

The reign of this extraordinary woman was one of the most remarkable in Russian history. In the early part of it she interfered in the affairs of Poland, which produced a civil war, and terminated eventually in the conquest and partition of that unfortunate country. In 1769 the Turks declared war against Russia, which was at first favorable to their arms, but they were afterward defeated with great slaughter on the Dniester, and compelled to abandon Choczim. At this period was fought the celebrated action before Tchesme, in which the Turkish fleet was completely destroyed—an achievement mainly owing to the gallant conduct of Admirals Elphinstone and Greig, Englishmen in the Russian service.

In a succeeding campaign the Russians carried the lines of Perekop, in the Crimea, and thus wrested that important and fertile peninsula from the Porte, while Romanzoff gained several victories in the Danubian provinces. The contest with the Turks was renewed in 1773; and by the treaty of peace concluded in the following year, Russia obtained the free navigation of the Black Sea, the cession of Enikaleh, together with a tract between the Boug and the Dnieper, and also the town of Taganrog, on the sea of Azov.

In 1791 the intrigues of Russia, Austria and Prussia for the partition of Poland, commenced, and, carried on for several years, were brought to a conclusion by two sieges of Warsaw. In the first, Kosciusko was made prisoner; and in the second the Poles, unassisted by his genius, gave way in that fearful assault which, on the 9th of November, 1794, consummated the ruin of Poland as a nation. In 1795, by the third partition of that unhappy kingdom, Catharine extended her power west as far as the Vistula. Her further plans of conquest and aggrandizement were cut short by her death in 1796, after a reign of thirty-five years.



MARIA ALEXANDROWNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Her son and successor, Paul I., a weak and vacillating prince, was assassinated through a conspiracy of Russian nobles, sufferers from his despotism and caprice, in 1801.

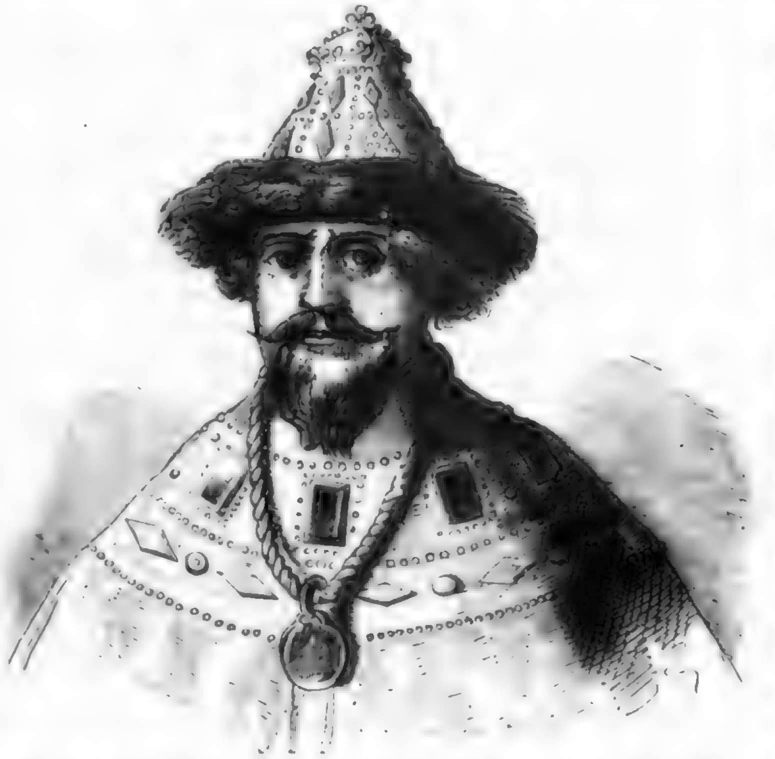
Paul's son, Alexander I., was disposed to pursue a peaceful policy, but was soon drawn into the anti-French alliance, and led a powerful army into Moravia, where he united with the Austrians, and was, with them, totally defeated at Austerlitz by Napoleon The Czar's alliance with Prussia was equally unfortunate. After the undecisive battle of Eylau, the Russians were utterly routed at Friedland, and Alexander was compelled to conclude the peace of Tilsit.

In a war with the Turks he was more successful, and occupied the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia; while Gustavus IV., of Sweden, who commenced hostilities against

Alexander, lost his crown, and obliged his country to cede Finland, the Aland Islands, and a portion of Bothnia, to Russia. Other large accessions of territory to the Russian empire received during Alexander's reign, were the district of Tarnopol, in Galicia, taken from Austria by the treaty of Schönbrunn, in 1809; Bessarabia and part of Moldavia, ceded by Turkey, in 1812; and Daghestan and Shirvan, former conquests of Peter the Great, surrendered by Persia at the peace of Galistan, in 1813.

The violation of the Treaty of Tilsit by Alexander led to the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, and the capture of Moscow. The destruction of that ancient capital by its inhabitants, and the consequent retreat and destruction of the French army, enabled Russia to again assume the offensive, and during the subsequent campaigns, which resulted in the overthrow of the empire of Napoleon, Alexander took a very active part. In the settlement of the affairs of Europe, under the auspices of the "Holy Alliance," the Kingdom of Poland was restored to the Russian sceptre.

Nicholas I., who succeeded Alexander in 1825, pursued the same plans of conquest and annexation which have distinguished the policy of Russia from the ninth century. A war begun by Persia, in 1825, resulted, in 1828, in favor of Russia; and the latter gained the entire provinces of Erivan and Nakhitcheran, with an indemnity of eighty millions of roubles and the entire control of the Caspian Sea. A brief war with Turkey, begun in 1828, was terminated the following year, when Turkey was obliged to cede several fortresses on the frontier and the mouths of the Danube, and to pay a heavy indemnity.



MICHAEL ROMANOFF, THE FOUNDER OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

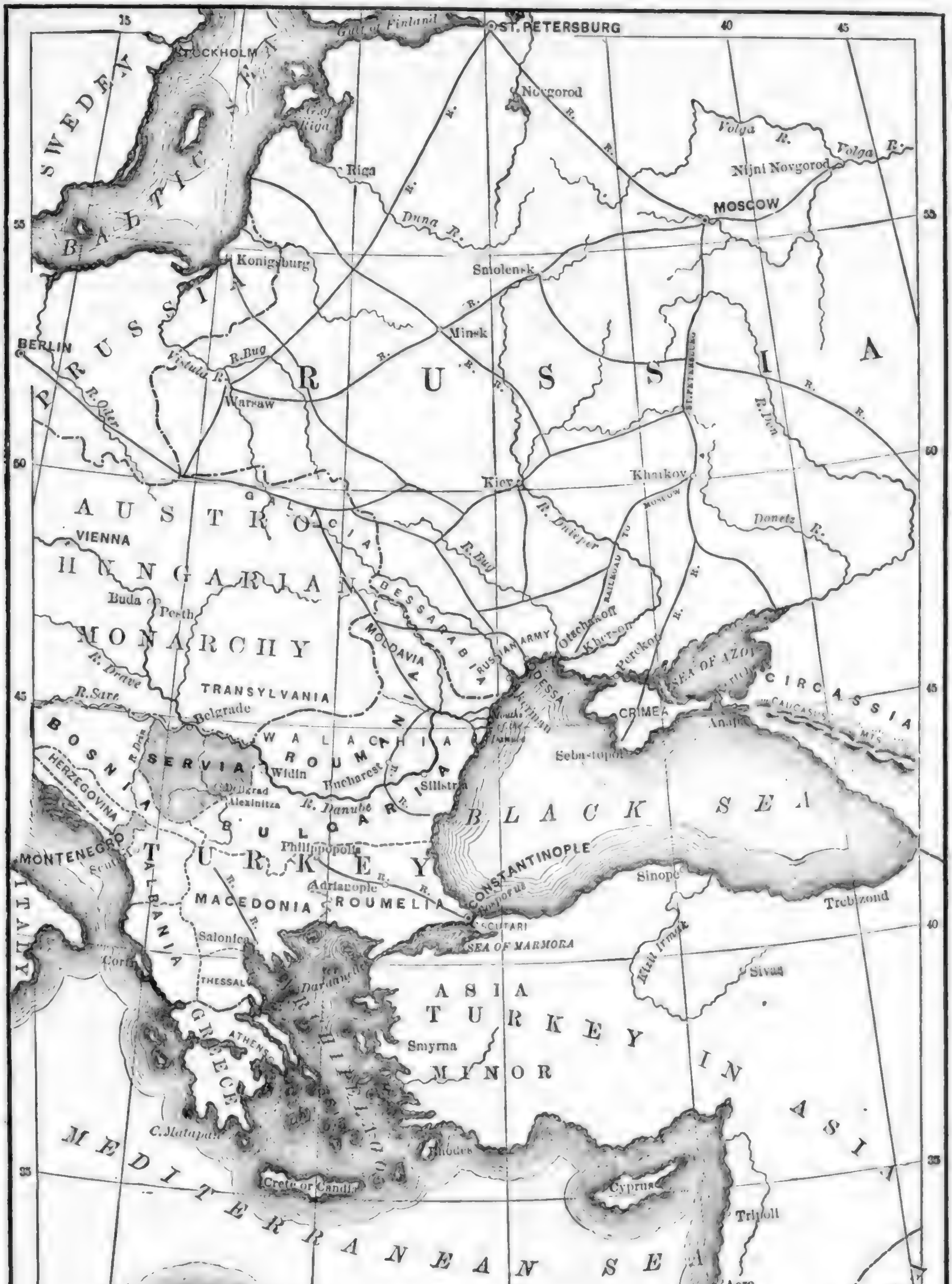
In 1830, the Poles revolted, but after the most heroic efforts to recover their independence as a nation, they at length succumbed to the overwhelming power of the czar, who, in 1832, issued a ukase, declaring the Kingdom of Poland a Russian province, without a diet and without its own army, and made no secret of his intention to transform the Poles into Russians. The same plan was followed with the numerous other tribes and nationalities of the empire, and no means left untried to extend the dominion of the Russian language and the Russian church. A war with the independent tribes of the Caucasus was kept up, with varying success, through the entire reign of Nicholas. After 1834, the Circassians were led by the celebrated chieftain Schamyl, who was finally captured in 1859, when the protracted struggle terminated. When the Hungarians, in 1849, rebelled against Austria, and fought for independence under the leadership of the gallant Kossuth, Russia sent an army to the assistance of Austria, and was mainly instrumental in suppressing the insurrection.

The Crimean War began in 1854, and was caused by Russia's demanding from the Turkish Government certain guarantees of the rights of the Greek Christians of Turkey, which the Porte believed to involve an actual abdication of its sovereignty, and therefore refused to concede. This war terminated in the siege and capture of Sebastopol, which event took place under Nicholas's son and successor, Alexander II., the present czar, who ascended the throne on March 2d, 1855. By the Treaty of Paris, March 20th, 1856, Russia was deprived of a part of Bessarabia, and lost her naval preponderance in the Black Sea; but recovered the latter in 1870, by withdrawing from the treaty, during the Franco-Prussian War, when none of the other powers were able to compel her to respect it.

A new rebellion in Poland took place in 1863, but was speedily repressed, and the administration of that country was thereupon assimilated to that of Russia proper; the long exercised Russianizing process being developed with the utmost rigor.

The extension of Russian territory has steadily continued under the reign of Alexander II. By treaties with Japan and China, in 1858 and 1860, Russia received from the former power the Island of Saghalien, and from the latter a very large and valuable tract of land on the River Amoor. Russia's only departure from her traditional policy of territorial aggrandizement was witnessed in 1867, when she sold to the United States the vast territory of Alaska, which had been an appanage of the Russian crown since the reign of Paul.

The conquests of Russia in Central Asia have within a few years attracted general attention; yet the Russian advance into these regions began centuries ago, when the czars of Moscow, who succeeded Ivan IV., being freed from the Tartar invasion, began to retaliate upon the Mongols, and also endeavored to find markets for their manufactures, which were so inferior in quality as to be unsalable in Europe. Between the Ural River, which is the natural eastern boundary of European Russia, and the Irtish, formerly on the southwest frontier of Siberia, extended boundless, arid plains, called steppes, inhabited only by a few thousand wandering Kirghis. These tribes maintained an almost constant warfare upon the Russian frontier settlements, and compelled the Russians to pursue them far into the interior of their vast territory. In this manner the Russian domain was constantly advancing eastward, but, although some of the tribes submitted to the Russian rule, for two centuries no one could say who was really master of the vast tracts of land between the rich Khanates of Central Asia and the banks of the Ural and Irtish. A considerable trade existed between these Khanates and the towns of Astrakhan and Orenburg, but it was carried on rather by Bokhara merchants, who crossed the steppes, than by Russian traders; for the latter could not venture abroad without great risk of being robbed and killed in the steppes, or plundered and sold into bondage in the Khanates themselves; while the former managed to traverse the wilderness in safety, and to make good bargains with the Muscovites.


ST. PETERSBURG
Gulf of Finland
STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN
BALTIC SEA
G. of Riga
Riga
Novgorod
Volga R.
Nijni Novgorod
MOSCOW
Duna R.
Konigsburg
Smolensk
Minsk
BERLIN
PRUSSIA
R. Oder
Vistula R.
R. Bug
Warsaw
RUSSIA
R. Don
Kiev
Kharkov
Donetz R.
R. Dnieper
R. Bug
AUSTRO HUNGARIAN MONARCHY
VIENNA
Buda
Pesth
GALICIA
BESSARABIA
MOLDAVIA
RUSSIAN ARMY
Otchakoff
Kherson
Perekop
SEA OF AZOF
CIRCASSIA
CAUCASUS MTS.
R. Drave
R. Save
TRANSYLVANIA
Belgrade
ODESSA
Mouths of the Danube
CRIMEA
Anapa
Sebastopol
BOSNIA
HERZEGOVINA
SERVIA
WALACHIA
ROUMANIA
Widin
Bucharest
Silistria
Deligrad
Alexinitza
R. Danube
BULGARIA
BLACK SEA
MONTENEGRO
Scutari
TURKEY
Philippopolis
Adrianople
CONSTANTINOPLE
Bosporus
Sinope
Trebizond
ALBANIA
MACEDONIA
ROUMELIA
SCUTARI
SEA OF MARMORA
ITALY
Corfu
Salonica
THESSALY
Dardanelles
Kizil Irmak
Sivas
ASIA TURKEY MINOR
GREECE
ATHENS
Smyrna
ARCHIPELAGO
TURKEY IN ASIA
C. Matapan
Rhodes
Crete or Candia
Cyprus
Tripoli
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Acre
Jerusalem
ARABIA
Alexandria
Port Said
AFRICA
CAIRO
Suez
Long. East 25 from Greenwich
15
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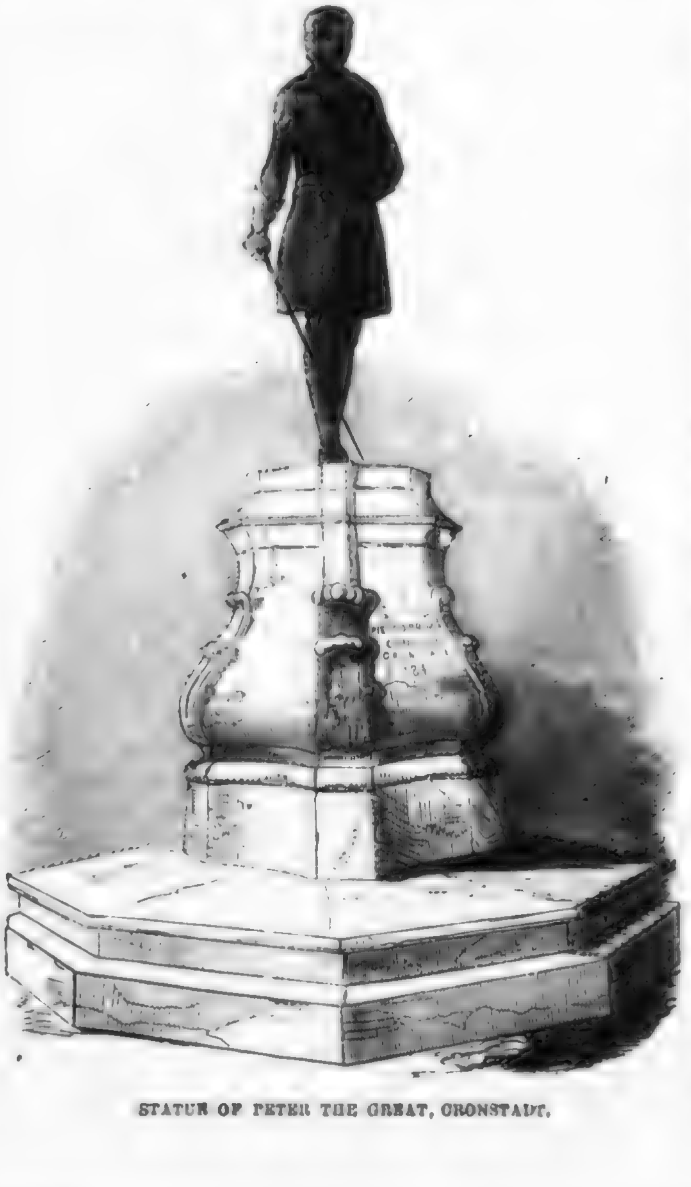
Fisk & Bro. N.Y.

MAP OF RUSSIA, TURKEY, ETC.

The Emperor Nicholas attempted to compel the Khanates to a fairer system of trading, but with little success. An expedition sent out in 1839, under Count Petrovsky, perished in the wilderness for want of food and water, their sufferings being aggravated by constant fights with the hostile nomadic tribes and the regular forces of the Khans.

Toward the end of Nicholas's reign, the steppes beyond the Ural came to be considered Russian territory, and were respectively called the domains of the Kirghiz of Orenburg and the Kirghiz of Siberia. Some outpost settlements were established beyond the steppes, on the banks of the Sir Darya. Fort Petrovsky was the most distant, as well as the largest and most important, of these, and enabled the Russians to launch two steamers on the Sea of Ural, and thence to navigate a portion of the Sir Darya. Yet the predatory warfare continued, and sometimes whole settlements were destroyed by the wandering tribes, and the inhabitants slaughtered; while even the fortified outposts were attacked and occasionally regularly besieged by the troops of the Emir of Bokhara and the Khan of Khokan.

Nicholas finally decided to erect new fortified posts along the Sir Darya to the foot of the Thian-shan Mountains, and to the Lake of Issik-kul, forming a continuous line uniting with the advanced posts on the southern frontier of Siberia; but the outbreak of the Crimean War necessitated the postponement of all his projects in Asia. They were resumed by his successor about 1860, and in 1864 the plan above detailed was carried out by Colonel Tchernayeff. The original design of the Russian Government being thus accomplished, it was not Alexander's intention to advance his troops any further; but the Khans of Bokhara and Khokan, and afterward of Khiva, constantly attacked the Russian outposts, compelling the troops to attack them in turn. Tashkend was taken in 1865, Khojend in 1866, and Samarcand, by General Kaufmann, in 1868. In 1873, the same general vanquished the Khan of Khiva, and in September, 1875, won another victory and took the city of Khokan.



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, CRONSTADT.

In consequence of these operations, the Khan of Khiva was forced to make cessions which brought the entire east coast of the Caspian into the hands of Russia, enabling her to communicate with and supply all her military lines of operation by rail, river, and the sea, from St. Petersburgh and the Baltic.

Russia estimates the military importance of the Caspian Sea so highly, that, while reserving to herself the unrestricted use of its waters, she has forced Persia to accede to a treaty which prevents that power from maintaining any vessels of war upon it, although the south and southwest shores are part of its territory.

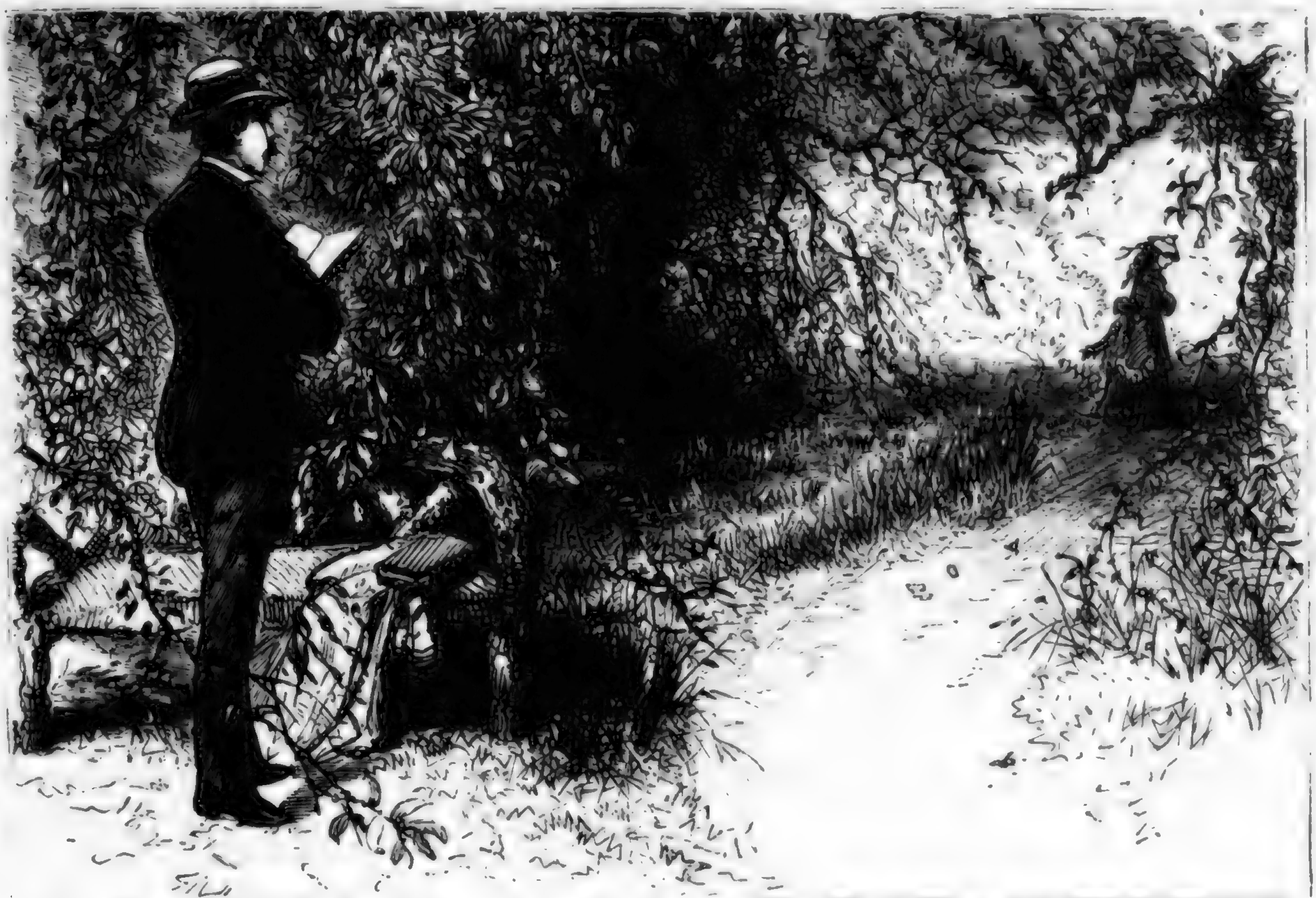
We have now traced the gradual rise of Russian power, from the period when the rude Varagian chieftain first established his sovereignty, a thousand years ago. The comparatively small territory which then yielded to his sway is now part of the most majestic empire the world has ever seen. Extending from latitude 38 deg. 20 min. to about 77 deg. 30 min. north, and from longitude 17 deg. 38 min. east to about 170 deg. west, its greatest length from west to east is about 6,000 miles, and its greatest breadth (exclusive of islands), about 2,300 miles. Its total surface is estimated to comprise one-twenty-sixth of the entire surface of the globe, and to represent one-sixth of its firm land. Its total area, in square miles, is 8,350,000, and its population more than 85,000,000 of people!

Under the wise and beneficent rule of the present czar, the progress of Russia has been very great. By declaring the freedom of 30,000,000 of serfs, the emperor converted a cause of weakness into an element of strength, and rendered it certain that, when he shall sound the tocsin of war, in the name of "God and Holy Russia," a united people will enthusiastically sustain its burdens and sacrifices.

The Russian army, when on a war footing, numbers 1,500,000 men, the navy is powerful and well-appointed, and the resources of the vast empire such, that it can scarcely be questioned that the continuance of Mohammedan rule in the south of Europe and in Asia Minor depends solely on Russian forbearance.

Remembering that the historical policy of Russia demands the extension of her frontier to the Mediterranean, while the population of the Danubian Principalities, descended from the same Slavic peoples who founded the empire of the czar, and now united by kindred race and hatred of the Turk, are ready for absorption into the Russian dominion, it is difficult to imagine what can stay the southward march of Russian power. England, dreading the steady approach of Russia to her Indian empire, may bar the way for a time, but the pressure will become irresistible, and the brutal Turk, drunk with centuries of blood and crime, be compelled to abandon for ever his European possessions. Already the clouds are gathering, the storm is apparently about to burst, and while European diplomatists vainly strive to patch up a hollow peace, and avert the coming struggle, Russia calmly completes the preparations that will in all likelihood ring the knell of Mohammedanism in Europe.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to navigate a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without observation of the heavenly bodies.



CINDERELLA.—"A FACE—A GLANCE—A FLEETING FORM—WHAT WAS IT? ONLY BARBE, FRIGHTENED FROM HER RETREAT UNDER THE TREES."

CINDERELLA.

Miss Howard was handsome, but it was a cheap, common beauty of red-and-white skin, abundant purple-black hair, and jet-black eyes. She was large and ungraceful, but she draped herself elegantly, and generally passed for a magnificent woman.

She was the heiress of Birchwood. And when Everard Burke came there on a visit, he fell in love with her.

"You'd better take him, Gratia," said Mrs. Howard. "He is wealthy, and his family better than ours. You are eight-and-twenty, and will fall off considerably before next season. There's hollows coming under your eyes. Mrs. Ray is going to bring Rose out next Winter, and *she* will carry all before her."

Gratia heard, and knew that there was wisdom in her mother's words.

"Well," said she, rolling her napkin, and pressing it into the golden ring, jeweled with her monogram, "but keep Barbe out of the way."

"*Barbe!*"

Mrs. Howard raised her gray eyebrows.

"Yes. Don't you see how pretty she is growing?"

Mrs. Howard sat amazed, her fat hands folded on the edge of the table.

"He'd never think of *her!* He'd never *see* her except in the kitchen."

"I don't know. She don't look like a servant. Yesterday, when she came into the drawing-room, Everard rose and bowed to her, and she had on nothing but a print dress."

"What was she there for?" demanded the old tyrant, with flashing eyes.

"She came in to water the ivy, I believe," said Gratia.

"Umph!"

With this significant response, the conversation closed. Gratia knew that her pretty cousin *would* be kept out of the way.

So the tide of influences brought to bear bore Everard Burke straight into Gratia Howard's arms. He was unused to women, having neither mother nor sister. The Howards were not related to him by blood—only by marriage, Mrs. Howard having in early life made a first-marriage with his uncle. He was five-and-twenty, of fine nature, good habits, ardent temperament. He believed Gratia to be all that woman *could* be, being as unsuspecting as a child of the ambitions of society and the wiles of the sex. He offered himself in fear and trembling, and was transported to the seventh heaven when Miss Howard promised to become Mrs. Everard Burke.

The marriage was not to take place until the following Summer—Everard's father lying ill in his home, called Ashpark, the most beautiful estate in the country. Gratia knew what a palace of luxury the mansion was, and though she would have preferred a husband of different character from Everard Burke, caring nothing for his fine, scholarly tastes, she decided that she could not make a better match. She would gain high position, and wealth most abundant. The young gentleman's interest in antiques, and his enthusiasm over poetry, bored her; but when she *could* not endure it, she could go to sleep!

But Miss Howard *was* possessed of one unusual taste. She had learned chemistry of her father, when fifteen years old.

For this reason she had cultivated the acquaintance of a strange character—an old man, insane on the subject of producing gold, and called, by many, a wizard.

He lived in a little hut, deep in a wood, out of the town. The outer aspect of the place was humble. Its interior was a most elaborately furnished laboratory. Miss Howard had taken pains to win his favor, and even done him great

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service, and for this reason she would sometimes drive that way, and entertain herself for hours, making chemical experiments.

But since her engagement to Everard Burke, old Delmar had not seen Miss Howard.

The Autumn days went by. Everard came as often as possible to Birchwood; but General Burke was slowly dying, and the son was faithful to the fond father.

Gratia cared little for this. She saw her betrothed quite as often as she wished, and her mind was wholly occupied with her *trousseau.*

That *trousseau*—what a horror it was to Barbara Deslonde! From early daylight to dark, the poor girl was chained to it, though her side ached cruelly. But that Winter's bracing breath gave her strength, she would have fainted at her task.

It was nearly finished at last. The multitudinous garments, stiff with embroidery and adorned with lace, were taken, completed, from her hands, and she saw no more of them. Spring was breaking. Mr. Burke had come and taken his betrothed wife to his father's funeral. There was a lull in the house, and at last she could oreathe and stretch her weary limbs.

She dragged herself down into the garden. The foliage of the birches on the lawns was breaking forth, dainty and delicate. There was a balmy scent in the air; the sky was warm and blue.

She was Mrs. Howard's own niece, this little girl—the daughter of a poor French music-master, with whom her mother had run away in her sixteenth year.

From girlhood Mrs. Howard had been ambitious, and successfully so, and she never forgave her sister Barbara for her misalliance. When the child, with her dead sister's name and personal loveliness, came upon her hands, she revenged her disappointment upon little Barbe, as her French father had called her during the short year of her life he had lived. The girl's lot had been bitter, and seemed hopeless.

As she walked in the Spring garden that day, the great hound, Haroun, came and put his silky head under her hand.

His was all the love she had ever known at Birchwood, though she had lived there ten years. At the thought her lip quivered, and her eyes overflowed.

"I am tired, and it makes me babyish," she said to herself, in excuse, for she had been long self-schooled in restraint.

Fortunately Barbe was fond of books. In them she found her real life. Her fine, appreciative mind grasped readily at the highest and best.

A week passed. Everard Burke came journeying back with his betrothed.

It had been an eventful week for him. His eyes were partially open to the character of Gratia. While his heart was touched to the quick by that last sight of his father's dead face, her black eyes were taking in the costly funeral appointments. While grief blinded his vision, she looked up and down the vaulted halls, and congratulated herself on the fine appearance she would make as the mistress of Ashpark. If Everard Burke did not fully discover this, he felt a want of sympathy, of unselfishness, of softness, which gave his heart a sudden pang.

A dull and hopeless feeling settled upon him as he rode back to Birchwood, Gratia by his side.

"Are you sure you love me, Gratia?" he asked, suddenly leaning toward her, pale with yearning.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Don't rumple my dress."

At Birchwood he was forced to beg pardon for the unconquerable sadness and silence which settled upon him.

Gratia privately complained to her mother of his dullness, but added;

"I suppose people always mope when their relations die. He'll come out of it."

But the young man had *not* "come out of it," when he went down the lawn-path one afternoon, mechanically wandering, numb to everything but to suffering, though the young leaves danced in the sunshine, and the birds chanted sweet as heaven.

A face—a glance—a fleeting form—what was it? Only Barbe, frightened from her retreat under the trees, leaving her books, and shawl, and bits of scribbled paper, upon which she had dashed down words out of her own full heart.

Everard Burke read one; he looked at the books—Browning, Ruskin, Emerson. A faint smile of pleasure stole over his lips.

"Rare little thing! Who is she?"

He spoke a word to Steve, whom he had brought to take care of his horses. Steve knew all about little Barbe already. She was Mrs. Howard's own niece; she was a lady, though she worked in the kitchen. She read beautifully, and she had written a letter for him to his brother Dick in New York, that was "prime." Everard Burke understood.

The character of the Howards was unvailed to him. It was a painful experience, but, thank God! they had not yet snared him.

A little careful seeking, a kind word, a tender glance, a courteously worded note, and Barbe met him in the garden.

There he won her confidence—there she poured out her whole heart to him—a beautiful heart.

Everard Burke knew that his life had found the treasure it was seeking.

Then he told Gratia Howard, most plainly, that he was disappointed in her. She was not to blame for her nature, but he could never be her husband.

And early in the royal June weather he married little Barbe, taking her away to dwell in the palace of Ashpark.

Whether or no Gratia Howard learned a lesson, I cannot say; but she gave up all matrimonial manœuvres, and devoted herself to study, becoming really well-known among scientific men as a very able and superior woman.

Her ambitious mother is forced to content herself with this new *rôle* adopted by her daughter, and even gains some comfort from Gratia's receptions, at which distinguished persons are often present.

But, out of my *dramatis personæ*, it is probable that *only* Everard Burke and his little Cinderella are happy.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WALRUS.

DOCTOR KANE, in his "Arctic Exploration," gives a short but vivid description of an adventure one of his crew had with a walrus. It was a clear, bright moonlight night, when he, with this man, left the sleigh, and walked on the jagged ice. All of a sudden, one of these tusked monsters, called walruses, or sea-horses, came silently and seized the man. The captain, always on the *qui vive,* raised his rifle and fired. Fortunately the marine animal elevated his throat, so that the shot was effective.

There is scarcely any amphibious animal which presents a more terribly grotesque appearance than the walrus, morse, or sea-horse, as the creature is indifferently termed. The most conspicuous part of this animal is the head, with its protuberant muzzle, bristling with long, wiry hairs, and the enormous canine teeth that project from the upper jaw. These last, in large specimens, measure from fourteen inches to two feet in length; in the girth, at the base, seven inches, and weigh upwards of ten pounds. Ivory of very fine quality is obtained from them, and commands a high price in the market.

A walrus is a valuable animal, for its skin, teeth and oil are in much request, while, among the Esquimaux, its body furnishes them with almost every article in common use among them. The skin of the walrus is also used for harness and other similar purposes, where a thick and tough hide is required.

The walrus is a dangerous antagonist, for though peaceable, yet when they are wounded, they become furious, and fight with wonderful energy. Their enormous tusks are truly formidable, and many an old walrus has succeeded in drawing off with it a Polar bear which had hoped to make a meal of the sea-horse.

The walrus is found in vast herds, which offer a very curious sight, as the huge, clumsy animals are ever in movement, rolling and tumbling over each other in a strange fashion, and constantly uttering their hoarse bellowings. The Arctic and Antarctic regions are the range of these animals.

ARBORESCENT EUPHORBIAS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

On the abrupt slopes and primitive mountains of Dar Foq, in Africa, are seen singular trees, whose massive outlines are easily distinguished from all the surrounding landscape; their bright green never dimming, though all else fade and wither. No light penetrates their dark masses. These trees are Euphorbias of extraordinary size.

"While sketching a view of Kasane," says Tremaux, author of "Travels in Eastern Soudan," "I asked one of the negroes to sit at the foot of the great Euphorbia sketched in this picture. He did so reluctantly, and when, after completing my sketch, I went up and broke off a piece, he fled in terror, crying, '*Inté ahouze mâat?*'—'Do you wish to kill yourself?' A torrent of white sap burst out over my clothes, and penetrated to my skin. I learned at last that this was a deadly poison, used on their arrows, and that if it entered the slightest scratch on my skin, I was lost, and that even on the skin it was dangerous. It is needless to say that I stripped and bathed with all haste, and carefully washed it from my clothing. This specimen was about seventy-two feet in circumference, the trunk and main branches hard wood, the outer branches soft, like a cactus. Every year, at the very tip of the branches, a little tuft of leaves and yellow blossoms appears."

The representative of this plant best known to us is the spongewort. The name Euphorbia comes from Euphorbus, physician of King Juba II., that monarch, who flourished just before the Christian era, having discovered the plant on Mount Atlas, and, naming it after his physician, described it and its properties; the root of some varieties being an aperient, and the sap useful in rheumatism and cramp.

The most common species of Euphorbia is a weed in cottage gardens, where it is commonly called capers. The species have either a common leafy appearance, or are nearly leafless, like that in our illustration. In that case the succulent stems resemble cacti, and are found in the hottest and driest countries. They may be distinguished from cacti by their abundant white sap, and by having the thorns separate, and not in clusters, as is the case with the varieties of cactus.

BIRDS-OF-PARADISE.

The Rev. J. G. Wood says that the supremely glorious members of the feathered tribe which have, by common consent, been termed birds-of-paradise, are not very numerous in species, but are so different in form and color, according to the sex and age, that they have been considered far more numerous than is really the case.

The plumage of these birds is wonderfully rich and varied, and not even the humming-birds themselves present such an inexhaustible treasury of form and color as is found among the comparatively few species of the birds-of-paradise. In all, the feathers glow with resplendent radiance; in nearly all there is some strange and altogether unique arrangement of the plumage, and in many the feathers are modified into plumes, ribbons, and streamers, that produce the most surprising and lovely effects.

Various strange tales were told of these birds by the ancient writers. The paradise-bird was thought to have no legs or feet, or use for them, but to pass its time floating in the air, and only taking a little occasional rest by suspending itself from the branches of a tree by the feathers of its tail. The obvious difficulty of hatching the eggs was accounted for by saying that they were laid in the hollow formed by the plumage of the male, and that the mother-bird sat upon them while resting on the back of her husband, both birds floating luxuriously in the breeze, and feeding on the soft dews of heaven.

This fable found its origin in the fact that the natives of the country where the paradise-bird resides always cut off its legs before preserving the skin, so that all the specimens which reached Europe were legless. The plan of preservation adopted was simple in the extreme. The interior organs of the bird were removed, the legs cut off, a hot iron thrust into the body, and the bird dried over a fire without any further care.

The food and habits of these birds seem to be very similar, although the plumage is so distinct.

TOO WELL MATCHED;

OR,

THE LOST RING.

"WHERE they go, as usual!" said Mrs. Edington, looking from the long parlor-window across the flower-beds of her pretty garden. "What a beautiful couple they are, and the most perfect match I ever saw."

Just as she spoke, a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-seven, in close attendance on a young girl, nearly as tall, and quite as handsome, emerged from the gate of the opposite house, and proceeded slowly down the village street.

"Of whom are you speaking, mamma?" said Sophia Lane, the youthful married daughter of the house, who, with her two-month's old baby, had just arrived.

"Of Miss Fairfax and her lover, Robert Maxwell," said Mrs. Edington.

She was a sprightly matron of forty-five, who, having successfully married her only child, found herself at leisure to superintend the loves, flirtations, and matrimonial doings generally, of the village of Deepwood, which she did indefatigably and with zeal.

"Robert Maxwell! What! is that shy, proud, distant fellow caught at last? I used to think he would never fancy anything more earthly than the moon or the planet Venus. I dare say his inamorata is some golden-haired fairy, all dimples and roses."

"Indeed, dear, you are mistaken. She is a tall, dark, stately beauty, as like himself, for that matter, as if she were his sister."

"And her name?"

"Virginia Fairfax. She is a niece of Mrs. Rayburn, whose husband bought old Dr. Johnson's practice. She has been staying there for two months, but her home is in Baltimore."

Sophia clapped her hands.

"The very same! She was at school with me in New York—the prettiest girl there, and the cleverest, with a voice that, Signor Cantatore said, if she were poor, would make her fortune. But she was so proud! And if she were offended, she would hardly ever make it up. She would not make an apology, and hardly take one."

"Were she and you good friends?"

"Oh, yes; we were good friends, not violently intimate; but I shall be glad to meet her."

"You will, to-morrow, for she is coming early to call. Well, Robert Maxwell has been paying her devoted attention, and, I think, they are engaged. As I said before, they are exactly matched."

"They are too well matched, mother; and, mark me, if they quarrel, it will be serious; for, I know, neither of them would yield."

"Then, I hope they won't quarrel," said Mrs. Edington.

The next day Mrs. Rayburn and her niece stepped across the street to call on the ladies. Sophia, as she welcomed her old schoolmate, thought what a beautiful woman she had grown, and, being an impulsive little soul, scarcely refrained from an exclamation to that effect.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH A WALRUS.—SEE PAGE 18.

It was not long before the two younger ladies were on amongst the flowers. Sophia made them an excuse, for she longed to plunge into the momentous question.

"I hope you won't think me impertinent, Virginia, dear," she said; "but I saw you coming home yesterday with Mr. Maxwell, and—won't you let me congratulate you?"

"Yes," said Virginia; "we are engaged. I do not mind telling you, though I don't care to have it talked about. Don't repeat it, please; so many things might happen."

Sophia stared.

"Why, surely, nothing could happen."

"Many things might, Sophia. I knew a girl who left school just when I did, and she has been engaged three times! You can't think how unpleasant it was for her, she got so talked about."

"Then, why did she do it?" asked Sophia, in amazement.

To the village-bred maiden, the happy wife of a husband she adored, such things sounded strange indeed. To her betrothal was as serious as marriage, and marriage a true sacrament, holy and irrevocable.

"But you love him, surely?" she asked, at length.

"Oh, yes; of course I love him."

Virginia, in the short time she had been out in society, had been much admired, and rather spoiled. She did not yet know what a treasure a woman possesses in the love of a worthy man.

"You won't be angry, Virginia, dear," pleaded Sophy, "if I say, Don't vex Robert! We have known him all our lives, and he is so good and noble. Every one esteems him He has but one fault—he is proud."

Virginia made a little impatient movement, and a ring dropped on the gravel path from her hand.

"There!" she said, as she stooped to pick it up, "I shall lose that ring to a certainty some day."

"It looks too valuable to be so loosely worn," said Sophia

"Yes; the device is pretty," replied Virginia, carelessly replacing it upon her finger, and holding out her hand "Robert gave it to me. The initial letters of the stones form his name—ruby, onyx, beryl, emerald, ruby, topaz. I must have it altered to fit me when I go back to town."

After this, Sophia led the way back to the parlor, where the baby had been introduced, and was now the centre of attraction.

Mrs. Edington had been fully prepared for interesting disclosures on the part of the doctor's wife; but, to her surprise, that lady declared that she knew of no engagement.

"It is true that Mr. Maxwell is very often at our house, and that Virginia frequently takes a walk with him," said she; "but she will not let me hint at anything of the kind 'If we girls were to marry every one we take a country walk with, there would be hard times for us,' she says; but, indeed, I should like it, of all things."

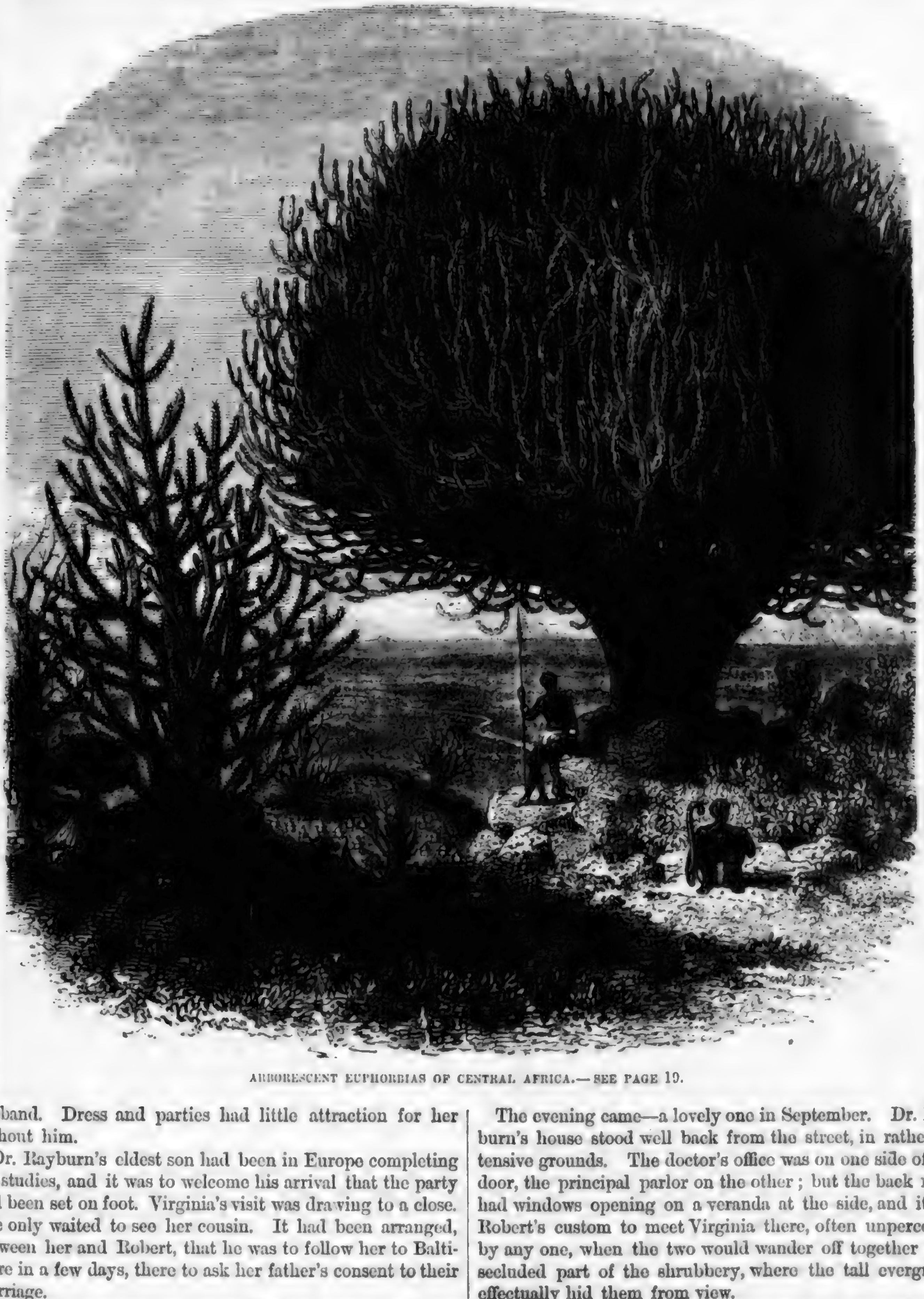
Neither was Robert himself more communicative, though Mrs. Lenox, the first time that she saw him, attacked him with the little, patronizing air young matrons are apt to assume toward their bachelor friends. He admitted the beauty and attractiveness of Miss Fairfax, but would not acknowledge any deep personal interest in her.

About a week later, Sophy was playing with her baby in her own room, when her mother entered.

"The Rayburns are going to have a party," said she "Mrs. Rayburn has just been here, but she could not wait to see you. I hope you have something nice to wear. It is to be on Thursday, the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, yes! I have a lovely blue silk, the latest fashion; but Charlie will be here then," said the young wife, with a bright smile.

She thought of the delight of once more seeing her



ARBORESCENT EUPHORBIAS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 19.

husband. Dress and parties had little attraction for her without him.

Dr. Rayburn's eldest son had been in Europe completing his studies, and it was to welcome his arrival that the party had been set on foot. Virginia's visit was drawing to a close. She only waited to see her cousin. It had been arranged, between her and Robert, that he was to follow her to Baltimore in a few days, there to ask her father's consent to their marriage.

"But, in the meantime, dearest," he had urged, "will you not let me speak to your uncle? I think it is due to him that I do so, at least before you leave."

"Very well, Robert; but pray put it off till just before I go. I don't care to be exhibited to the rustics as a tame lioness, with you for my keeper."

She laughed, and Robert joined her. The charm of her presence and manner always carried him away, but he did not quite like either the speech or the laugh. He felt that he had but a light hold on her heart.

The evening came—a lovely one in September. Dr. Rayburn's house stood well back from the street, in rather extensive grounds. The doctor's office was on one side of the door, the principal parlor on the other; but the back room had windows opening on a veranda at the side, and it was Robert's custom to meet Virginia there, often unperceived by any one, when the two would wander off together to a secluded part of the shrubbery, where the tall evergreens effectually hid them from view.

This evening he went early, hoping for his wonted pleasure before the company arrived. It was growing dusk without, but the parlors were brilliantly lighted, and Virginia was in her usual place by one of the open windows. His eye took in, with rapturous admiration, every line of her exquisite face and figure.

A strange feeling came over him—a sense of insecurity in the treasure he owned. If Virginia should die!

But he looked again. The bloom of health was on that rounded cheek, its light in that darkly flashing eye.

"Fool that I am," he thought, "to be scared by shadows."

He took a step nearer to the window, thinking to break the spell by speaking to her; but he started back, for a young man, whom he had never seen before, was bending over her, and his words came low, but fearfully distinct.

"Virginia, darling, it is such happiness to meet you! You cannot think how I have longed for it!"

Robert would not wait to hear her reply. He was too honorable to listen to conversation not intended for his ear. He entered at once and stood before them. But Virginia received him with perfect composure.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell! This is my cousin, Dr. George Rayburn. George, Mr. Maxwell. I hope you will be friends."

The two young men looked keenly at each other, and bowed. But there was a constraint somewhere, and it was a relief to all three when Dr. George, at a call from his mother, hastened away to receive some of her guests.

"I never saw you in evening-dress before, darling," said Robert, when they were alone.

"And do you like me?"

"Like you? If any one had told me that dress, or anything else, could improve you, I should not have believed it."

"Then you do think me improved?"

"I don't know, dearest. In that white, misty-looking dress, you look ready to fly away from me, or fade off into air."

She laughed.

"Come, Robert, you are fanciful. See, I have a whole basketful of flowers here, and I want you to choose one for my hair. Are not these roses superb?—such a deep crimson. And look at this scarlet passion-flower."

"I don't like those glaring hues," said Robert. "This is my choice;" and he took a pure, delicate tea-rose from the basket, and placed it in her rich locks. Then they rose together, and went to speak to Sophia Lane and her husband.

"We are so glad Mr. Lane arrived in time to accompany you," Mrs. Rayburn was saying, and the wife's smile and delighted reply seemed to imply that all the zest of the occasion would be wanting otherwise.

Sophia, in the blue dress, and looking radiant, was leaning on her husband's arm. She was a diminutive creature, and it would have suited her better to take hold of his hand, for he was a tall, stout man, with the type of countenance that is usually termed "jolly."

He was far from handsome, and not particularly wise, but his wife thought him Apollo and Solon rolled into one; and though he was already middle-aged, she delighted in calling him "Charlie," as if he were a boy.

Knowing all the guests of the evening, she made a sort of triumphal progress through the rooms, introducing and exhibiting her Charlie, who, his round, good-humored face beaming with satisfaction, allowed himself to be led hither and thither.

"Silly little thing," said the younger ladies. "What can she see in that fat old man to make such a fuss over?"

But the older ones liked it. They thought such affection as that might be trusted to stand the test of time.

Robert looked on, and thought it beautiful. He wondered if Virginia would look up to him like that, after they had been married a year. A year! it seemed a long time to anticipate, and they were not married yet.

But he resolved not to wait any longer than was absolutely necessary. On the morrow he would speak to Mr. Rayburn, and after his consent and that of Virginia's parents had been given, the rest would be easy.

The evening wore on pleasantly to most present. There was dancing, and Virginia was constantly engaged. This was Robert's tribulation. He had not learned to dance in boyhood, and as he grew older he despised it as a pastime unworthy the intellect of a man; at best, a waste of time. Dr. George, on the contrary, was a graceful and accomplished dancer. He led out his cousin repeatedly—Robert, from a corner, beholding them with looks that vainly strove to appear unconcerned.

George Rayburn seemed to haunt Virginia. He was a gay, frank, good-humored fellow, blue-eyed, brown-haired, full of life and glee. To amuse Mr. Maxwell, he produced several volumes of European views, and spent some time in explaining them.

Robert tried to feel interested, but in vain. He had neither eyes nor ears for anything but his wayward idol, who, on the contrary, never seemed to see him, except when now and then she would send him a pleasant smile as she glided off with some light-footed partner.

He wandered about the room, speaking few words, feeling lonely and miserable. He tried to get Virginia to himself for a little, but she only said:

"I am so sorry you don't dance, Robert; but think how peculiar it would look for you and me to be seen moping together like a pair of melancholy owls. I will go into supper with you if you will look out for me;" and with this he was forced to be contented.

Late in the evening he found himself in the doctor's room—the study, as it was usually called. Here stood some tall oleanders in tubs, brought in from the garden in anticipation of frosty nights.

Robert passed between them and the window, and sat down, moody and disconsolate. He looked out into the starlit shrubbery, and wished that all this racket were over, and he and Virginia once more wandering among those leafy shades, happy and united, with no Dr. George to come between them, with that easy, careless, carry-all-before-me manner of his.

Just then he heard voices at the door, and Dr. George led Virginia in, and seated her in a chair.

"Rest here, darling," he said. "I will fix you up in no time. I am as good as a lady's maid."

"Why, George, you must be a universal genius!" said Virginia.

How lovely she looked! Flushed, excited, the light dancing in her eyes, and one long braid of her beautiful hair unbound, and floating far below her waist. As Dr. George began to twist it up, not quite so deftly as a lady's maid, poor Robert's tea-rose fell out unnoticed on the carpet.

"There!" said George, after a minute; "your hair is as tidy as ever. I took a hairpin from the other side. There are lots of them. Now let me get you a flower."

"Oh, I had a flower! I suppose I have danced it out."

"Yes. Come to the parlor, and I will get you a beauty."

He drew her hand within his arm, and they left the room. Poor Robert, who had been too miserable to move, stepped from his seat by the window, picked up the forsaken flower, and placed it in his bosom.

Mrs. Rayburn hastily entered.

"Oh, Mr. Robert, will you do me a great favor?"

"Certainly. Pray command me."

"Will you find the doctor, and tell him he is urgently wanted at Mr. Watson's? They fear the baby is dying."

"Where do you think he is?"

"At one of these three places."

She sat down, wrote hurriedly on a slip of paper, put it into his hand, and left the room.

Robert was glad to escape from the house, from the sound of the dancers' feet, and what he thought the soulless, frivolous merriment that was going on.

He found the doctor, and accompanied him to Mr. Watson's, where they discovered the little one better, and asleep. Dr. Rayburn was able to comfort the anxious parents with hopes of amendment, then, promising an early visit next day, he took leave.

Mrs. Rayburn had ideas of her own on the subject of party-giving, and her parties, in consequence, were an invariable success.

She never invited more guests than her house would hold, neither would she try the tempers and endanger the toilets of her lady friends in the scramble of a stand-up supper. Moreover, she did not believe in amateur waiters, and the best attendance that could be procured was added on such occasions to her own well-trained family servants. She had seen too many dire mishaps at the hands of awkward young men, or still more awkward "help"; too many plates of ice-cream deposited on silk dresses, to the despair of their horror-stricken but helpless wearers; too many handsome carpets ruined beyond repair. So all were comfortably seated, and nimbly waited on, and no lamentations followed next morning over stained and trodden silks, soiled carpets, and battered furniture.

A long row of tables, extending down the centre of the dining-room, accommodated the majority of the guests, but in the back parlor were placed several small round tables, each capable of holding half a dozen persons. These Mrs. Rayburn called her "Society Islands," and they were greatly in request, especially amongst the elder people, who would get up snug little parties of their own, and be merry after a subdued fashion, apart from the more uproarious fun of the large table.

As the doctor and Robert entered the hall, the hostess met them.

"I am so glad you are come. How is the poor baby?"

"Better, dear. Will do well. Is supper ready?"

"Supper is begun. Dancing is hungry work, you know, so I thought best not to wait. I have put George at the head of the long table, and Mr. Edington at the foot, but there are places for you and Mr. Maxwell at one of the islands."

"I hope it is a sandwich island, for I am half famished."

Mrs. Rayburn led Robert into the parlor, and her husband followed. She did not know that he expected to take Virginia to supper, and, in truth, she was far from sorry to see the good understanding between her son and his pretty cousin. She had found Virginia a charming companion, and she thought how pleasant it would be for her and the doctor, who had no daughter of their own, to have this favorite niece domiciled with them as the wife of their eldest son. Therefore, she looked on well pleased as they went through dance after dance, and finally paired off together at the supper-table.

"I thank you so much," she said to Robert, "for the trouble you took to find the doctor." Robert, of course, disclaimed. "Virginia has gone to supper with George, to help him do the honors."

Robert's countenance fell, and his arm trembled under Mrs. Rayburn's hand. Poor fellow! he had been looking forward all the evening to this hour, and now that it had arrived, he found himself deserted.

"My son is a stranger, you know," she continued, "and I always like to keep myself free on these little occasions, so as to have an eye everywhere," said the smiling hostess. "I have got a sweet little island queen for you, however, and a great pet of my own. Here she is!" and she gave him a seat next pretty Cecil Graham, the clergyman's daughter.

There were another lady and gentleman at the table, and as the doctor and his wife sat down, the little circle was complete.

Notwithstanding his general reserve and coldness, and the pride that was attributed to him, Robert was a great favorite with the ladies of Deepwood. What young man would not be, with an independent income, an unblemished character, and the remarkable personal attractions that every one acknowledged?

But to Cecil Graham he was more than an ordinary favorite. He was her hero and her dream—a dream that she carried hidden in her heart. Her soft, sweet eyes now looked up with a timid welcome, and she blessed the happy chance that had brought her such unlooked-for felicity. To her Robert would often unbend as he did to few; he was too proud to be vain, and he never imagined this young girl's preference other than that of friendship. So, as his paradise was for the present shut out, he resolved to forget his misery, and be as happy as circumstances would allow.

"As we are to be islanders, I suppose we are to be fed on shellfish," said the doctor, deep in a delicious preparation of oysters.

"Oh, no! not altogether," replied his wife. "We have communication with the mainland, and supplies will be forthcoming. James"—addressing a servant—"bring some coffee, and a pitcher of lemonade."

The man she spoke to at this moment threw wide the door of the dining-room, and disclosed a view of the mainland—the long table brilliant with lights and flowers, and loaded with every procurable dainty. But, alas! for Robert. There at the head, close to Dr. George, whose face, beaming all over, was turned toward her, sat Virginia, radiant, laughing, crowned with scarlet passion-flowers!

Robert gazed—the room seemed to swim before him. His flower had been despised, forgotten, almost trampled on, and now she was wearing the very blossoms he had told her he disliked.

How thankful was Robert when the bustle of preparation heralded the departure of the guests. Virginia came into the hall to see them off. Robert, gloomy and silent, stood with his hat in his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell, you must excuse me, but I entirely forgot that I had to go to supper with you."

"You forgot me, Virginia?" he asked, in a tone audible only to her.

"Yes, at the moment." She spoke with the greatest coolness. "I remembered afterward, of course; but you were nowhere to be seen; and, then it was your duty to find *me*."

Robert would not apologize, nor even explain. He was too deeply wounded to offer her his hand. He bowed his farewell, and left the house.

A little later, Mrs. Rayburn was in the dining-room, when she felt herself seized round the waist, and forcibly conveyed to a sofa in the parlor.

"Come, mother, you have done enough for one evening. They can gather up the legs and wings without you. Dearest little mother, your party has been a triumph, and you are younger and prettier than ever.'

"Just the same foolish old boy, Georgie." She put out her hand, and stroked his cheek. "But I don't want you to tell me how young and pretty I am—say, rather, who was the prettiest girl here to-night."

"Oh, mother! can you ask? But Virginia is not pretty, she is glorious!"

"Take care, Georgie. I fear some one has been before you. She and Mr. Maxwell are very intimate."

"Maxwell! what, that haughty, disagreeable, high-tragedy hero, with his air half Hamlet, half Othello? Mother, I forbid the bans."

"Oh, I don't know of any engagement. She disclaims it to me, but there have been evening walks, and much attention on his part."

XUM

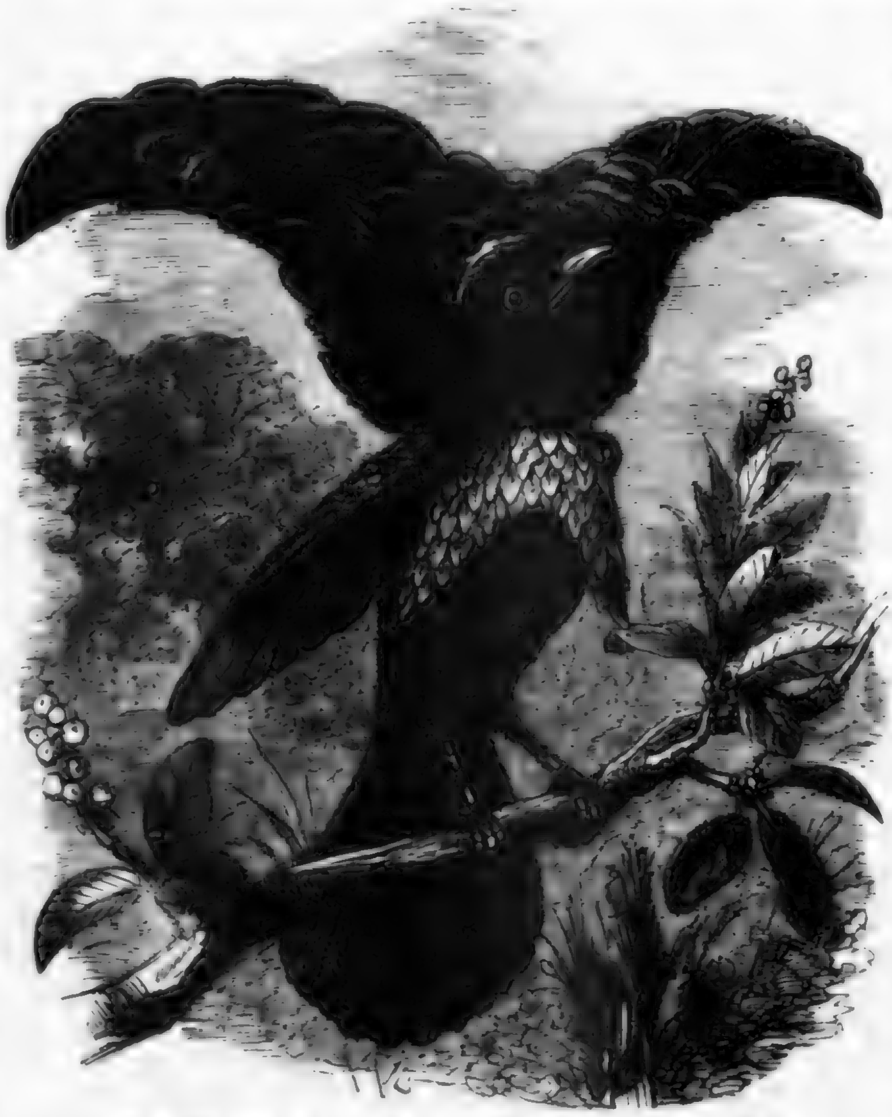
"Ah! I thought he looked desperately savage when she and I came out from supper together; but he sha'n't have her. If he does, I shall be M.D. in right earnest—the maddest doctor that ever took a degree."

"Well, you had better try your luck. I love her dearly, and should be proud of such a daughter."

In the old house that had received his parents after their marriage, and from which they had been carried to their last quiet home, Robert Maxwell lived alone. His sisters were all married and away.

People often wondered what Robert could do with so large a house. In truth, it was but a small part of it he occupied; yet now and then, at long intervals, one or more of his sisters would come, with children and nurses, and the long unused rooms would be opened, and the garden-walks once more echo to the sound of little feet and childish voices; then they would go away again, and the house be all shut up, silent and lonely as before.

Robert had grown fond of solitude, as we all do when those we love most are dead or scattered. People called him cold, and set him down for an old bachelor. But of late there had been something unwonted stirring the depths of that earnest, quiet spirit—something that whispered of a time to come, when the old house should once more put on the bright home-look of welcome, when one beautiful as his dead mother should take her place, and this lonely heart of his be no longer shut in with its pent-up power of loving.



THE SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE (PARADISEA SUPERBA).—SEE PAGE 19.

He had pictured to himself a graceful figure standing in the wide, old-fashioned doorway, and a fair face greeting him with smiles and loving words, filling up his life with all the sweetness that had so long ago passed out of it that he had ceased to regret or think it could ever again return.

And once when he had brought Virginia in, to show her his mother's picture, as she looked up at the soft eyes, they had seemed to smile down approval on his choice.

But to-night a dreary cloud had come between him and the heaven of his hope. Why had this new-comer stolen away his treasure? Even if it were but for a passing hour, could *he* have acted so by her? And so poor Robert, sad, weary, comfortless, entered his own door, and sought his uneasy pillow.

Busy amongst his papers next day, about noon, Robert chanced to lift his head, and espied two figures on horseback passing down the street.—He started from his chair, and looked long and earnestly.

He had never heard Virginia say she could ride, yet, there she was, and Dr. George beside her. Disturbed to the very centre of his sensitive nature, he turned to his work again.

That evening he walked up to the house. Mrs. Rayburn sat by the window, sewing, and her two boys, of ten and twelve, were busy in the corner over some presents George had brought them. That individual was nowhere.

Robert paid the usual compliments, hoped Mrs. Rayburn was not fatigued by her exertions, then timidly asked if Miss Fairfax were at home.

"Oh, yes, she is at home. I fear we are going to lose her very soon, Mr. Maxwell. My sister has written for her again, and her visit cannot be prolonged beyond a very short time. Arthur, go up-stairs, and tell your cousin that Mr. Maxwell is here."

Virginia came down-stairs with her hat on.

"Will you take the old walk to-night?" said Robert.

"Oh, yes. It will be almost the last, for I go on Monday."

Robert's heart leaped for joy. Now it should be all right again. Still, he felt that Virginia had ill-treated him, and she should make amends. He had suffered too much at her hands to let her pass so easily. He was none of your humble, self-deprecating lovers, much as he prized her affection. He felt that he had given as well as received.

They passed out of the garden gate, walked down the street to the first corner, then took the quiet by-road leading to the river. A few remarks were made on the beauty of the evening, and then speech flagged. At last Robert spoke.

"Virginia, it is of no use. I cannot talk about clouds and sunsets. You were cruel to me last night. You used me badly. I didn't deserve it."

He stopped, his face quivering with emotion. Virginia stood still, and looked at him. They were now on the bridge, beneath which flowed the river, deep and rapid.

"I used you badly—and how, pray?" she asked, in her loftiest tone.

"Virginia, you know you slighted me. You neglected and avoided me for that Dr. George Rayburn."

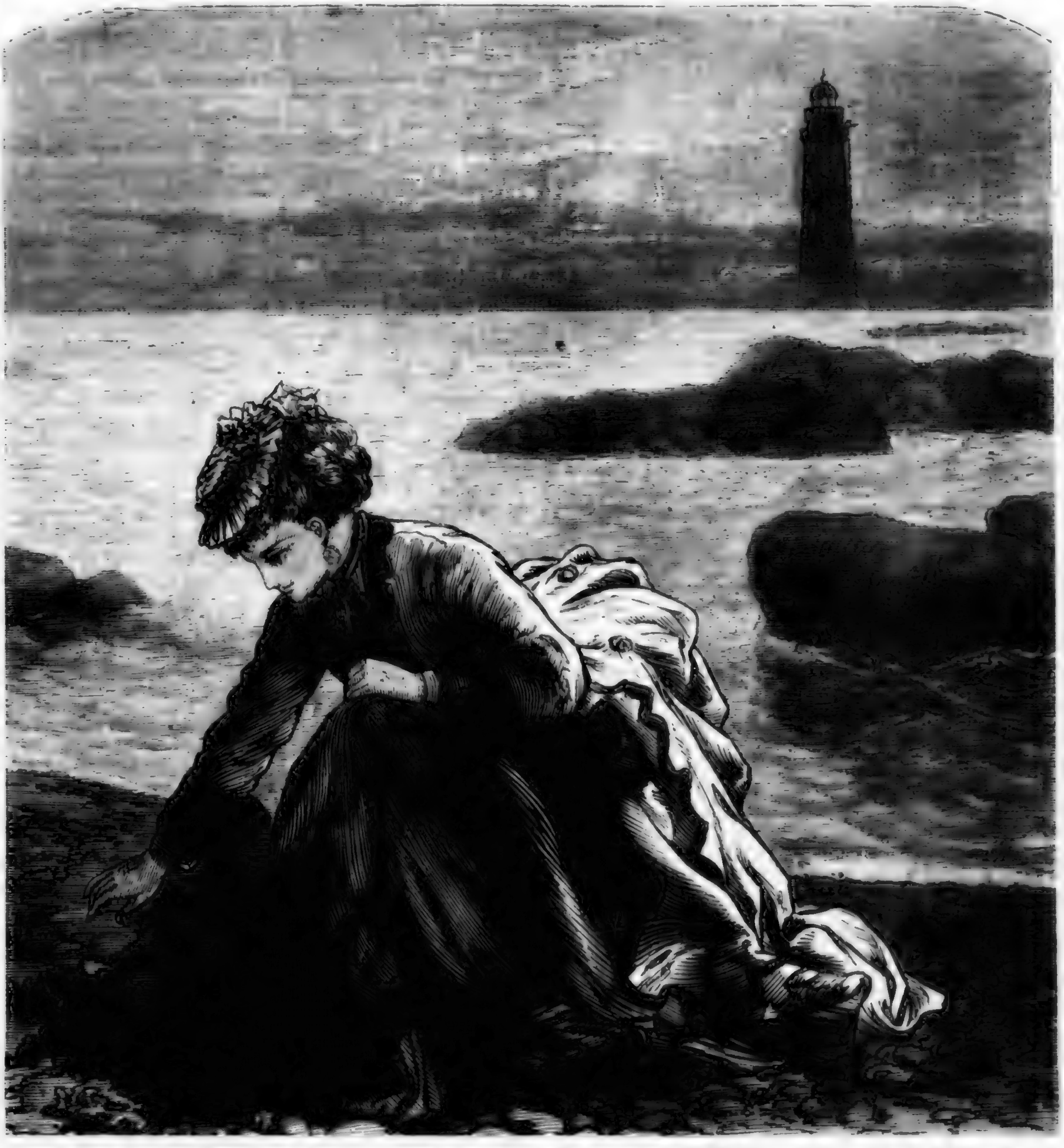
Virginia raised her delicate eyebrows.

"And may I not speak to my cousin? Truly, sir, this is asserting authority rather too soon."

"Nay, I am asserting no authority. I only put it to yourself. Did you treat him or me as a woman ought—the man she has promised to marry?"

She colored.

"You are very unreasonable. I treated my cousin no better than he deserves, and you, I am sure, no worse."



TOO WELL MATCHED.—"SOMETHING GLISTENED IN THE TANGLES OF THE WEED. VIRGINIA STARTED—LOOKED—STOOPED TO EXAMINE IT. IT WAS HER LONG-LOST RING."—SEE PAGE 19.

"Than *I* deserve? It may be so; and yet, I think that one who gives all, merits something better than studied neglect. Could I have acted so to you? I never thought you a coquette before, Virginia."

"And you do now?"

"You force me to it."

"Very well, sir. I once heard you say you despised a coquette, and as I have no fancy for being despised, I think it is best we should part."

"Do you really mean it, Virginia?"

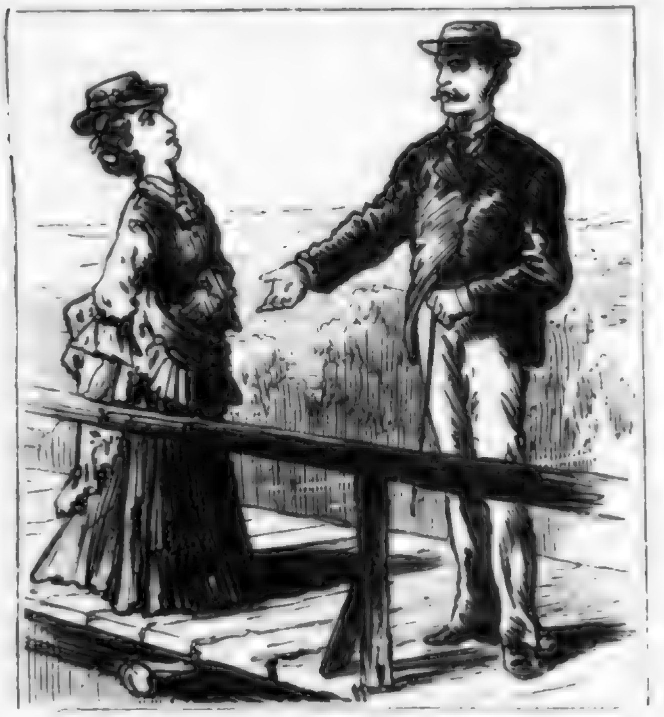
"I do. I could not be happy with one so jealous and exacting."

"I do not think I am exacting. Did you not dance nearly all the evening with Dr. George, scarcely speaking a word to, or even looking at, me?"

"Am I to blame because you do not choose to do as others do in society?"

"Did you not go with him to supper, regardless of your promise to me? Did you not lose the flower I placed in your hair, and did not his hand supplant it by those flaunting passion-flowers?"

Virginia made a little impatient movement. It was



TOO WELL MATCHED.—"HER UNGLOVED HAND WAS RESTING ON THE RAIL OF THE BRIDGE, AND AS SHE RAISED IT HER RING DROPPED OFF."—SEE PAGE 19.

habitual with her when any one, as she called it, lectured her. Her ungloved hand was resting on the rail of the bridge, and as she raised it, her ring dropped off. There was a momentary glitter as she looked after it, then it struck the water and disappeared.

She started, and gave a little, nervous laugh.

"There! I have lost the ring you gave me. I knew I should some day; it was altogether too large."

Robert turned pale.

"Oh, Virginia! can you part with it and with me so lightly?"

But her pride was up—she answered nothing.

"Only promise me that you will not go out with that man."

"I will go out with whom I please."

"Then it is, indeed, time we parted, obstinate, cruel girl!"

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. Have you any more names to call me?"

"Oh, Virginia! will you not relent?"

"Yes, when that ring comes back to my feet, and asks me to wear it again, I will relent, and be the slave of your unreasonable, tyrannical temper!"

She walked quickly away, and Robert, gazing after her for a moment, turned homeward, with a gloomy brow and a troubled spirit.

Next day Robert Maxwell was not in his wonted place at church, and then it was known that he had left Deepwood.

"Of course you knew," said Mrs. Rayburn to her niece.

"Oh, no—not I," said Virginia; and Mrs. Rayburn marveled.

On Monday Virginia was off, too, with her cousin George for escort.

"I have the most charming surprise for you, dear," said Mrs. Fairfax, as soon as she had her daughter to herself. "The Laurences are going to Europe, and have asked you to accompany them. I was sure you would like it, and so I have said Yes."

Virginia started.

"Europe!" said she.

"Just think of the advantages, dear! Your singing will be so much improved, and your French and Italian perfected. They are going to Paris and Italy, will winter in Rome, and be in London for the season; and you and Julia will both be presented at Court. Mrs. Laurence says American girls are the rage in Europe just now. Not one with any pretensions to good looks but may be a countess at the least, if she has a mind to."

During this speech Virginia had time to ponder the matter. It had taken her by surprise, but she welcomed it as a change.

"Thank you, dear mother. I should like it more if you were going; but I shall enjoy it, I am sure. When do they go?"

"This is Monday; the steamer sails on Saturday; the *India*, of the Cunard Line. You will want nothing but a traveling-dress, and that I have provided. And as to me, I will join you, if possible, with Ada, in the Spring."

When Virginia lay down in her own bed that night. she felt how differently this European voyage would have seemed to her two months earlier. She wished that she could recall that hour on the bridge—take back those unkind, relentless words. But pride was uppermost still, and whispered, "Let him seek me, if he wants me;" and if not—why, then she should cross the sea, and forget him.

When Robert Maxwell left Deepwood, it was in the vain effort to escape his own troubled spirit—to turn his back on all that could remind him of his sorrow and humiliation. He had laid his heart at this woman's feet, and after accepting, she had spurned it from her. In the turmoil of the great city he would forget her, and be once more free and happy.

Passing along Broadway at its busiest hour, with his eyes bent on the ground, he ran full tilt against some one.

"I beg pardon," said Robert, without looking up.

"Why, Maxwell, old fellow, is it you? When did you come? I am so glad to meet you!"

It was John West, an old college friend; and almost before he was aware, or had time to escape, Robert found himself carried off up-town, domiciled in his house, and the recipient of the most cordial hospitality.

Mrs. West was delighted to welcome her husband's friend. She laughingly told him she and John had been married nearly three months, and the matrimonial *tête-à-tête* was becoming flat.

"You are doing us a real charity," said she.

"And now we have got you," put in her husband, "we shall not let you go till we have shown you everything. And Lucy and I will come next year, and you shall do the honors of Deepwood.".

Next day, as they sat at dinner, John West said to his wife:

"I saw my friend, Captain Huntly, of the *India*, to-day, and he has invited us all to lunch on board to-morrow. You have never seen a Cunarder, have you, Maxwell?"

"No. I shall be glad of the opportunity. The captain, of course, is an Englishman?"

"Yes; and the best of good fellows. John Bull can be gruff and rampant enough, but these qualities don't crop out in my friend, who is a jolly Briton of the true-blue order."

They went accordingly, and were received on deck by the captain—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a bronzed countenance, and the frank, hearty manner of a sailor.

A pleasant hour was passed in viewing the magnificent ship, and in the discussion of an elegant collation, at which several friends of the captain were present.

When they left, Captain Huntley handed Mrs. West to the carriage, and, after saying farewell, returned to the ship. Robert, seated by Lucy, was thinking how perfectly he looked the monarch of that ocean palace, when another carriage drove up, and the captain crossed the plank to receive its inmates. Robert, still idly gazing, saw a gentleman alight, then a group of ladies, and heard cordial greetings, and an introduction, in which his ear caught the name of "Fairfax" twice repeated, and then they all went on board. First, a gentleman and two middle-aged ladies; next, a young one, in a hat, with a profusion of fair ringlets falling behind it; lastly—what is it that makes his heart beat wildly and his cheek grow pale? There is but one such form, but one such step as that, in the world.

"Glorious fellow, isn't he? and glorious ship!" said John, mounting to his seat, and touching the horses.

Next morning, Robert read in the passenger-list of the *India* the name of Miss Fairfax.

At Rome, by a fortunate chance, the American party met Lady Sarah Clifford, a not very distant relative of Mrs. Laurence, and the wife of a distinguished member of Parliament. She was happy to make the acquaintance of her cousins, and rather proud of exhibiting them to her friends.

On learning that they meant to pass the next season in London, she did not wait to be asked, but offered, in the most gracious manner, to present the whole party at Court, on which the shadow of the good Prince Consort's death had not then fallen.

"Those two girls will marry brilliantly," said Lady Sarah. "They are new, you see, besides being undeniably charming. Miss Fairfax is the very image of Lady Edith Fitzcoyle, who came out last year. She had next to nothing, for the estates are frightfully encumbered; but she married a marquis, with a fabulous fortune, and your daughter is quite as handsome, in a different style. They set each other off to a marvel, and your taste in dressing them is, I must say, perfection. You might have been born a Parisienne."

Mrs. Laurence smiled. The flattery was pleasing.

Lady Sarah traveled with the Laurence party, and saw them installed in a prettily furnished house, near her own residence.

London was unusually full that Spring, and, once introduced by her ladyship, invitations flowed in upon her friends. The girls, as she had predicted, became the belles of the season. Wherever they moved, murmurs of admiration followed them.

"Have you seen the lovely Laurence?" "Have you met the superb Fairfax?" were questions constantly asked.

Mrs. Laurence, however, knew what she was about, and she never allowed Julia and Virginia to be seen at more than one party on the same evening, no matter what the inducement. This served three purposes. It saved the health and beauty of her charges; it made them the more sought after; and it pleased the *chaperones* of less attractive metal, who thus found a clear field oftener than they expected.

Their wealth and aristocratic connection, together with their acknowledged culture and good-breeding, secured the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence.

The London world accepted them.

"Really unexceptionable people, those Laurences! Dinners quite faultless, and one seldom tastes such claret!"

Thus the gentlemen.

"What perfect taste Mrs. Laurence has, to be sure! and receives admirably! I really never expected such good *ton* in Americans!"

Thus the ladies.

"Good situation?—I believe you. Nothing to do, and paid handsomely for doing it. Them American gents thinks no more of their money than nothink. Waits on theirselves a deal, too. Hexcellent situation!"

Thus John Thomas, a representative man of his class.

As to the rhapsodies of the younger men, of which the two lovely Americans were subject matter, I forbear to put them on paper.

The enthusiasm they excited reached its height the day they were presented at the Drawing-room. Both were attired in white—the richest and softest of satin—but Julia's dress was trimmed with clusters of purple and white violets, while Virginia's was adorned with sprays of hawthorn, alternate pink and white. It would be hard to say which of the two was the lovelier; and as to self-possession, one might have thought they had been born and bred in the atmosphere of courts. Virginia, especially, had the air of a young queen.

As she bent over the extended hand of the sovereign, a glance of admiration, felt rather than seen, passed round the circle surrounding her; and it was afterward said that Majesty herself had remarked on the exceeding loveliness of the young lady with dark hair and hawthorn-blossoms,

Yet, even in that hour of conscious triumph, memory wandered back to Deepwood; to the bright September evening; to the bridge over the river; to the lost ring; and, ah! the lost love. Was there anything in all this to compensate for it? and a secret voice whispered—No!

Before the season drew to a close, Julia brought down her bird. She was engaged to Lord St. Ives—young, rich, handsome; all that could be desired as a man and a husband.

Her parents were delighted, and Virginia heartily rejoiced in her friend's happiness.

"Our girl has been very fortunate," said Mr. Laurence to his wife. "St. Ives is a thoroughly fine fellow, and I have perfect confidence in giving her to him. But what is Miss Fairfax about? Has she said anything to you?"

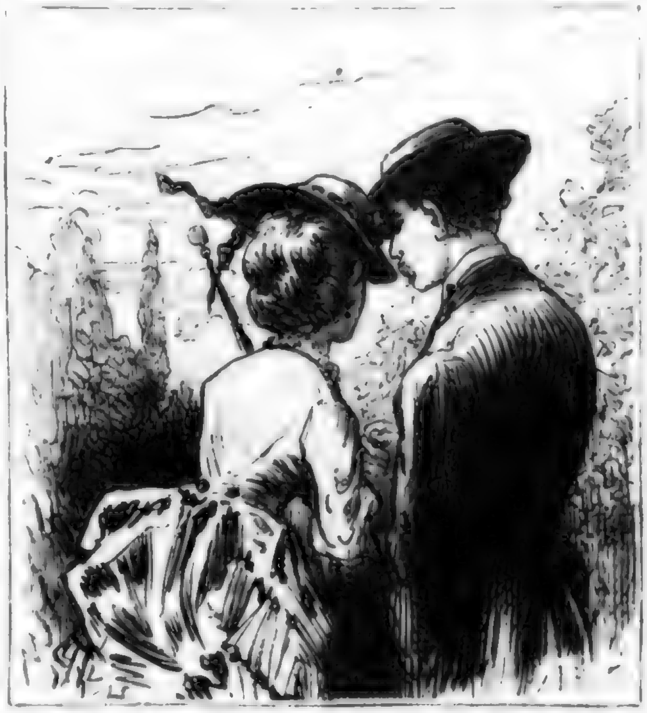
"No; why do you ask?"

"Because, only yesterday, the Marquis of Hampshire asked my permission to address her."

"Indeed! Ah! that accounts! He called to-day, and was admitted; but as Julia and I were both engaged with the dressmaker, Virginia received him alone. When I came down-stairs, I thought she looked very pale, and that Lord Hampshire's manner was remarkably hurried and confused. He left almost immediately, and declined my invitation to dinner."

"Strange!" said Mr. Laurence. "It would be a splendid position for her, and she would fill it well. But it is not your fault, dear." And the subject dropped.

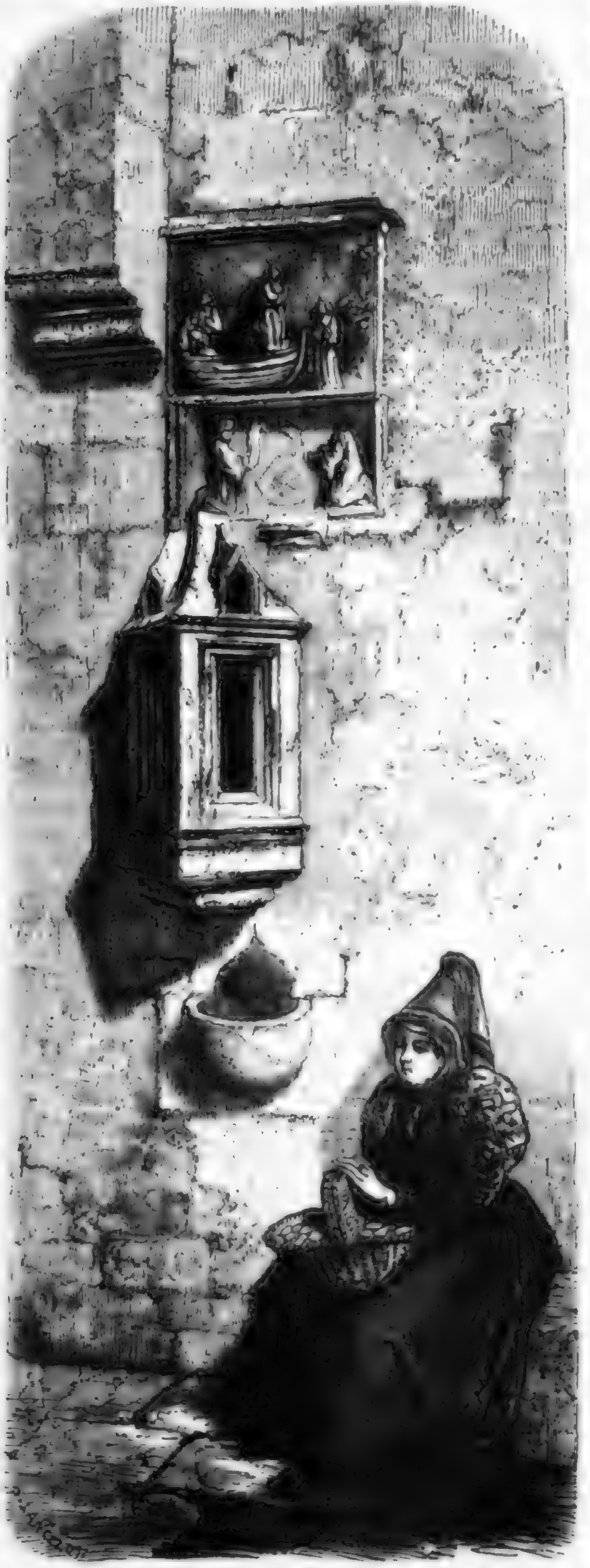
Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax and their younger daughter, Ada,



TOO WELL MATCHED.—"THEY WANDERED OFF TOGETHER TO A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHRUBBERY."

came over in time for the wedding. After that the rest of the party turned their faces northward.

First the lovely English lakes, and then the grander ones of Scotland, the Northern capital, with its historic and romantic interest, and the lands of Burns and of Scott, were successively visited and enjoyed with the zest and appreciation always met with in cultured Americans, and which the Scotch are ever so ready to acknowledge and admire.



A HOLY-WATER FONT AT RATISBON.—SEE PAGE 30.

September is, in Scotland, one of the finest months in the year, with a clearness of atmosphere all the more enjoyable because so rare; but October is drear and gloomy beyond expression, and our travelers fled from it to the sunny South.

Rome was again their destination.

Virginia felt happier this Winter than the last. She was deeply attached to her parents, and enjoyed the fresh delight of her young sister in all she saw. She withdrew from a great deal of general society to keep Ada company.

In fact, Virginia did not contemplate the prospect of another season with particular satisfaction. She felt as if she had had enough of the whirl of fashionable life; and she had an instinctive idea that she was expected to do credit to her opportunities by making a brilliant marriage. She somehow divined that her refusal of Lord Hampshire was known to her mother, and, of course, disapproved; though as yet she had not spoken on the subject.

There were many Americans in Rome; some sojourning there for pleasure, some for health. Amongst the latter were a mother and daughter of the name of Colville, who had been introduced by her physician to Mrs. Fairfax. The mother was dying of a slow decline; the fragile daughter, worn out with watching and anxiety.

"They are perfect gentlewomen," said the good doctor; "but they are timid and retiring, and, I fear, in very reduced circumstances."

This was enough for Mrs. Fairfax. To be sick and a stranger, was to enlist her kindliest sympathies. The poor American ladies were visited, and her delicate tact soon discovered many ways of increasing their comforts without giving them offense.

Virginia took them under her especial care. Every day, for two or three hours, she took Mary's place by her mother's couch, while the poor girl enjoyed the fresh air she so much needed in a drive with Mrs. Fairfax or Ada, and then rested, listening to her new friend as she read aloud.

Mrs. Colville became very fond of her.

"You come into my room like a ray of home sunshine, my dear," she would say.

"I cannot tell, Miss Fairfax," she said, another time, "of whom you remind me. It must be of some one I knew in my youth. I have been puzzling all night about it."

Virginia was standing at the table, arranging some flowers she had brought—fragrant jonquils, roses, and delicious Roman violets. She turned toward Mrs. Colville.

"Ah!" continued the sick lady. "I know now. You are the image of my dear friend Emily Harvey. Not when you laugh, but when you look at me with that pensive air, you have her very expression."

"Was she married?" asked Virginia, not really feeling any curiosity, but to seem interested in what pleased the invalid.

"Oh, yes! She married Robert Maxwell—the handsomest man I ever saw."

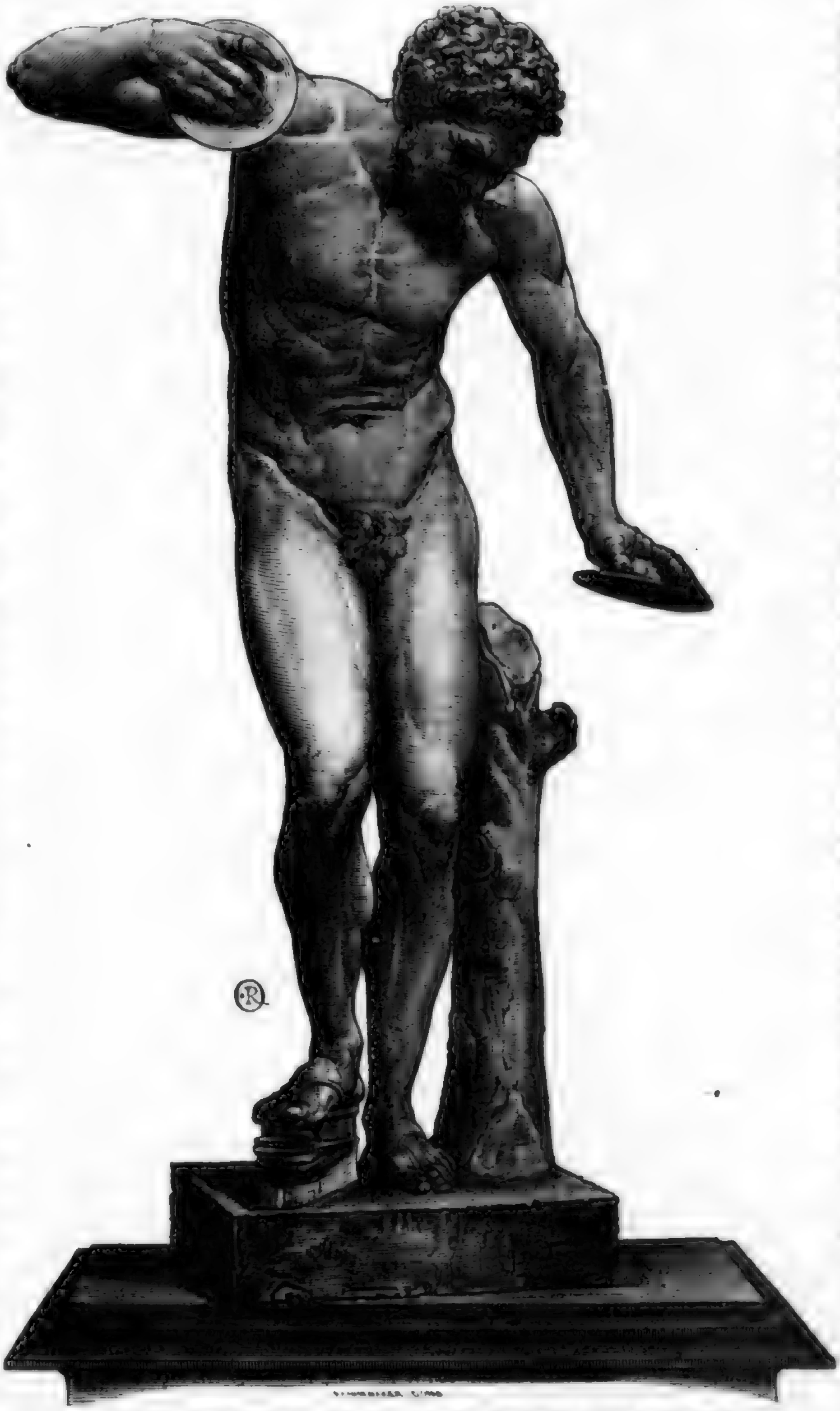
Virginia flushed with a sudden emotion.

"I was bridesmaid at her wedding," continued Mrs. Colville, "more than thirty years ago. Then she went to a distant part of the country—Deepwood the place was called—and I crossed the sea, and we lost sight of each other. I don't know if she be living or dead. I only know I never saw such a likeness as you bear to her."

"Ah! Mrs. Colville, she has been dead many years."

Virginia had not meant to say this. It came out before she was aware; but the invalid took no notice. "Dear Emily!" was all she said; but often after that, she would say to Virginia, as she sat by her, "You look like Emily today."

She never asked how her young friend had known of Emily's death, and Virginia was glad of it. She could not have borne to speak of Robert—Robert whom she had rejected, ill-used, forgotten. Ah, no! not forgotten. She knew now what a treasure she had thrown away.



THE DANCING FAUN, A CELEBRATED ANTIQUE STATUE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The London season opened brilliantly. Ada was much admired. Less beautiful than her sister, she was livelier, and not so retiring; and many who had been repelled by the hauteur of the magnificent Virginia found consolation in the more liberal smiles of the younger Miss Fairfax. But Virginia was as much followed as ever. More eligibles were at her feet than she could count on her ten white fingers.

The Marquis of Hampshire haunted Mrs. Fairfax's drawing-room. His horses and groom formed an equestrian group daily in front of her house. He was constantly in her box at the opera. And Mrs. Fairfax was satisfied. She had no hope that her eldest daughter would change her mind, and what a match the marquis would be for Ada; for Ada was certainly the attraction now. And if she married a marquis, why should not Virginia have a duke? Thus she built her Spanish castle. Half of it was destined to come down with a run; the other half grew up, and stood a stately structure.

Lord Hampshire did not go to the elders this time. He proposed to Ada in the conservatory, on the evening of one of Lady St. Ives's receptions. Ada, blushing and delighted, referred him to her father, and before she went to bed that night she was a marchioness-elect; and Virginia, who really liked him for his many noble qualities, felt rejoiced that Lord Hampshire was to be her brother-in-law.

Mr. Fairfax, however, would not consent that the wedding should take place in London. It should be celebrated, he said, amidst his own friends, and at his own house.

Lord Hampshire was too much in love to dispute the matter. He was ready to follow Ada to Australia or Japan, if only she would not make him wait too long. So it was settled that he should join them in America early in August, and be made happy as soon thereafter as circumstances would allow.

Virginia was glad to go home. She had enjoyed her travels, but her heart was over the sea. As to Mrs. Fairfax, she was too full of exultation on Ada's account to feel much disappointment on the subject of her eldest daughter. She said to herself that Virginia was handsomer than Ada, and as she would, of course, be much with her sister, what might not the future seasons have in store? So she sat on the deck wrapped in velvet and sealskin and pleasant meditations, and the good ship India flew westward over the Summer waves.

And what of Robert Maxwell all this time? Home was not home to him any longer. He had left it, and established himself in New York. Thus it came that, strolling down Broadway one hot Summer evening, he stepped into a restaurant to refresh himself with an ice. He was sitting apart, when his ear was suddenly caught by the conversation of two gentlemen at another table. The words that pierced him like a dagger's point were these, "Fairfax," "Baltimore," "magnificent marriage."

"I dare say the old folks are mightily pleased," said the other gentleman.

"I believe you," was the reply. "A marquis, and as rich as a crocus, as Mrs. Partington would say." They moved away, but Robert had heard enough. And yet, what was this news to him? Had not "lost" been written on his heart years ago? and could there ever be for him such a word as "found"?

The wedding over, the bride and bridegroom off on their honeymoon trip, the Fairfax mansion gradually subsided into comparative quiet.

"You look pale and fagged, Virginia," said Mrs. Ramsay, her mother's eldest sister, one day, after the other guests had all dispersed. "I am going down to Rocky Beach to-morrow, and shall carry you off with me."

Virginia assented. She was at home, where she longed to be; but she felt restless still, and she felt ashamed of herself for being glad to be off again. Yet it was still her own, her native land, and she loved the sea.

On a bright September evening she was walking on the shore with her aunt. The latter, feeling tired, sat down, and Virginia walked on alone. Her mind wandered, as it often did, to far-off days at Deep-wood, and to Robert Maxwell. Two years since she parted from him in anger. Where was he now? had he forgotten her, and married some one worthier of his love?

Just then a wave larger than its fellows came leaping to her feet. Virginia stepped back. It kissed the shining sand, and then retreated, leaving behind it a tuft of sea-weed. Something glistened in the tangles of the weed. Virginia started, looked, stooped to examine it. It was her long-lost ring!

The company at Rocky Beach was select and refined rather than fashionable. Amongst it, with an excited flush on her cheek, a brilliant light in her dark eye, moved Virginia, observed and admired of all.

They asked her to sing, and she complied at once.

"It was not worth refusing," she said.

She forgot her audience, and poured her whole soul into the beautiful old song:

"Would you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old semblance that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"Never a scornful word should grieve you,
I'd smile sweet as the angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

"I was not worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy of such as you;
Now all men besides are to me but shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

As the strain proceeded, passionate, remorseful, imploring, all held their breath, and thought they had never heard such singing.

"I did not like it," said an old lady afterward. "It sounds too real."

Just as the song closed with its last beseeching wail of "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" Virginia looked up, and saw reflected in a mirror on the opposite wall—the dark eyes fixed reproachfully on her—the face of Robert Maxwell!

She started, half rose, and then there was a loud crash of the piano-keys. She had fallen forward, with her face resting on her arms.

There was the usual commotion, but a fatherly old gentleman came forward, lifted her up, and placed her on a sofa. She soon revived, and went up-stairs with her aunt.

"Who is that lady?" asked one gentleman of another, out on the piazza.

"Miss Fairfax, of Baltimore. Beautiful creature, is she not? Her sister is the Marchioness of Hampshire."

"Her sister?" Robert's heart leaped into the seventh heaven. Could it be possible that *he* was the Douglas of that tender, impassioned strain?

Late in the afternoon of the next day, Virginia came down-stairs. To her great relief, the parlors were empty, and she sat down by a window to read. But the book fell on her knee, and her eyes looked dreamily out on the ocean, while her voice unconsciously murmured the words of her song, "Would you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas?" There was a rapid step, and Robert Maxwell was at her side.

"Virginia, I have come back. Will you forgive me, for the sake of all I have suffered since we parted?"

She held out her hands—his arms were round her in a moment—a passionate embrace reunited them.

"Ah, Robert, I too have suffered! Look at this," and she showed her ring. "It came back to me yesterday, and I felt sure you would come next." And then she told how she had found it.

"Your hand is as slender as ever, darling," said Robert. "This ring must be my care for the present." He took out his pocketbook, and from its depths produced a pale, faded rose. "Do you remember this?"

"Oh, Robert, forgive me! I have hated passion-flowers ever since that evening."

Two months later, Robert placed a circlet of plain gold on Virginia's finger. And beneath it, carefully fitted, was the lost ring, to be its faithful guardian for evermore.

A HOLY-WATER FONT AT RATISBON.

The city of Ratisbon—called by the Bavarians Regensburg—is rich in curiosities similar to the one presented in our engraving. This font is at the corner of the street upon which the cloister of the cathedral stands, and was, doubtless, formerly within the cathedral itself.

The ancient font is surmounted by a stone shrine, black with the smoke of a lamp which is always kept alight. Above this is a *bas-relief*, apparently representing the performance of a vow by persons preserved from shipwreck.

THE DANCING FAUN.

Italy, under the rule of the Roman Emperors, contained almost inexhaustible treasures of sculpture. The finest works of the great Grecian sculptors found their way to the capital of the world; and artists of less renown, but of wonderful power, copied these masterpieces in every size, and not a few, catching the inspiration from the great masters, executed works of astonishing purity, grace and power.

The ravages of the barbarians laid cities and palaces in ruins. The accumulations of centuries cover the pavement of the halls where the Cæsars and their favorites reveled amid the finest creations of art. These accumulations have been to us like librarians. They have preserved much of ancient art. Year by year they open up their treasures, not at once, but just as nature opens the book of science, gradually, as though she did not wish one generation to acquire all knowledge, but to feel its own weakness and its limited powers.

Of the works of art thus recovered, works which Italy rears on the pedestals in her museums and points to with pride, few surpass the "Dancing Faun," of which our exquisite engraving enables the reader to form so adequate a conception.

CHARLES YOUNG, THE TRAGEDIAN.

One of the noblest tragedians on the stage, and a perfect gentleman in private society, Young was an irrepressible *farceur*, constantly playing, with imperturbable gravity, the most whimsical pranks in public.

He undertook to drive Charles Mathews (*fils*) to Cassiobury, on a visit to the Earl of Essex. Having passed through a turnpike, and paid the toll, he pulled up at the next gate he came to, and, addressing himself most politely to a woman who issued from the toll-house, inquired if Mr. ——, the toll-keeper, whose name he saw on a board above the door, happened to be in the way. The woman answered that he was not in the house, but she would send for him, if the gentleman wished to see him particularly.

"Well, I'm sorry to trouble you, madam, but I certainly should like to have a few minutes' conversation with him," rejoined Young.

Upon which the woman called to a little boy: "Tommy, run and tell your father a gentleman wants to speak to him."

Away ran Tommy, down a straight, long path in the grounds of a nursery and seedsman. The entrance was close to the turnpike—Young sitting bolt upright on the tilbury, solemn and silent, to the astonishment of Mathews, who asked him what on earth he wanted with the man.

"I want to consult him on a matter of business," was the reply.

After some five or six minutes the boy, who had entered a building at the extreme end of the path, reappeared, followed by a man putting on a jacket as he walked, and in due time both of them stood beside the tilbury.

The man touched his hat to Young.

"You wished to see me, sir?"

"Are you Mr. —— ?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Mr. —— who is intrusted to take the toll at this gate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are precisely the person who can give me the information I require. You see, Mr. ——, I paid sixpence at the gate at ——, and the man who took it gave me this little bit of paper" (producing a ticket from his waistcoat pocket), "and assured me that if I showed it to the proper authorities at this gate, I should be allowed to drive through without payment."

"Why, of course," said the man, staring with amazement at Young. "That ticket clears this gate."

"Then you do not require me to pay anything here?"

"No. Why, any fool——"

"My dear Mr. ——, I'm so much obliged to you. I should have been so sorry to have done anything wrong, and therefore wished to have your opinion on the subject. A thousand thanks. Good-morning, Mr. ——."

And on drove Young, followed, as the reader may easily imagine, by a volley of imprecations and epithets of anything but a flattering description, so long as he was within hearing.

THE PERSIAN'S LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Very beautiful is the Persian's love for flowers. In Bombay, I found the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens chiefly to walk in, "to eat the air"—"to take a constitutional," as we say. Their enjoyment of it was heartily animal. The Hindoo would stroll unsteadfastly through it, attracted from flower to flower, not by its form or color, but its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers, and taking stray sniffs at the ends of his fingers, as if he were taking snuff. His pleasure in the flower was utterly sensual.

Presently a true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head his sheepskin hat,

> "Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul,"

would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when at last the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and sing and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer, still sit before it, sipping sherbet, and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal, late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand *finale*, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz, and depart.

This is the true æsthetic enjoyment of flowers, of which those can know nothing who introduce them impertinently into pictures or poems, or about houses, or in any way outrage their historical associations or their individuality.

A PANIC IN JERUSALEM.

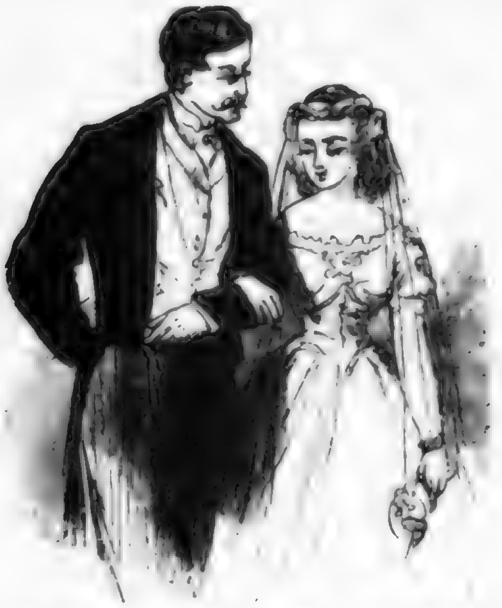
A Beyrout correspondent gives the following account of a panic which occurred in Jerusalem: "A strange state of things happened at Jerusalem on the occasion of the rejoicings for the accession of Murad V. No less than a panic seized on the entire population and lasted about two hours. The issue of cartridges by the chief of police to his men to be fired off in aid of the public manifestation of joy, and the necessity of sending most of the firelocks to the city gunsmiths for repairs to allow these ancient pieces to withstand so great a strain, gave rise to the report that a massacre of the Christians was ordered, and was to come off next day, Friday, after the midday prayer.

"This belief gained such ground that the Christians and Jews closed their shops and hurried away to the various convents and hospices of the city, where they barricaded themselves in. The streets presented an extraordinary spectacle. Fathers and mothers with their little ones, loaded with such valuables as they could easily carry; the children loaded with their pets in the shape of lambs, dogs and kittens—all rushing to the security of the convents.

"The Moslems, seeing this, also took fright, the idea prevailing among them that the Christians were about to massacre them; so with like alacrity they shut up their shops and sped away to their homes or to places of strength in the city. In a short time the streets became deserted, and everybody waited for the evil hour. By degrees it became apparent that a causeless panic had seized on the multitude, and the authorities, together with some of the elders, repaired to the convents and other places of refuge and exhorted the people to return to their business and their homes. Shop after shop began to be opened, people again appeared in the streets, and in a few hours the city had assumed its wonted aspect. The power of credulity of the Syrian, no matter of what religion he be, is unequaled in the world. Among the many rumors afloat, believed in by the lower orders of Moslems, were that the French were marching on the city, and that the Russian fleet had arrived at Jaffa. Even now many really believe that a general massacre was ordered by the authorities, and was averted by some unknown cause.

Color of the Hair.—The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of Elizabeth it found ardent admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

XUM



FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

The orange blossoms wreathe my brow,
My finger wears the bridal token;
The holy rite hath all been said,
The binding words have all been spoken;
While life endures, till death us part,
Thro' joy and sorrow, good and ill,
I'll bear thy image in my heart—
I'll cling to, love, obey thee still.
My hopes all centre now in thee,
And thenceforth thou my fate wilt be.

Think not I speak with doubting heart,
Or turn regretful to the past;
Deeming these early, joyous days
Too glad, too bright to last.
Ah, no! I know thee all too well,
Too earnest is my faith in thee;
I would but show thee what thou art,
The very light of life to me.
Earth has no happier fate beside
For me than this—to be thy bride.

And it is mine; I am thy own,
Forever thine, whate'er betide;
From all life's griefs, in all life's cares,
Thy love my shield, thy truth my guide.
I have no hope, I have no thought,
I have no wish thou dost not share;
My being is wrapped up in thine,
Thy name is in my every prayer;
Thy own true heart, thy faithful breast,
My home, my refuge, and my rest.

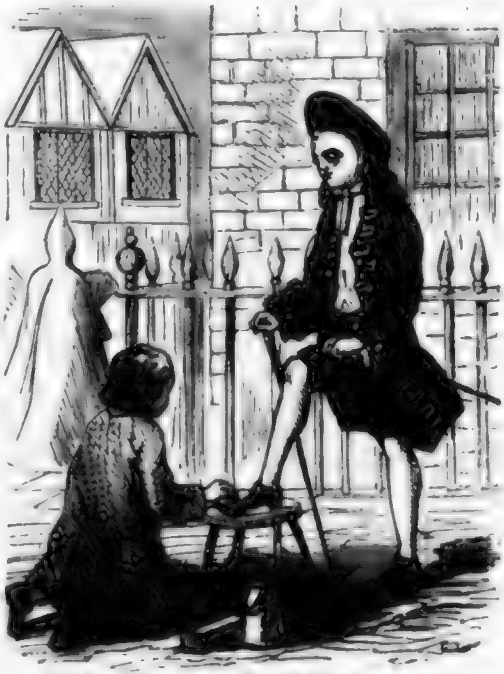
THE BOOT-BLACK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The street boot-black, but recently revived among us, was a necessary institution of the last century, before patent leather, paved streets, and good street-lamps made it possible to walk a few squares with unsullied feet. Renewed as it has been in our days, as a means of giving employment to boys fast going to ruin, it is one of the most creditable and least onerous charities known. Give the unoccupied youth employment that they will take to, and it will be easy to inspire them with manly notions, and give an impulse to the character, which will enable many to rise gradually to good mechanics and tradesmen, instead of graduating through low bar-rooms and engine-houses, to become the political hacks and bullies who crowd our courts of justice. The little fellow who plies his brush on our street or boat, may feel proud of the antiquity of his calling, and of the fact that men took pains in other days to draw his predecessor to the life. Honest toil is always honorable.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

The Rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry and close together when the seasons of blossoms are over, and the stalk, withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away at last from the bush on which it grew, having dried in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the wastes and sandy deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again. For this reason the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of the Resurrection. The dried flower is placed in a vase of water beside the beds of women in labor, by the Judeans, and if it expands by moisture, the omen is considered favorable.

The swallow, swift, and nighthawk, are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees, are guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows, and larks, protect the surface of the soil; snipe and woodcock the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature, and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept away from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, and insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers, which have lately devasted the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning-out of the birds—such as grouse, prairie-hens, etc.—which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist, is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit: the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long-persecuted crow has been found, by actual experiment, to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours, than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up; he is one of the farmers' friends.



THE BOOT-BLACK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

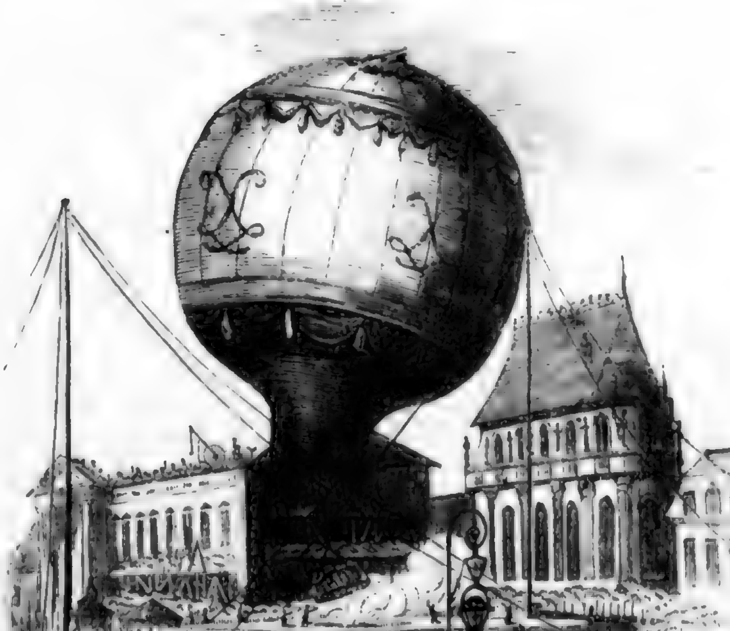
The question of aerial navigation is one which has exercised the minds of men from times more remote than would be supposed; and from the period when the first known efforts in this direction were made, down to the present, there has hardly been any cessation in the efforts at invention and discovery in the art of ballooning, or aeronautics. It is, in fact, almost impossible to discover the first attempts made by mankind to navigate the air, since numerous allusions are made to the art, even as far back as in ancient mythology, and the earliest of our ancient history.

Dædalus was a Greek, who is said to have formed the Cretan Labyrinth, and also to have invented the saw, ax, gimlet, and other carpenter's tools. He made for himself wings, and being confined in prison by Minos, King of Crete, escaped by means of them, and flew across the Archipelago. He was accompanied by his son, Icarus, aided by a similar fabrication. The latter, however, proud of his new acquisition, neglected to follow his father's direct flight, and soared playfully upward; and the wings being fastened to his shoulders by wax, the heat of the sun dissolved this, and he fell into the sea, where he drowned miserably.

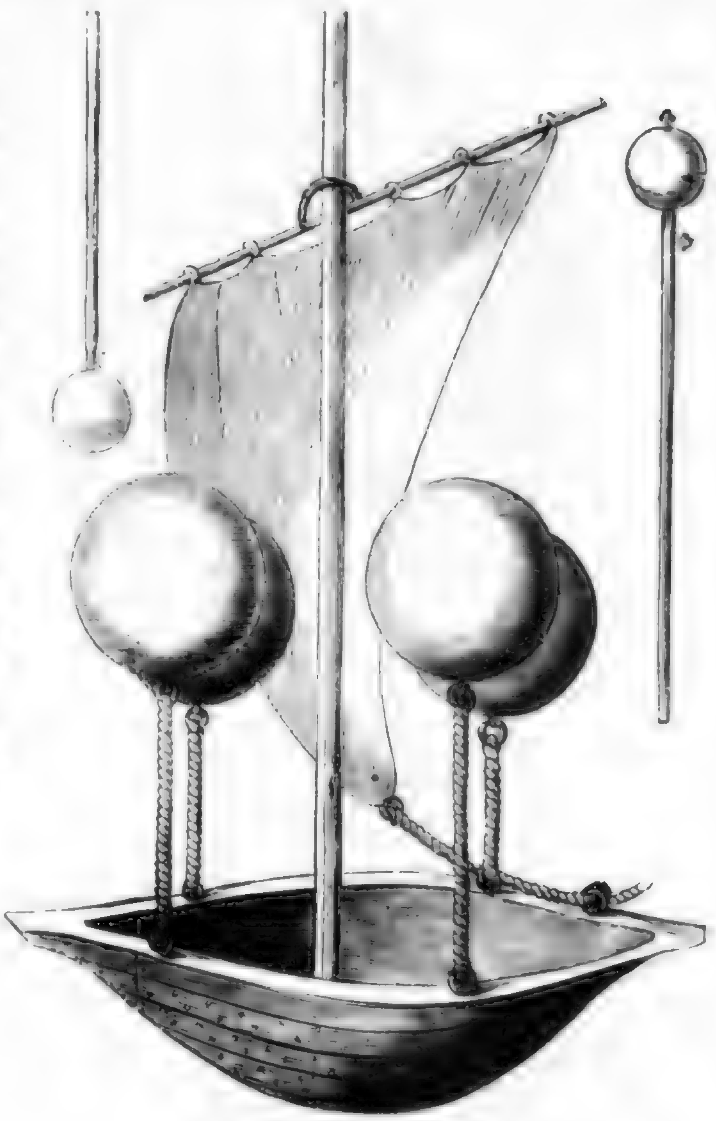
Shakespeare has made use of this myth as an illustration in "King Henry VI.", third part, fifth act, scene 6th, in the interview between *Gloster* and the *King:*

Gloster—Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl,
And yet for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

King Henry—I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.



GREAT MONTGOLFIER BALLOON, VERSAILLES, CARRYING UP A SHEEP, A COCK, AND A DUCK.



LANA'S FLYING BOAT.

Another legend familiar to the general reader, is that of Astolpho, which occurs in the "Orlando Furioso," of Ariosto. Astolpho was supposed to be an English duke, who joined Charlemagne against the Saracens. He is said to have descended into the infernal regions, and to have made a flight to the moon.

Archytas, of Tarentum, is reported to have manufactured, 400 B. C., a wooden pigeon which sustained itself in the air. Concerning this contrivance, Aulus Gellius says, in the "Attic Nights," that it was "so contrived as, by certain mechanical art and power, to fly; so nicely was it balanced by weights, and put in motion by hidden machinery and inclosed air."

In the "Odes of Horace," 1-28, we find an allusion to the invention of Archytas, as follows:

"Archytas! Thou sage who measured the earth and the sea, and did count the grains of sand that are infinite in number! Now that you lie extended near the Matinian shore, covered only with a small quantity of dust, is it of any service to you, who wert so soon to die, that you penetrated into the broad heavens, and by a vast and comprehensive understanding, extended your views from one pole to the other?"

Cardan, the celebrated mathematician—and astrologer as well—who was born in 1501, alludes to this pigeon in one of his works. Loretus Taurus had a curious theory in relation to birds' eggs. He says:

"The shells of hens' eggs, if properly filled and well secured against the penetration of the air, and

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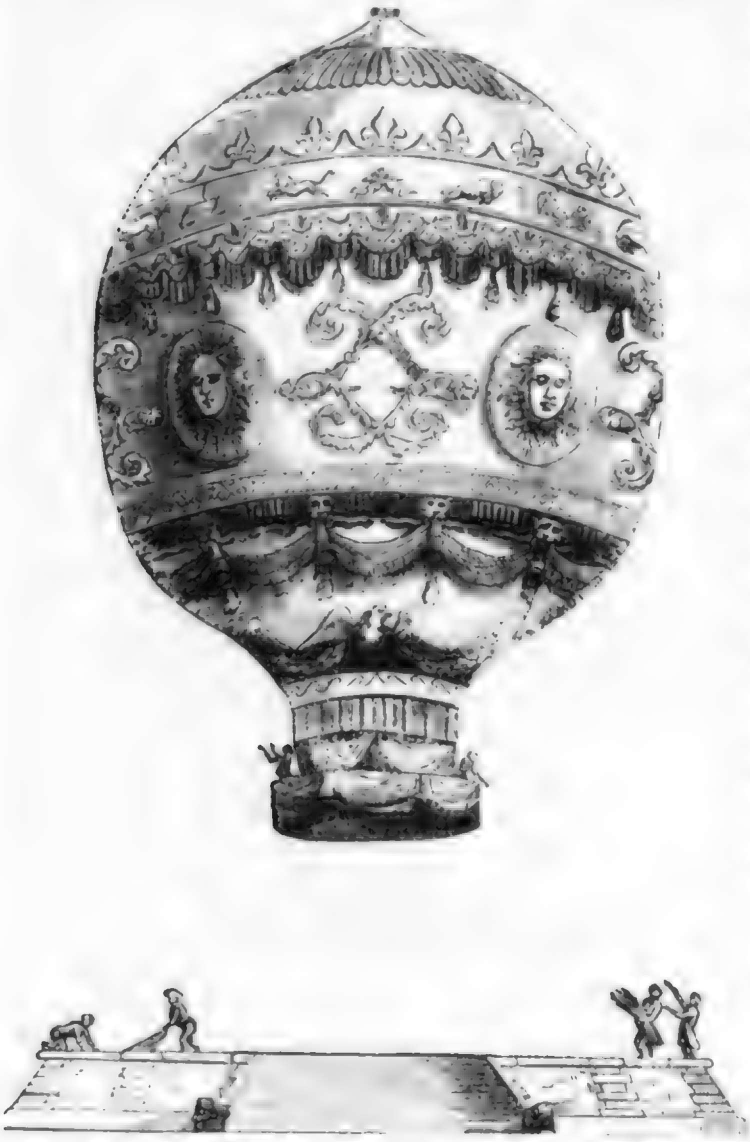


FIRST MONTGOLFIER BALLOON, CARRYING PILATRE DE ROSIER AND THE MARQUIS D'ARLANDES.

exposed to the solar rays, will ascend, and sometimes suffer a natural change; and if the eggs of the larger description of swans, or fine leather balls, be filled with nitre, the purest sulphur, or kindred materials which purify by their caloric energy, and if they resemble pigeons, they will easily be mistaken for these animals. If we desire to give motion to machines, we must apply fire."

He further goes on to explain, "a good imitation of the cooing of the pigeon can be added to this ingenious automaton." He also indicates a contrivance to be adopted, which he says "escaped the ingenuity of Archytas, and the want of which was the cause why his pigeon was unable to rise again when once it descended to the ground."

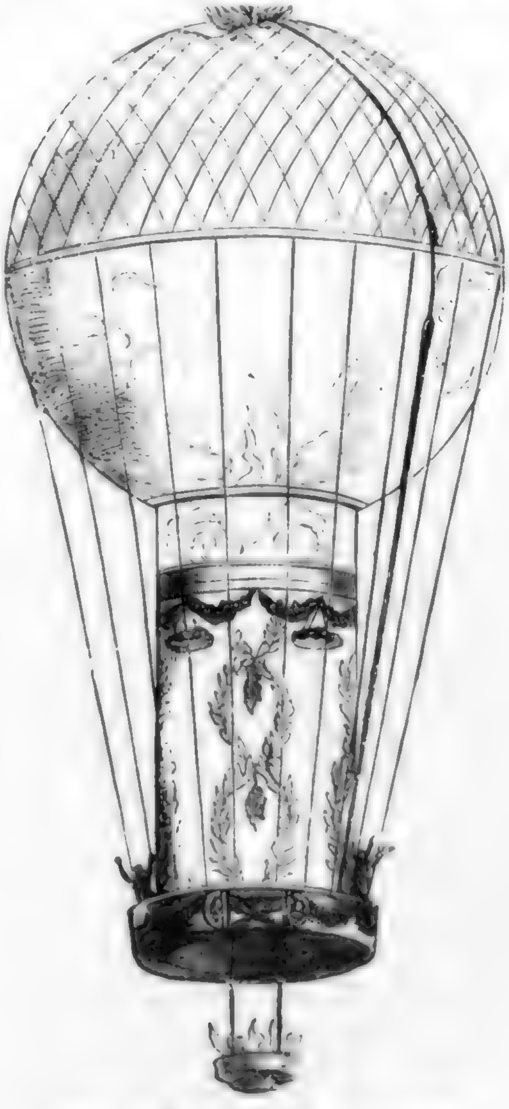
The superstition as to the power of sorcerers to navigate the air, and on which is doubtless founded the same belief with regard to the witches of more modern days, is of primeval birth, and the old monastic histories are full of illustrative incidents. Burns very well expresses the malign intention of such progresses in the following lines:

Let warlock grim an' wither'd hags
Tell how wi' you on rag-weed nags
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed;
An' in kirk-yards renew their speed
Oure howkit dead.

Suetonius, in his history, relates that Simon Magnus met his death in Rome, during the siege of Nero, while attempting to fly from one house to another. Roger Bacon, who was born at Ilchester, in England, in 1214, had, it appears, some idea of a flying machine, to be propelled by wings; and in one of his works describes a plan for navigating the air. Assuming that the atmosphere is a material possessing consistency, capable of bearing vessels upon its surface, as ships are borne upon the water, he proceeds in his description, by stating that his machine "must be a large, hollow globe of copper or other suitable metal, wrought extremely thin, filled with ethereal air, and launched into the atmosphere, where it will float like a vessel on the water." He also says "there may be made, I think, some flying instrument, so that a man sitting in the middle of the instrument, and turning some mechanism, may put in motion some artificial wings to beat the air, like a bird flying."

Shortly after Bacon's time, projects were actually in vogue, having the intention to educate children from infancy in the exercise of flying with artificial wings; and, according to contemporary accounts, considerable progress was made in the art; at least to that extent that individuals supplied with the necessary mechanism —between running and flying—got over considerable ground in a comparatively limited period.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, a mathematician of Perugia is said to have risen above Lake Thrasimena by means of artificial wings attached to his body. A story is told by Ferdusi, a Persian writer, in his "Shah Nameh," which was written in the tenth century. He related that a king, who is the hero of this tale, being desirous to ascend the heavens, consulted the astrologers, who suggested a rather ingenious conceit, by which he is supposed to have effected his purpose. He had prepared a frame of aloes wood.



PILATRE DE ROSIERS' AERO-MONTGOLFIER BALLOON, JUNE 15, 1785.

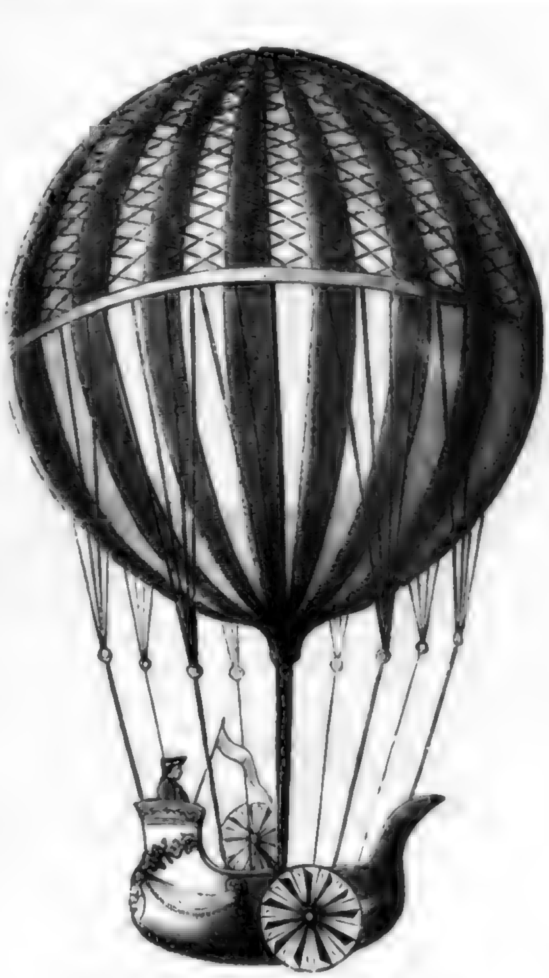
On each of the four corners was a javelin, and on each point of the javelin a piece of goat's flesh. Beneath these javelins four eagles were bound, the king seating himself in the middle of the frame. The eagles having been previously starved, became frantically hungry, and, on seeing the goat's flesh, flapped their wings and sought to reach it by flying, the effort, of course, carrying the king on his novel throne high into the air. The story concludes with a catastrophe. The eagles flew as long as their strength lasted, but on being completely fatigued, fell to the ground, carrying the entire fabric, including the king, who dropped somewhere in the kingdom of China, where the unfortunate monarch was left a prey to hunger and despair.

The tales of the "Flying Carpet," from the "Arabian Nights," are familiar to all, in company with numerous other legends having the same general bearing.

After the mythical, we have the automatic aerial machines. Among the earliest of these, was one said to have been constructed by an English monk, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, which enabled its inventor to fly a considerable distance from a tower on which he perched himself. A similar flight to this was made from St. Mark's steeple in Venice; and a Turk at Constantinople was another among those who made aerial efforts of this character.

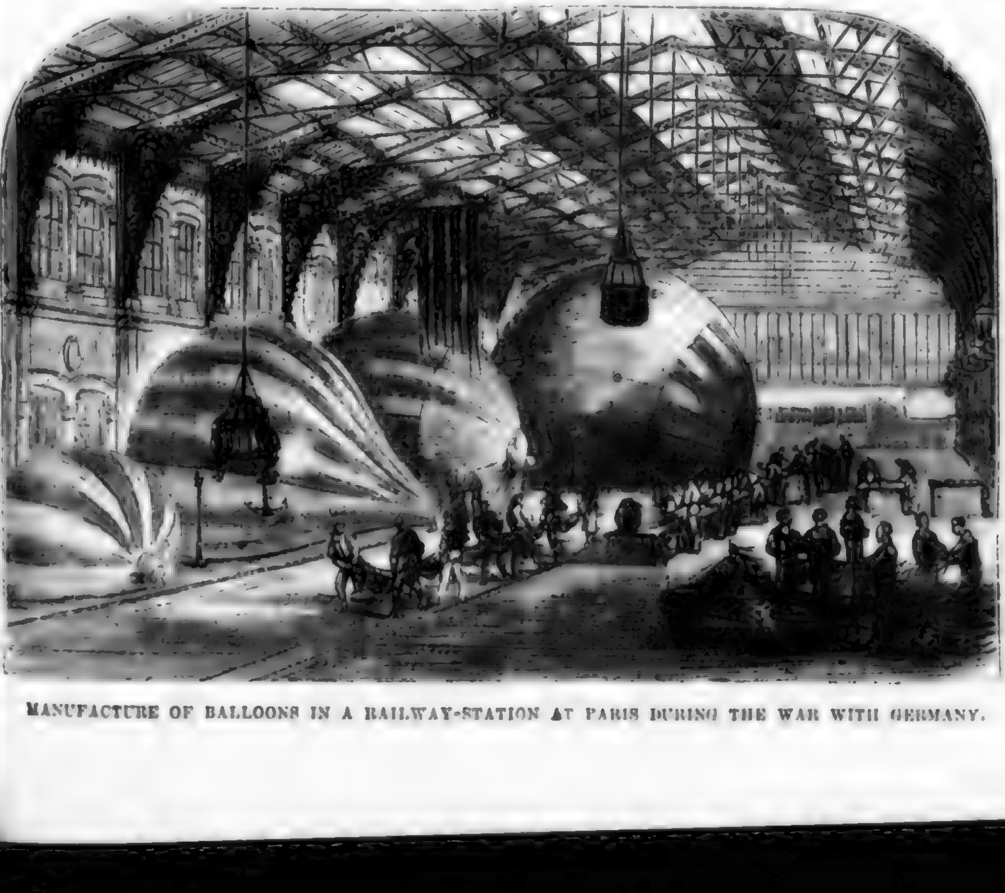
In the reign of Louis XIV. a rope-dancer made an attempt to fly across the Seine with some automatic mechanism. He was, however, unsuccessful, and his escapade resulted in a broken limb. In the seventeenth century, a Portuguese Jesuit, Lana, broached a project for navigating the air in a vessel supported by exhausted globes; and in 1709, a friar, called Bartholomew Lawrence de Guzman, petitioned the King of Portugal for a patent on an invention for "carrying passengers, and navigating the air very swiftly." Guzman got his patent, and also received a professorship in the University of Coimbra, as also a pension. He was, however, seized by the Inquisition and thrown into prison as a magician; and no account exists of his success as a navigator of the air.

It was not until 1766, when Cavendish discovered the properties of hydrogen gas, that aerial navigation began to appear practicable. Following Cavendish, Professor Black, of Edinburgh, in 1767, announced to his class that a vessel filled with hydrogen would rise naturally into the air. It remained, however, for the now celebrated Brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier to originate ballooning as a practical art. They were paper manufacturers, near Lyons, France, and experimented at first with heated air, having no knowledge of the properties of hydrogen. They constructed a balloon made of linen cloth and lined with paper. Under this they built a fire which was fed with bundles of chopped straw, believing that the machine would be raised by the smoke which this made, instead of attributing the result to the rarefaction of the heated air. On June 5th, 1783, they succeeded in raising a balloon weighing 500 pounds into the atmosphere, the experiment taking place in the presence of a great concourse of spectators. The machine rose to the height of nearly a mile, and then, as the vapors escaped, returned slowly to the earth. This event impressed the public with the idea that there could be no end to the immediate prospect of ballooning. On the 19th of September, 1783, the great balloon Versailles was sent up, carrying a sheep, a cock and a duck, the first aerial voyagers.

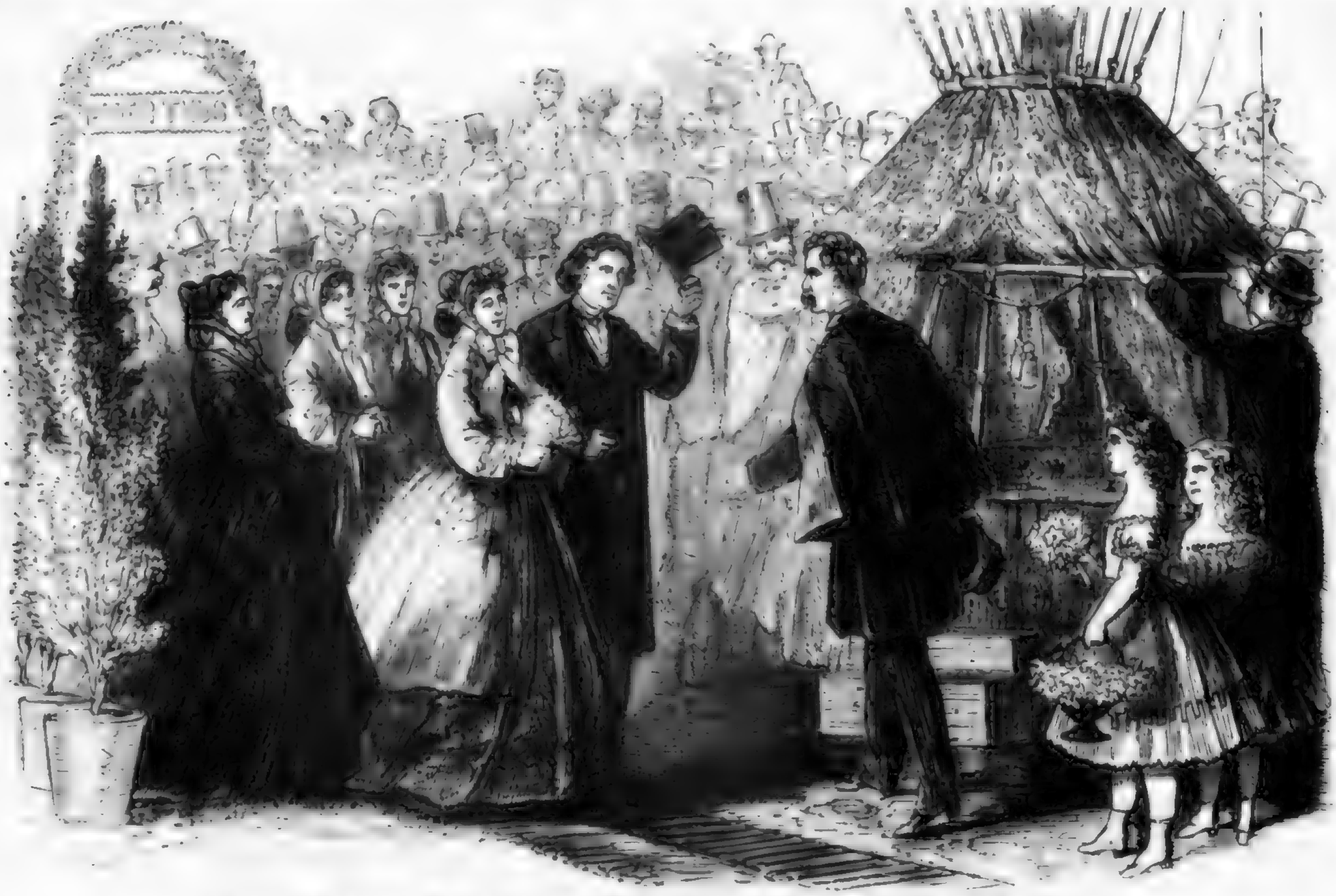


TESTU BRESSÉ'S ASCENSION, JUNE 17, 1786.

Montgolfier, however, confessed that he derived his ideas from a work by the chemist Priestly. He now experimented with gas, with a certain amount of success, and attracted the attention of the *savans* of Paris, who started a public subscription for defraying the expense of manufacturing hydrogen gas, the materials for which were very costly. One thousand pounds of iron-filings and 498 pounds of sulphuric acid were consumed in filling a globular bag of varnished silk, which



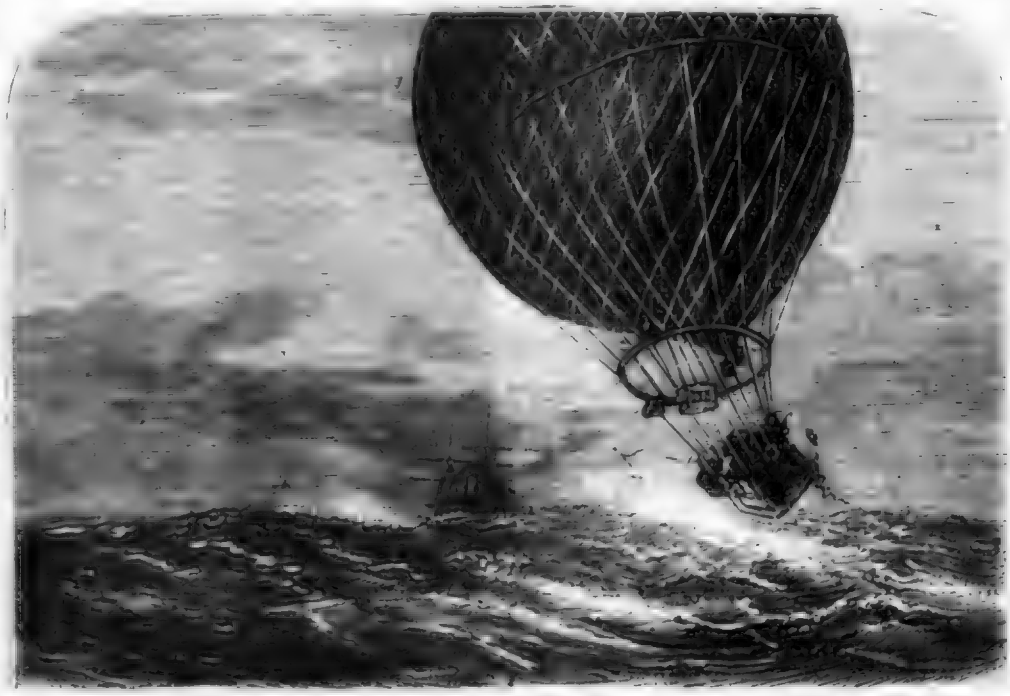
MANUFACTURE OF BALLOONS IN A RAILWAY-STATION AT PARIS DURING THE WAR WITH GERMANY.



A BALLOON WEDDING AT NEW YORK IN 1865. THE BRIDAL PARTY ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR.

was, for the first time, designated a *Ballon.* The globe was filled in the *Champ-de-Mars,* secretly at night, to avoid the mob.

On the day of the ascent, the place was surrounded by troops, while every house and avenue of approach was crowded with spectators. This, the first ascent of a real balloon known to history, was made on the 22d of August, 1783, in the presence, it is said, of 300,000 spectators—half the population of the city. It was entirely successful, the balloon rising in two minutes to the height of 3,123 feet, when it entered the clouds. It remained up three-quarters of an hour, and fell in a field fifteen miles distant from Paris. The alarm of the peasants on witnessing the fall of this great monster from the skies is reported to have been most ludicrous. At length, one more courageous than the rest, fired a shot into it, and the crowd rushed in with pitchforks and cudgels, and soon completed its destruction.



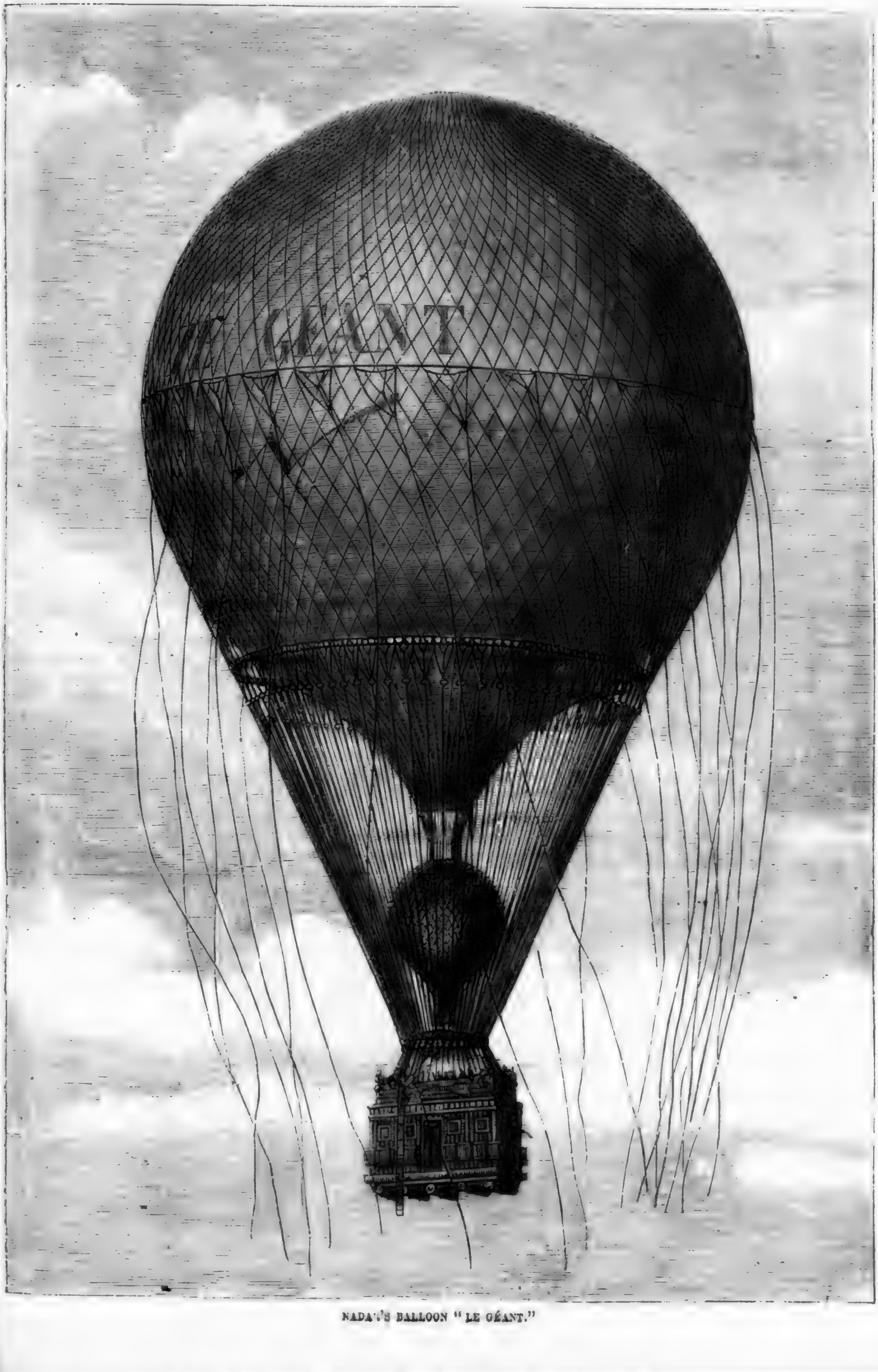
FALLING OF ROLLIER'S BALLOON INTO THE NORTH SEA, ON ITS WAY FROM PARIS TO NORWAY

A similar case occurred not long since at Teheran, in Persia. Some French visitors sent up a fire balloon, and on its alighting, a condition of most serious alarm was occasioned. In further reference to the ascent at Paris, it may be observed that the French Government found it necessary to issue a special bulletin, calculated to quiet the fears of the populace as to the nature of similar experiments, assuring all that this, "far from being an alarming phenomenon, is only a machine that cannot possibly cause any harm, and which will some day prove serviceable to the wants of society."

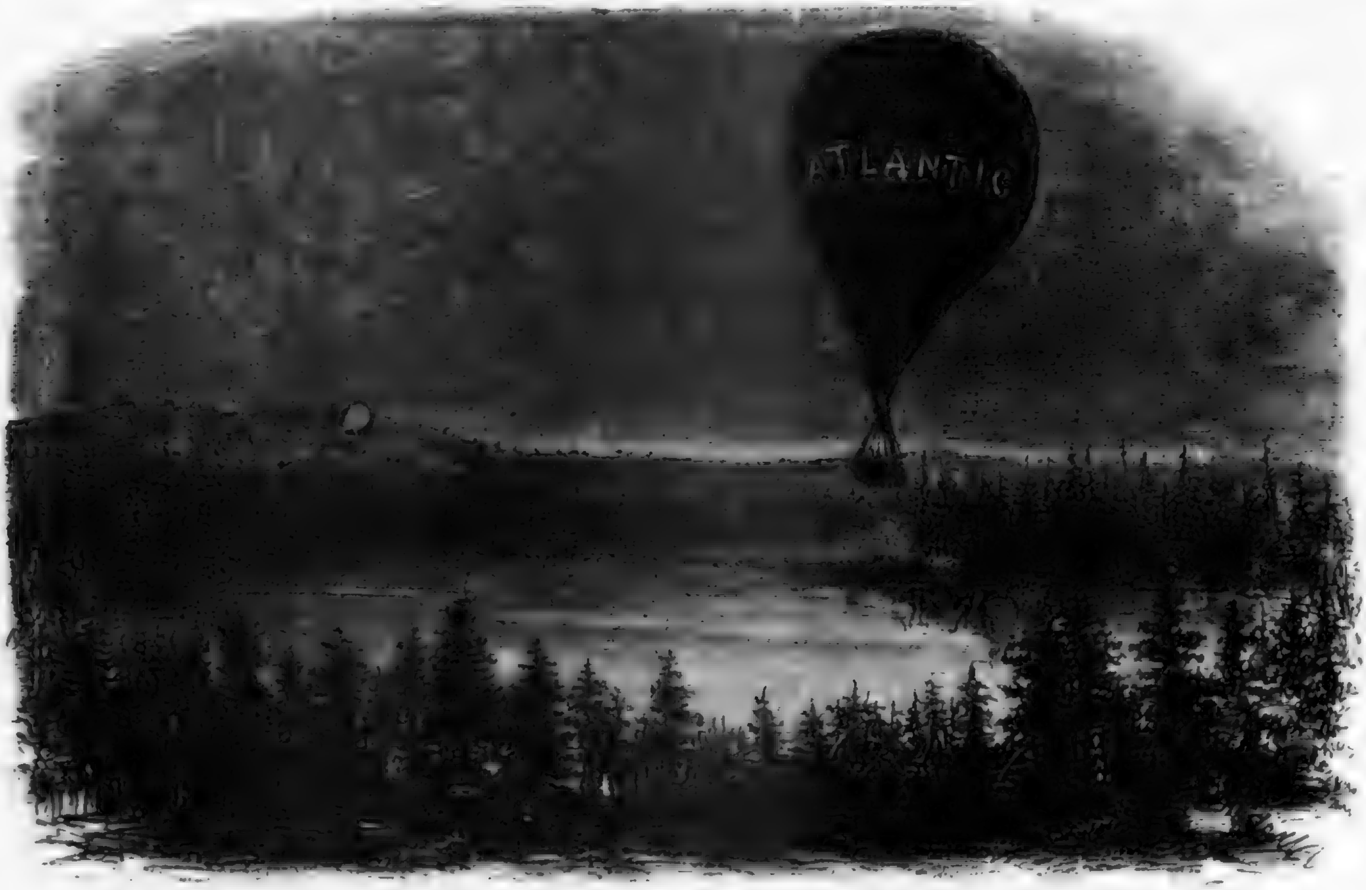
Naturally enough, the success of the Montgolfier resulted in amateur balloonists to a large number; and balloons made of paper were constantly sent up by these, wherever intelligence of the successful experiments had reached.

In the following month, September, Montgolfier sent up another balloon, in which, in a parachute, he had fastened a sheep, cock, and duck, these being the first living creatures which had ever ascended into the air in an aerostat. This experiment was also successful, the animals being brought to the ground in safety.

In November of the same year, Pilâtre de Rosier determined to make a personal ascent. The king, however, forbade this, and ordered instead, that two men under sentence of death should go



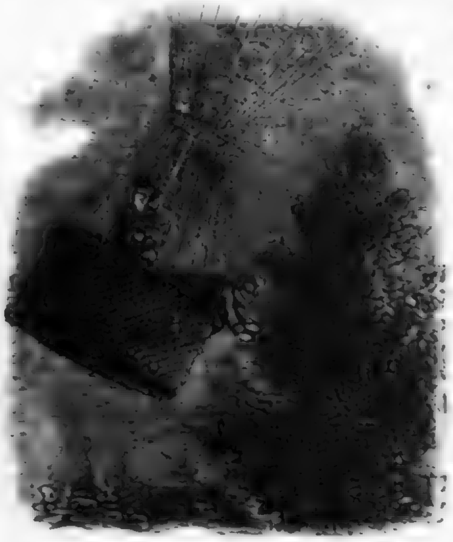
NADAR'S BALLOON "LE GÉANT."



LA MOUNTAIN AND HADDOCK'S PERILOUS BALLOON VOYAGE—THE "ATLANTIC" DESCENDS INTO THE LAKE.

up in the balloon. But against this Rosier remonstrated, saying, "What! shall vile criminals be the first to have the glory of rising into the heavens? No, no! This shall not be." At length, the king yielded, chiefly on account of the earnest entreaties of the Marquis d'Arlandes, who volunteered to accompany the intrepid aeronaut. After several experiments with a confining rope, these two gentlemen ascended on the 21st of November, 1783, from the Bois-de-Boulogne, without being tied. This ascent was successful, the balloon crossing the river, and descending, after twenty-five minutes, into a field 9,000 yards distant from its starting-point.

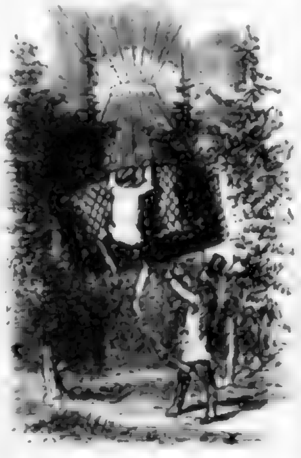
The first ascent in England was made during the same month, a balloon having been publicly shown in London for several days before being filled. It fell forty-eight miles distant. In the meantime, Professor Charles and Mr. Robert were experimenting in balloon-making, and to one of them is due the credit of inventing the valve, the parachute, ballast to regulate ascent, application of the barometer, and also that of varnish to render the silk impermeable and prevent the loss of gas. These improvements were used in their first ascent, which took place only a month later than those already described. This balloon was twenty-seven and a half feet in diameter, the car being made of basket-work. The two gentlemen made the ascent together, which was without accident; resulting in a landing nine miles from the place of starting. In this expedition, the movements of the barometer and thermometer were first noticed, and applied to the measurement of the height reached, which was, in this case, 9,700 feet. This was the first ascent in which scientific experiment was applied to the art. It may be observed that the Montgolfiers received gold medals on which was afterward inscribed the name of Professor Charles, who received as an additional gratuity and pension, £200; while the father of the Montgolfiers was ennobled by letters patent from the king, as a recognition of his son's services in the cause of science.



LA MOUNTAIN CATCHES HOLD OF THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

Curiously enough, experiments in ballooning had been made in Philadelphia, simultaneously with those in France. On the arrival of the news of Rosier's successful ascent, Messrs. Rittenhouse and Hopkins, members of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, constructed a car supported by forty-seven small hydrogen balloons. After trying this with animals, a Mr. James Wilcox, a carpenter, ascended December 28th, 1783. Seeing himself approaching the Schuylkill River, and being apprehensive of falling into it, the balloonist made incisions into his balloons, one after another, until he had cut eleven of them, which caused so violent a descent that he met with a slight accident.

In 1784, fifty-two balloon ascents were made, the most important being one at Lyons in the largest aerostat which had at that time been made, and in which seven persons made an ascent, which was not, however, altogether successful.



THEY LAND IN THE CANADA WOODS.

The first balloon which ever crossed the English Channel was launched from Sandwicham, February 22d, 1784. It traveled seventy-four miles in two and a half hours, and was picked up in a field nine miles from Lisle, in Flanders.

Three days after this, the Chevalier Paul Andreain, with the brothers Augustine and Charles Gerli, made the first balloon ascent in Italy, near Milan. They traveled a quarter of a mile in twenty minutes. On the 7th of January, 1785, Jean Pierre Blanchard crossed the English Channel, in company with a Dr. Jeffries, of Boston, Mass., from Dover to Calais, being the first to accomplish this perilous feat.

It should be observed that the most of those aerial voyages were made by means of fire-balloons, the fire being required to produce the necessary gas by combustion, and being tended, under peculiar difficulties, by the aeronaut himself. This system was, however, soon abandoned, and replaced by the use of hydrogen or coal-gas balloons; and, in fact, no important improvement in the matter of aerostation has been added since the time of Professor Charles.

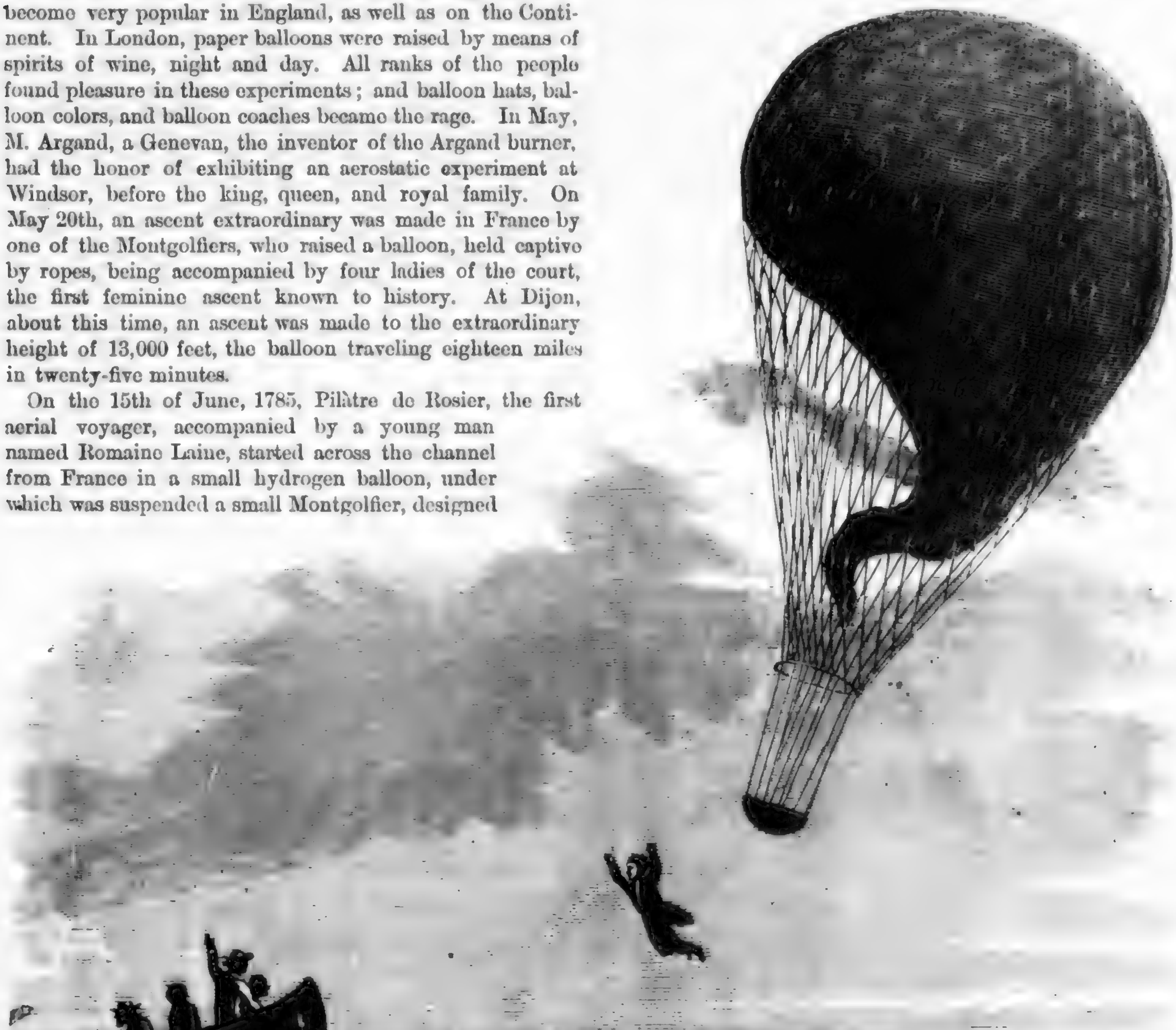
About the month of February, 1784, ballooning began to become very popular in England, as well as on the Continent. In London, paper balloons were raised by means of spirits of wine, night and day. All ranks of the people found pleasure in these experiments; and balloon hats, balloon colors, and balloon coaches became the rage. In May, M. Argand, a Genevan, the inventor of the Argand burner, had the honor of exhibiting an aerostatic experiment at Windsor, before the king, queen, and royal family. On May 20th, an ascent extraordinary was made in France by one of the Montgolfiers, who raised a balloon, held captive by ropes, being accompanied by four ladies of the court, the first feminine ascent known to history. At Dijon, about this time, an ascent was made to the extraordinary height of 13,000 feet, the balloon traveling eighteen miles in twenty-five minutes.

On the 15th of June, 1785, Pilâtre de Rosier, the first aerial voyager, accompanied by a young man named Romaine Laine, started across the channel from France in a small hydrogen balloon, under which was suspended a small Montgolfier, designed to increase or diminish the ascending power, at pleasure. The hydrogen, by its expansion, pressed down the tubular neck of the balloon, and this reached the fire of the Montgolfier, being at once ignited. The balloon was immediately in a blaze, being thirty minutes after they left. The aeronauts, precipitated from the height of 3,000 feet, were picked up dead. They were buried with imposing ceremonies, and a suitable monument commemorating their feat and service was erected over their graves. This was the first fatal accident known in the history of ballooning.

In 1786, Testu Bressé, avoiding the dangerous fire-balloon, ascended successfully in one inflated with hydrogen.

It may be observed here, in reference to this particular fact, although ascents to the number of very many thousands have been made since, it is strange that no more than thirty persons have lost their lives in consequence, and that of this number, very few occurred during ascents made for scientific purposes.

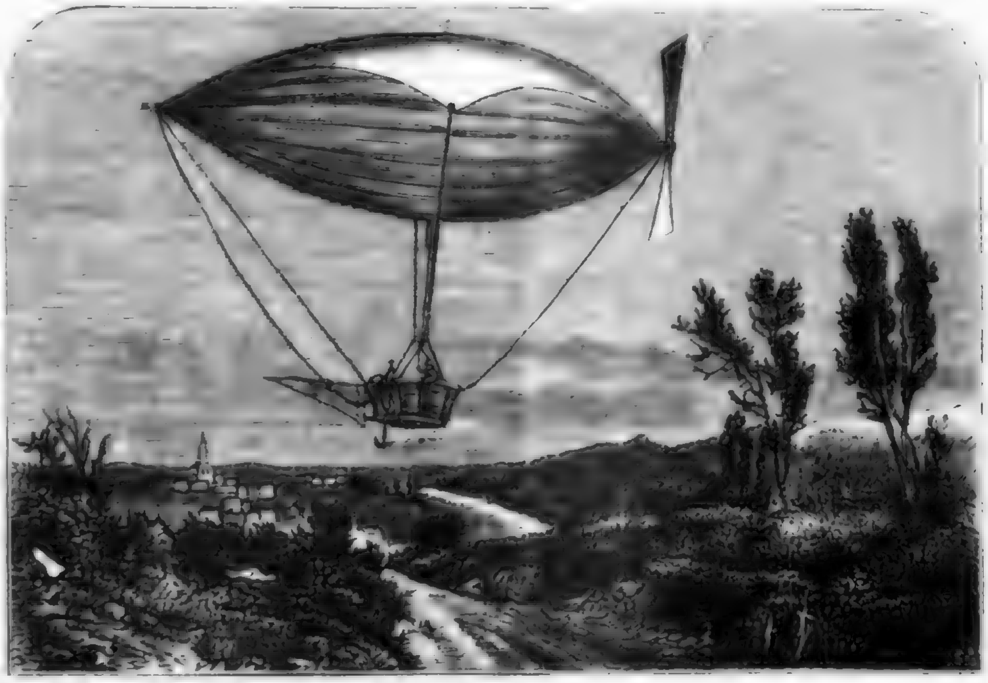
Among the more memorable subsequent ascents was that



STEINER'S LEAP FROM HIS BALLOON INTO LAKE ERIE.

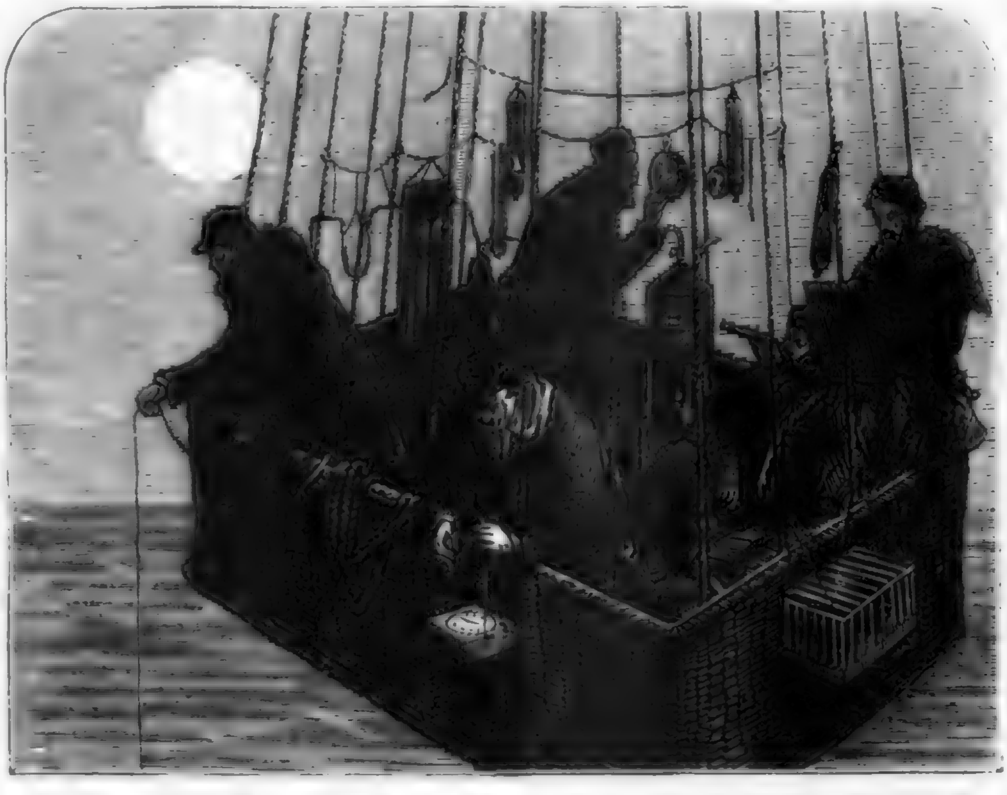
XUM

of Garnier, in 1802, from London, on which occasion he descended successfully in a parachute. In 1806 two enterprising Italians ascended to above 34,000 feet, when the air became so rarified that the balloon burst, and precipitated the aeronauts to the earth—fortunately, the remains of the balloon were sufficient to break their fall, and thus save their lives.


CORDENON'S AIR-SHIP.

One of the most remarkable voyages was that undertaken November 7th, 1836, when Mr. Green, accompanied by Mr. Monck Mason and Mr. Holland, crossed over from London to the Continent, and landed at Weilburg, in Germany, next morning.

Despite the great improvements in the art, no advance has been made in steering balloons. As far as safety and certainty are concerned, great strides have been achieved, but when once up in the air it is at the mercy of the currents. The idea of some enthusiastic believers in the balloon, that it can be steered like a ship are not nearer realization than in the days of Montgolfier. It must be borne in mind that there is no analogy between the ship and the balloon; the ship has two elements to work upon—one, a very heavy one, such as water, and the other the lighter one of air; both of which are amenable to science, as exact as mathematics, and operating on each other, while aerostatics entirely deals with the most subtle and variable of elements.

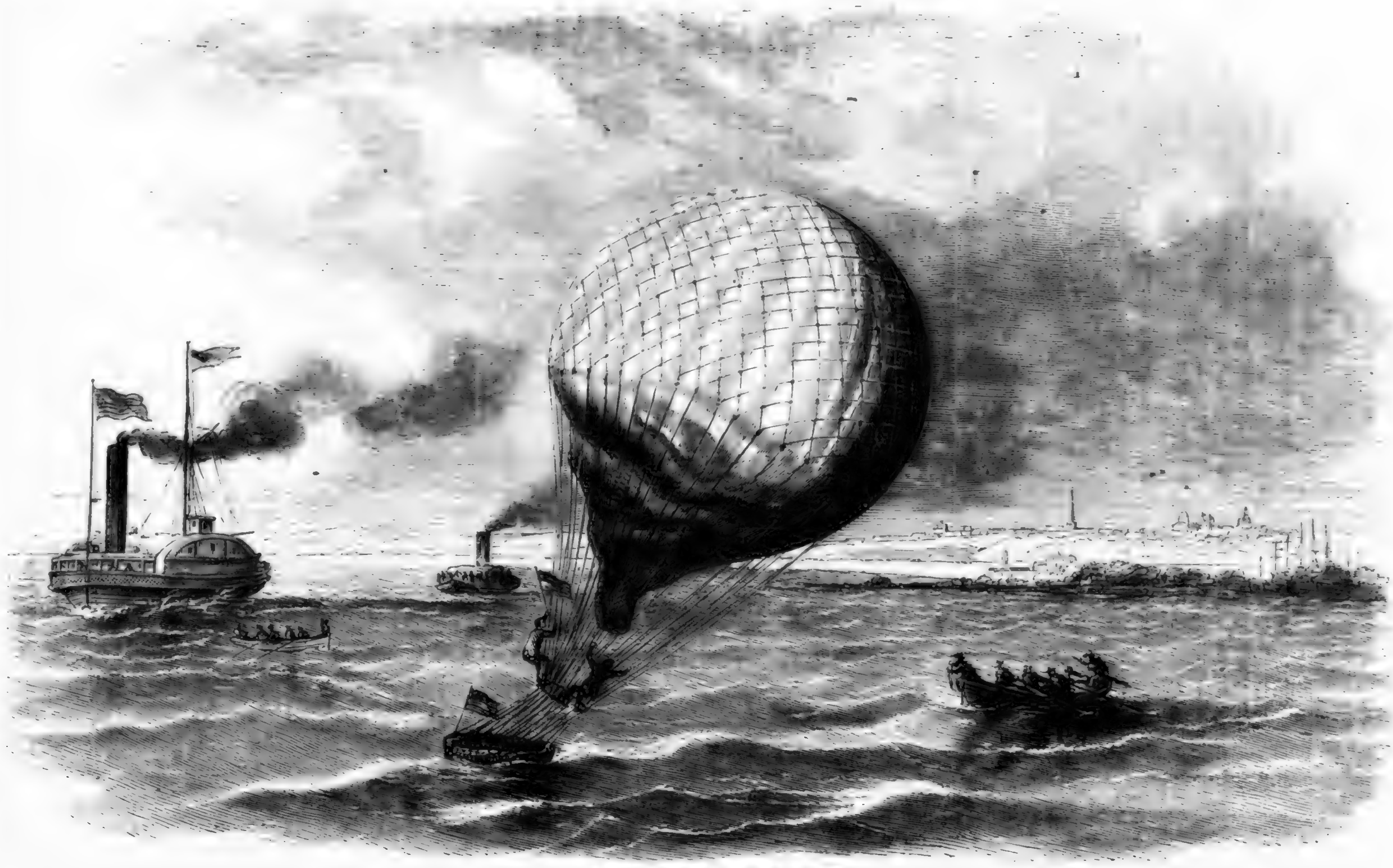

FRANCE.—SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS DURING A RECENT ASCENSION OF THE BALLOON "ZENITH" FROM LA VILLETTE.

Of late years the balloon has been made useful in the art of war, affording means by which the number and position of the enemy can be ascertained. During our own civil conflict there was a special *corps* devoted to this branch of war science, the advantages of which are obvious. It is a remarkable fact that the great reason urged against its adoption, namely, that the "spies in the air," as they were called, would inevitably be reached by rifle-bullets, never once happened, either in Germany or America.

Blanchard, who, it will be remembered, was the first to cross from France to England in a balloon, died in 1809, after having made sixty-six ascents. One of these he made in New York, in 1796.

In 1794, during the wars of the Revolution, aeronautics had reached so prominent a condition that at Meudon, near Paris, an institution was established for training a corps of aeronauts, with a view to observe the enemy by means of balloons—this being probably the first instance of the article being used for this purpose.

The place of Blanchard was taken by M. Garnerin, who was especially noted for night ascensions with illuminated balloons. He became very famous and popular, chiefly on account of the daring character of his experiments. One of these consisted in cutting himself loose in his parachute at a height of ten thousand feet from the earth. He descended in safety, the only ill result being a slight sickness derived from the oscillating motion. In 1803, Count Zanbecarri, of Rome, with two other Italians, ascended in a Montgolfier balloon from Bologna, at midnight. Owing to improper inflation, and to the fact that two of the aeronauts became insensible after rising to a great height, the balloon descended into the Adriatic, from which the adventurers were with difficulty rescued by a passing vessel. This occurred off the coast of Istria, and the balloon reascended, and



LYNN'S ADVENTURE ON LAKE ERIE IN 1859.

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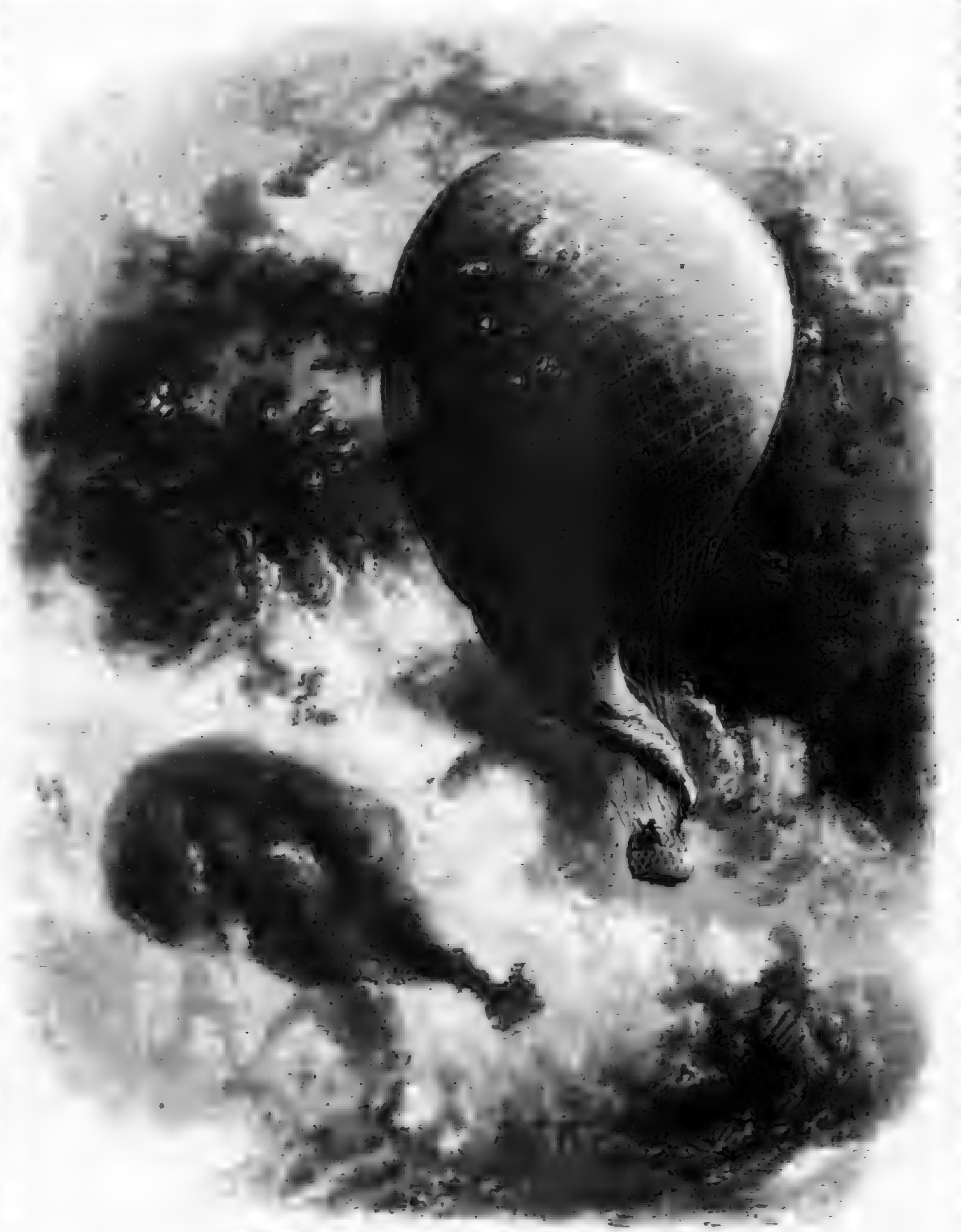
fell somewhere in Turkey. The height to which they attained is conjectured to have exceeded five miles.

In 1804, a purely scientific ascent was made from St. Petersburgh, at the request of the Russian Academy, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the atmosphere at different heights. In this ascent the balloonists reached an altitude of 23.526 feet. In the same year, a balloon was sent up at Paris at the time of the coronation of Napoleon I., and fell in a few hours in the neighborhood of Rome. Upon this balloon was inscribed, in large, gilt letters, "*Paris, 25 Frimaire An XII. Couronnement de l'Empereur Napoléon par S. S. Pie VII.*" The balloon was exhibited in the Vatican until the year 1814.

The wife of M. Blanchard shared many of her husband's voyages during his life, and, after his death, made a number of ascents alone. One of these was made on the 20th of March, 1811, from Paris, on the occasion of the birth of the King of Rome, and she announced this event by bulletins scattered from her balloon. In 1819, she ascended from the Tivoli Gardens, Paris, accompanied by some fireworks. Her balloon having become accidentally ignited, she fell, and was dashed to pieces in the Rue de Provence.

An English aeronaut, by the name of Green, made his sixty-ninth ascent in 1827. In 1835, May 2d, Professor Wise ascended from Philadelphia, and afterward made several other ascents. In one of these the balloon exploded, severely injuring the professor.

The most remarkable ascent of the century was made November 7th, 1836, from Vauxhall Gardens, London, by Robert Holland, Esq., M. P., in Mr. Green's balloon, known as the "Great Nassau." Mr. Holland was accompanied by Mr. Monck Mason, a distinguished personage. The highest elevation attained on this excursion was 1,200 feet. The journey lasted eighteen hours, and the descent was made in the Duchy of Nassau, two leagues from Weilburg. In October, 1837, Professor Wise made an ascent in Philadelphia before Black Hawk, the celebrated chief, and delegations from Indian tribes, who chanced to be in the city at the time.

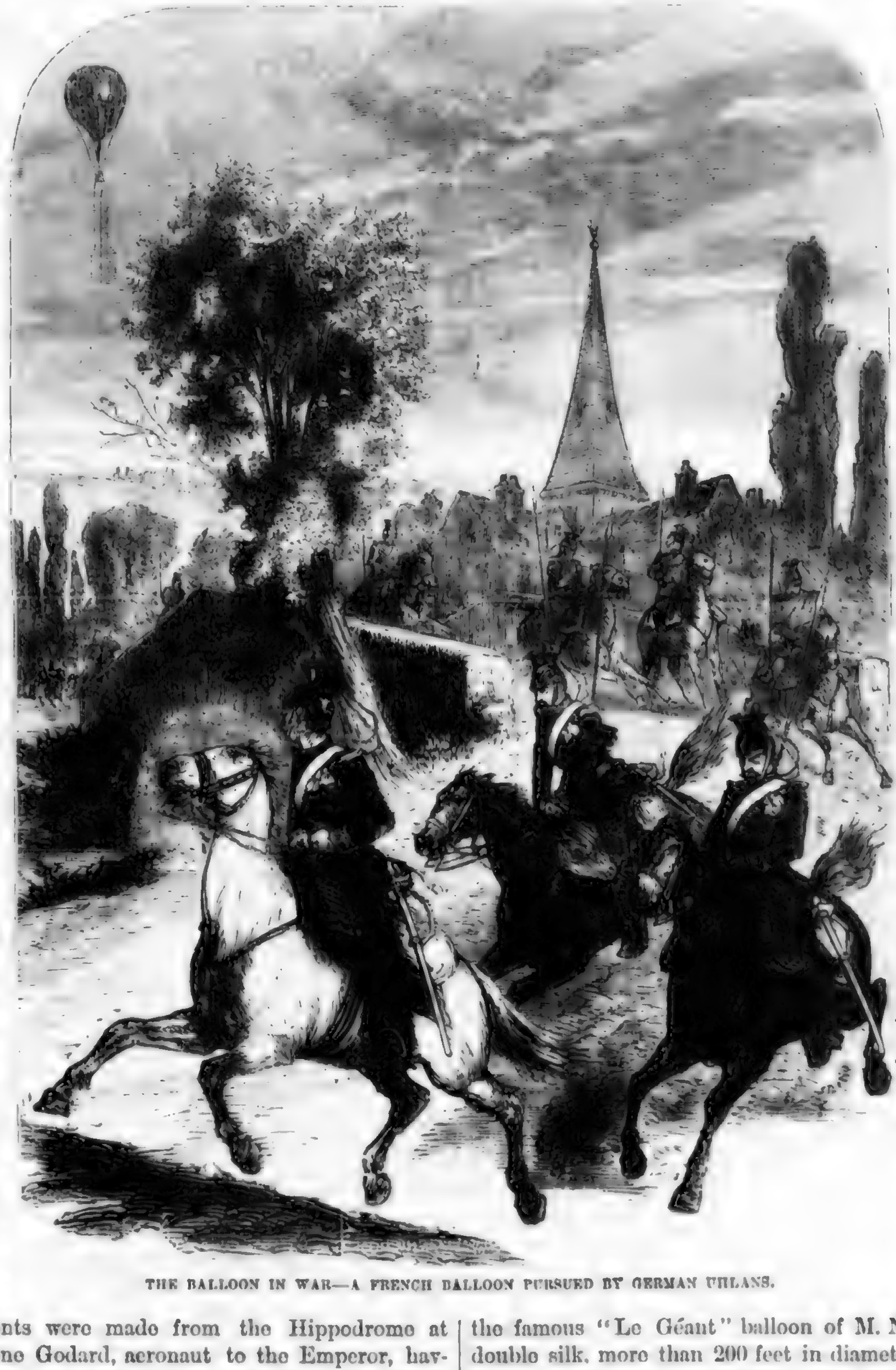


A BALLOON RIDE AT NIGHT—THE SHADOW ON THE CLOUDS.

In 1840, the first proposition to cross the Atlantic in a balloon was made by Mr. Green, who published a long statement, explaining his confidence in the feasibility of the voyage. And about this time Professor Wise announced his confidence in the theory of a continuous current of air tending from west to east, within the height of 12,000 feet above the ocean. In 1843, Professor Wise proposed to give personal evidence of his faith in this theory, by taking an aerial voyage across the ocean, and publicly announced it in the newspapers of the day. This was followed by a public proposition on the part of Archibald McRae and Silas Bent, U. S. N., who volunteered to accompany him; but a petition to Congress, asking for an appropriation to the amount of $15,000 to enable the carrying out of this experiment, was unsuccessful, and nothing more was heard of it at that time. Another of Mr. Wise's ideas was submitted to Congress in 1846—this being no less a scheme than the capture of the Castle of Vera Cruz, in Mexico, by freighting a car, or immense war balloon, with bombs and other explosives, and sending the entire mechanism up from the fleet in the harbor, with a design to bombard San Juan de Ulloa from the skies. Although Mr. Wise offered to take personal charge of this novel expedition, his plan was not adopted.

Still another original proposition in the art of ballooning was made in 1858, and was published in the London *Times* over the signature of Henry Coxwell. This time, the scheme was to explore Australia with a balloon. It is not, however, written, that the plan was carried out.

The scientific application of ballooning which was commenced by Robertson at Hamburg in 1803, and continued by the eminent *savans* Biot and Gay-Lussac in France, was further continued by Humboldt in America and Mr. Rush and Mr. Green in England during 1847 and 1849; but to Mr. Glaisher the world is chiefly indebted for the scientific results of such ascents, as well as for the perfection to which ballooning has advanced in our times. Glaisher ascended on one occasion to the height of seven and a half miles. At this terrible elevation, the great aeronaut became insensible, while his companion retained barely sufficient control of his powers to open the valve and allow the balloon to descend. During this expedition, the aeronaut's hands became so frozen that brandy had to be poured over them to restore the circulation. Even then, the opening of the valve was only accomplished by pulling the rope with the teeth.


THE BALLOON IN WAR—A FRENCH BALLOON PURSUED BY GERMAN UHLANS.

The voyages of M. Flammarion, a noted French aeronaut, commenced in 1867, under the auspices of a society for the encouragement of ballooning, entitled the "Société Aerostatique," and with the countenance of the Emperor Napoleon III. The first ascents were made from the Hippodrome at Paris, M. Eugene Godard, aeronaut to the Emperor, having the management of the balloon, this being his 904th ascension. From M. Flammarion's account of one of his night voyages, it being from Paris to Angoulême, we extract the following description:

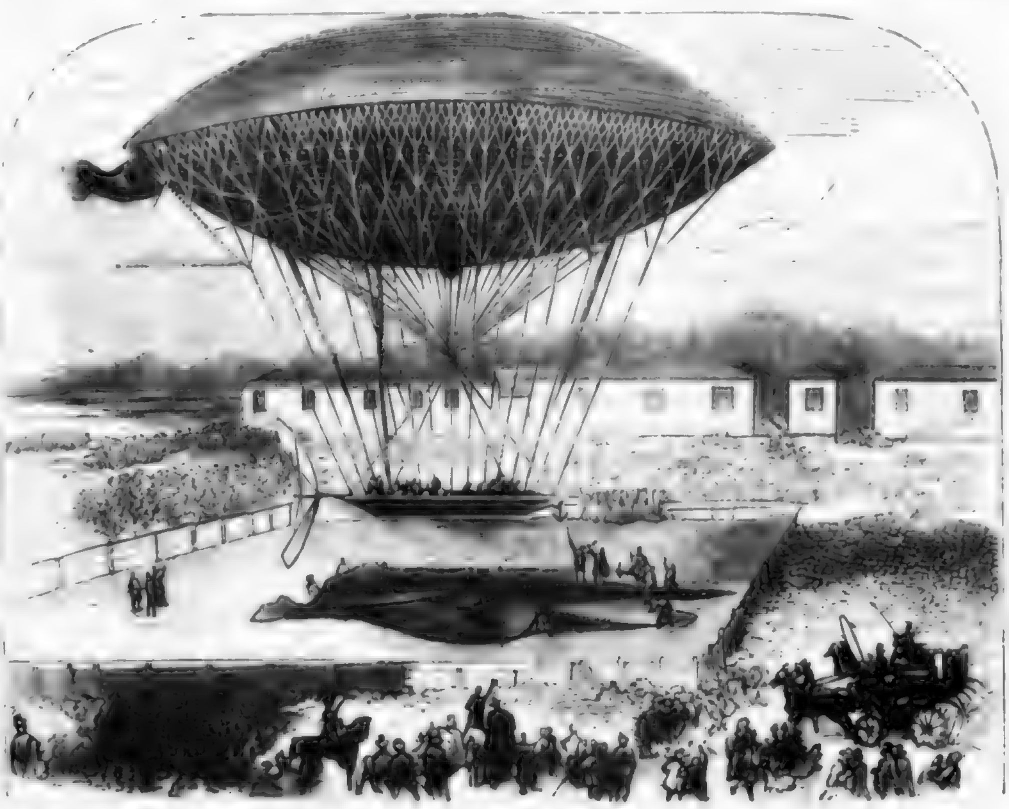
"The night was cold and dark, the clouds formed a thick curtain overhead, the surface of the ground appeared as an immense plain shaded with various dark tints. The only noise we could perceive was the constant croaking of thousands of frogs, and their concert lasted the whole night long; interrupted now and then by the barking of watch-dogs, and again by utter silence. The frogs indicated peat-bogs, the dogs villages, and absolute silence indicated that we were passing over hills or mountains. About midnight we perceived fires here and there beneath us. They were the fires of charcoal-burners in the woods, appearing like lighthouses in the distance. The croaking of the frogs resembled most perfectly the distant roar of the sea. From time to time we heard the sound of waterfalls. A noise which we supposed, at first, to be that of a railway, was caused by the flow of the river Creuse. The monotonous croaking of the frogs presently ceased. At two o'clock in the morning the cocks crowed in the villages; at three, the birds began to sing, and daybreak slowly dawned upon us."

A comical incident occurred to Flammarion on one occasion, while drifting close to the road of St. Germain. He and his companion, in their balloon, were chased by two mounted gendarmes with a demand for their passports.

Two other noted French balloonists, were Defonville and Tissandier. Their first ascents were made in the famous "Le Géant" balloon of M. Nadar. It was of double silk, more than 200 feet in diameter, 196 feet high, with car, and contained 22,000 yards of silk. This balloon made an ascent during the Exposition of 1867. At one of the excursions of "Le Géant," two gentlemen paid a thousand francs each for the privilege of accompanying it.

Paul Rollier and Leon de Bozelles, while trying to reach Norway, fell into the North Sea, and were saved almost miraculously.

Steiner, an aeronaut who had made forty ascents, in an



DUPUY DE LOME'S SCREW BALLOON, TRIED AT VINCENNES, FRANCE, IN 1872.

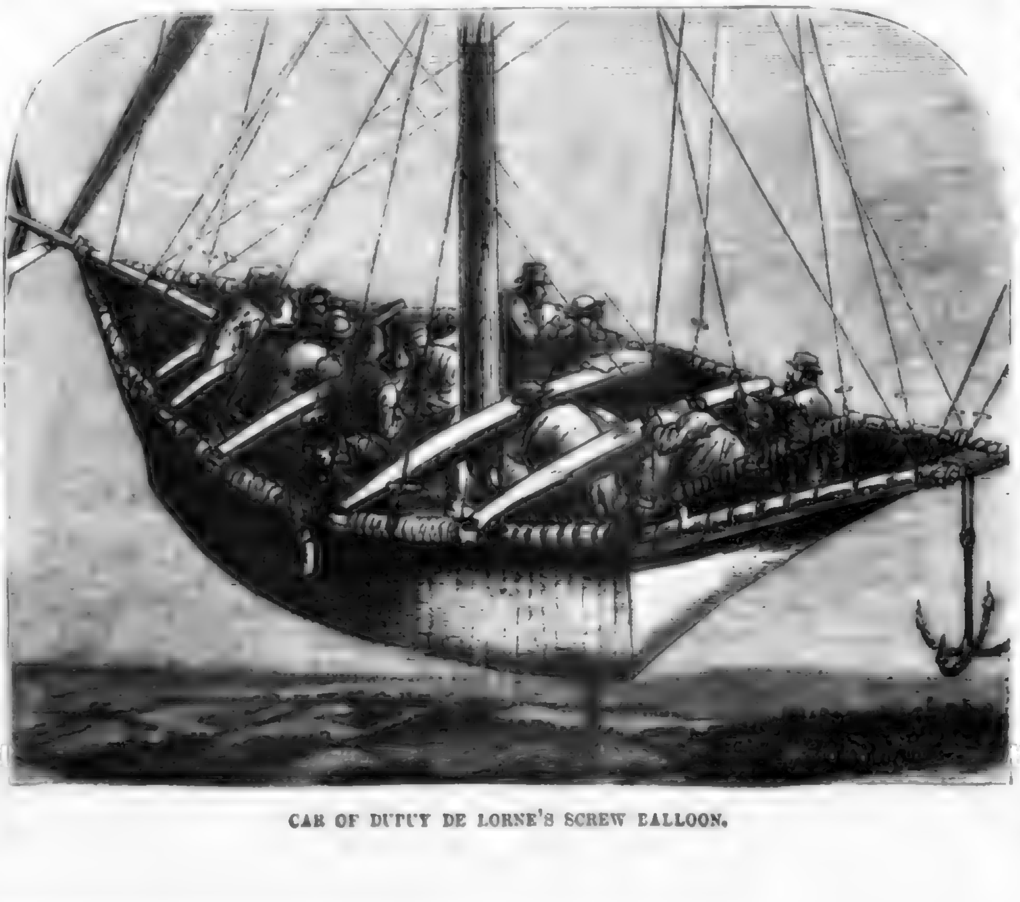
attempt to cross Lake Erie in June, 1857, was driven down on the lake, and escaped only by leaping into the water, from which he was rescued by a boat let down from a tug. An attempt was made to save the balloon, but the force of the wind bore it off again till it was lost to sight. In 1859 La Mountain, a well-known aeronaut, made an ascent from Watertown, N. Y., with John A. Haddock, editor of a paper in that place. For days no tidings could be had of them; but at last they reached a lumberer's hut in the dense woods of Canada far beyond the Ottawa, after enduring great hardships in the wilderness. Their trip had been full of peril, and they, too, were nearly driven down into the lake as they were crossing. Professor Lynn had a perilous lake adventure the same year.

Balloons for war purposes were revived during the Italian campaign of 1859, and employed by the French, who are said to have derived some benefit from their use during the battle of Solferino.

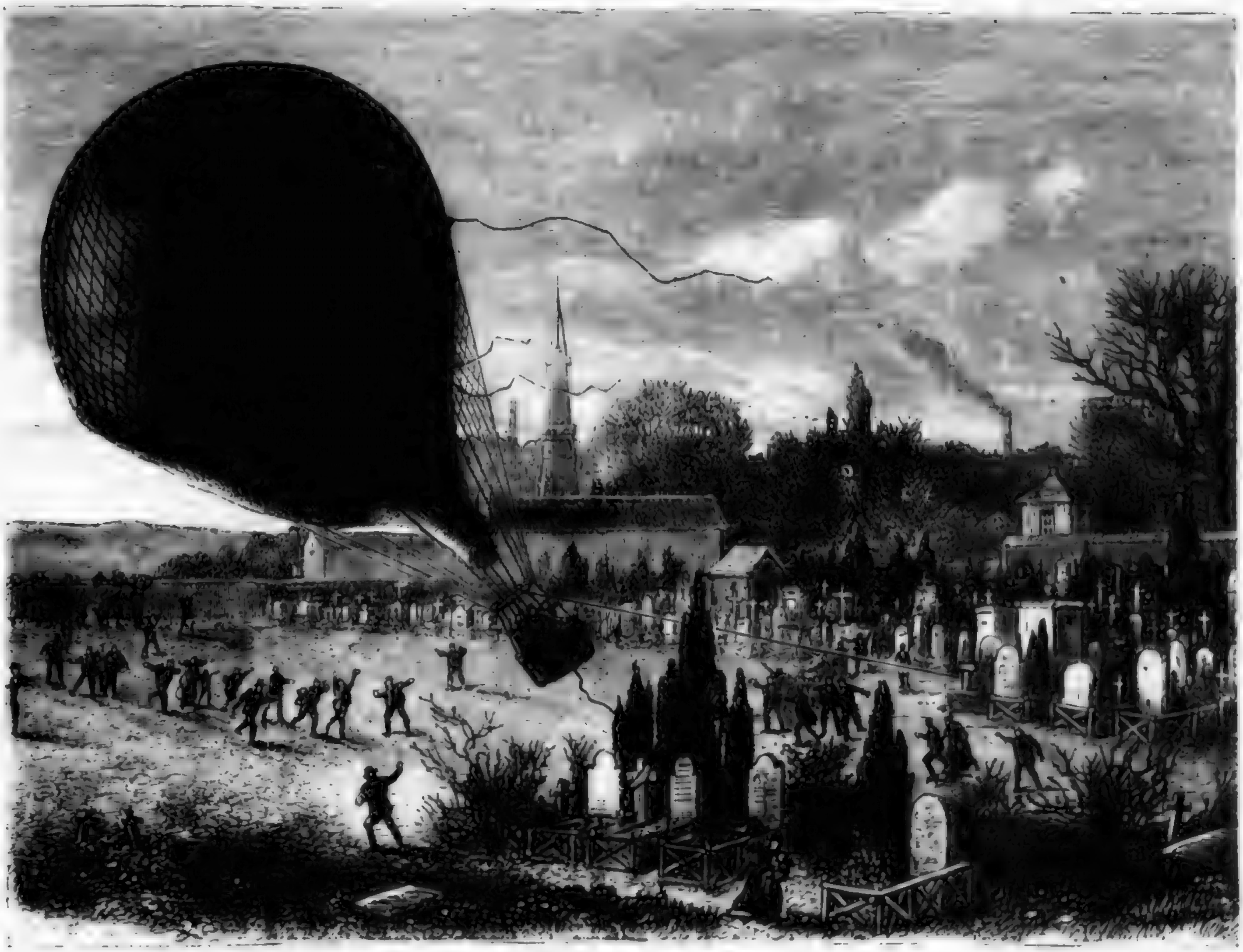
During our own late war, a balloon corps was organized by the United States War Department, under the management of La Mountain and Lowe. Many reconnoissances were made by this means, and the balloon corps formed a part of McClellan's Peninsula expedition. In the Spring of 1862, it was brought into daily use for the purpose of observation. On one occasion, while General Fitz John Porter was watching the movements of the enemy from a captive balloon, the cable broke, and he was carried over the Confederate lines. Opening the valve, he caused the balloon to descend, and, striking another current of air, was carried back into the Union lines. During the two days of the battle of Fair Oaks, Professor Lowe observed the conflict from his balloon, and was the first to announce the enemy's retreat on Richmond. After the retreat of McClellan to Harrison's Landing, the balloon corps seems to have been disbanded.

In the Franco-German War, balloons were employed to a considerable extent for carrying mails and for the use of spies. Some of these were captured on both sides, as troops were detailed to guard them when ascending and descending, and, if possible, to capture them. A special gun was used by the Germans to pierce them.

The longest flight on record is said to have been made in 1859 by Mr. Wise, Mr. Lowe, and others, who started from St. Louis with the intention of reaching New York. They traveled 1,150 miles in less than twenty hours. A balloon constructed by Mr. Lowe was 387 feet in circumference, with a capacity of 700,000 cubic feet of gas, and an elevating power of twenty-two and a half tons. In 1873, Professor Wise began to undertake the construction of a balloon to cross the Atlantic; and the facts in relation to the various attempts made by the late lamented Donaldson and others in this direction are doubtless fresh



CAR OF DUPUY DE LOME'S SCREW BALLOON.



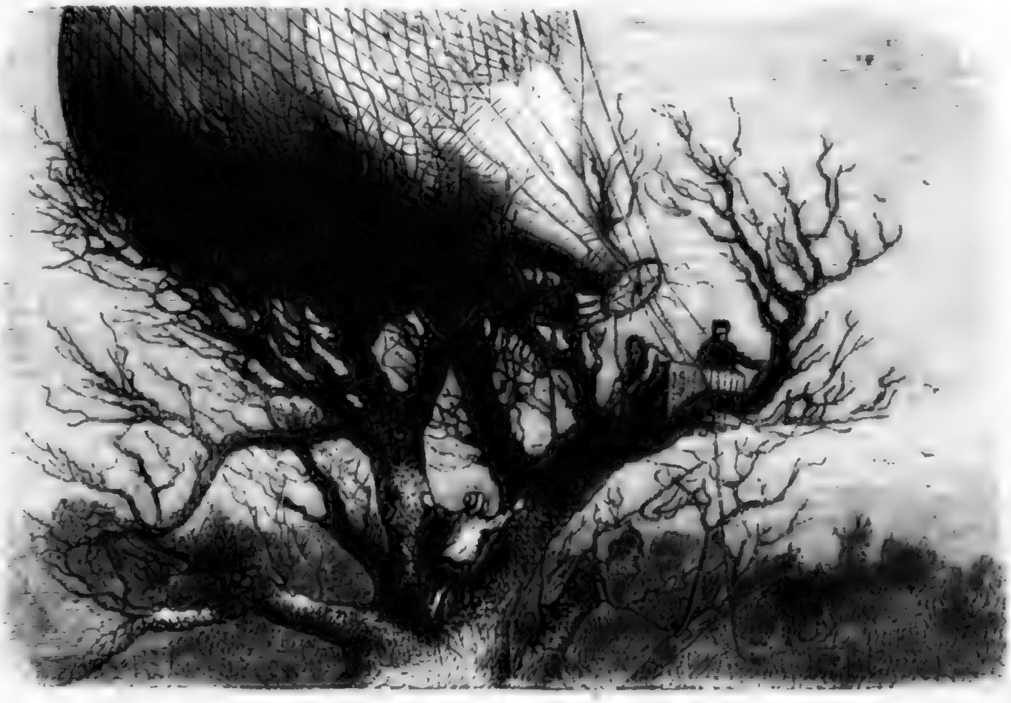
FATAL BALLOON VOYAGE OF MESSIEURS TISSANDIER, SIVEL, AND CROCE SPINELLI.

in the minds of our readers. This particular feat in ballooning, however, remains to be executed by some more fortunate aeronaut in the distant future.

The use of balloons is not confined merely to the daring attempts of the ambitious, or to occasional services in time of war. Science, which conceived and carried out the idea of aerial navigation, could not be indifferent to the result. Balloons afforded means for studying many points, at various elevations, which now prove of the greatest value in meteorology and the kindred sciences.

The study of storms has been taken up in England and the United States, and the government has, in each country, rendered a service not only to science, but also to navigation and humanity. The Zenith, some years since, took up a party of French scientific men, who obtained results of no little value. Other attempts of the kind followed, and this new avenue for observation and comparison is rapidly brought into extended use.

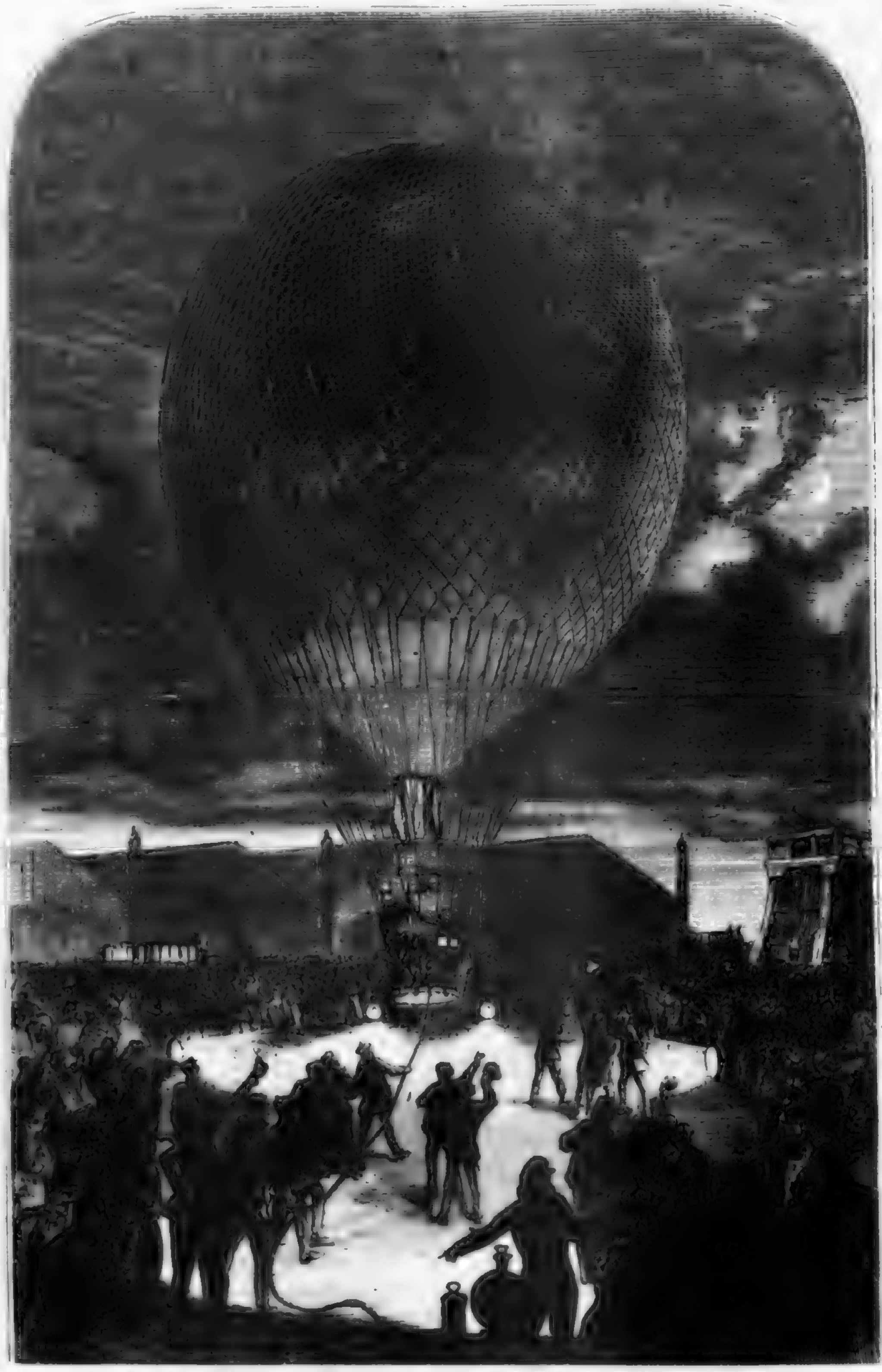
One of these ascensions was attended with fearfully disastrous results. Tissandier, in the Spring of 1875, made an ascension, accompanied by Messrs. Sivel and Croce Spinelli. The balloon, however, became unmanageable, and finally, from loss of gas, descended rapidly. As it came toward the earth, they attempted to save themselves by grappling a tree; but, though some rustics came to their aid, the balloon tore away, and finally struck in a



TISSANDIER'S ATTEMPT TO GRAPPLE THE TREE.

large cemetery, where the grapple again failed to hold. The violence of the descent was fatal to all but Tissandier. The fate of his unfortunate companions excited general commiseration.

Among balloon oddities may be mentioned the freak of a couple, who, in 1865, decided to be married in the clouds, and accordingly ascended in a balloon, having found a clergyman to perform the ceremony in that elevated sphere.



THE BALLOON IN WAR—DEPARTURE OF A BALLOON FROM PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

Of course, there have been innumerable variations on the ordinary styles adopted for ballooning; but as yet none have succeeded in filling the place of the latter. Among these have been several attempts on the model of the ship, accompanied with fans, paddles, and various mechanical contrivances for steering, and even for propulsion. We illustrate Marriott's aerial steam carriage, which made a trial trip. It was thirty-seven feet long, cigar-shaped, surrounded by a light framework of wood and cane, with wings of white cloth and a diminutive steam-engine. Another was invented by Professor Cardenons, of the Lyceum at Rorigo, Italy, but the result has not been a complete success. The French Government placed funds at the disposal of M. Dupuy de Lorne, and he made a successful experiment with a screw propeller in 1872. The car below contained the screw and eight men to work it.

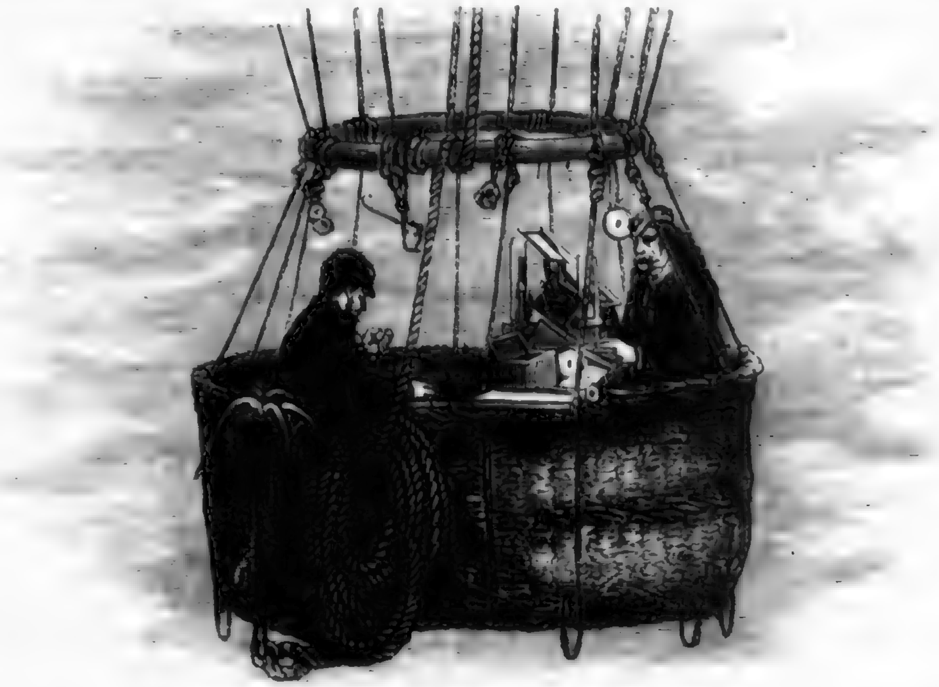
In 1849, the number of aeronauts was estimated at 471. 19 of these being ladies.

As may be supposed, ballooning has not been always conducted without criticism, and even satire. So late as 1864, "Cornelius O'Dowd" wrote as follows in *Blackwood's Magazine:* "Next to members of the Alpine Club, in the art of utter uselessness, are the people who go up in balloons, and who come down to tell us of the temperature of the air-currents, the movement of the clouds, and the atmospheric pressure in a region where nobody wants to go, nor has the slightest interest to hear about."

The practice was also satirized in a work published in 1865, entitled the "Younger Munchausen." One of the best-known of Poe's imaginative stories is a balloon romance, and will be remembered as the "Unparalleled Adventure of Hans Pfall."

But satirizing the balloon mania was an old trick. Even as early as 1620, Cyrano de Bergerac wrote his "Voyage to the Moon," which is supposed to have been the origin of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels to the Land of the Brobdingnagians."

Very little improvement has been made on the original form of the balloon. But in place of heated air, which is dangerous, and hydrogen, whose preparation is expensive and difficult, it has for many years been customary to use common coal-gas, the mean density of which is about one-half that of air. This improvement was introduced by Mr. Green. The neck of the balloon is left open, because, as the pressure of the external air diminishes, the expansive force of the confined air becomes greater, and the balloon, if the space were not provided for expansion, would be torn to pieces. The machine is also provided with a valve at the top, which can be opened and shut at pleasure. This consists of a



TISSANDIER'S SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS IN THE BALLOON.

metallic disk, several feet in diameter, which is pressed against a wooden hoop by steel springs, and by means of a rope attached to its centre, may be opened, or on being released, springs back to its place. It is customary to only partially inflate the balloon, and thus leave room for expansion. Sand-bags for ballast are generally carried for the purpose of enabling the aeronaut to ascend when a locality to which he is approaching, seems dangerous.

The poet Sprague, in referring to the artistic and constructive efforts of men, in his poem upon art, does not fail to remember, in complimentary phrase, the intrepid and ingenious aeronaut. Speaking of man in this connection, he offers the following lines, with which we will conclude our lengthy exposition of the art of ballooning:

> "In fields of air he writes his name,
> And treads the chambers of the sky;
> He reads the stars and grasps the flame
> That quivers in the realms on high."

TIGER-HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

Of all the sports of the field, there are few which give so much diversity as tiger-hunting—varied scenery, different men, fresh shikarees; on foot, in trees, and on elephants; no two tigers of the same nature—one a sluggard, one wide-awake; one a sneaking beast, one a self-confident gentleman; one a coward, one brave, one cunning, one unsophisticated, one savage, and another tame.

Four of us were out on three elephants in Khandeth, when the shikarees told us of a tiger on foot some distance off. After going at full speed for some two miles, we came to a low, thorny grass jungle. Our shikaree told us to form line—Auld on the left, Graham in the centre, Morris and I in one howdah on the right.

After drawing about half a mile, a magnificent tigress jumped up from behind a bush at about eighty yards ahead of the left wing. She sprang away in her majesty, obliquely crossing the line to its right. Each howdah fired; the tigress was wounded, and pulled up exactly facing the right wing, at about a hundred yards. She turned to face the foe with an expression of ferocity never to be forgotten; then, sitting upright, she opened her mouth wide, uttering a prolonged roar.

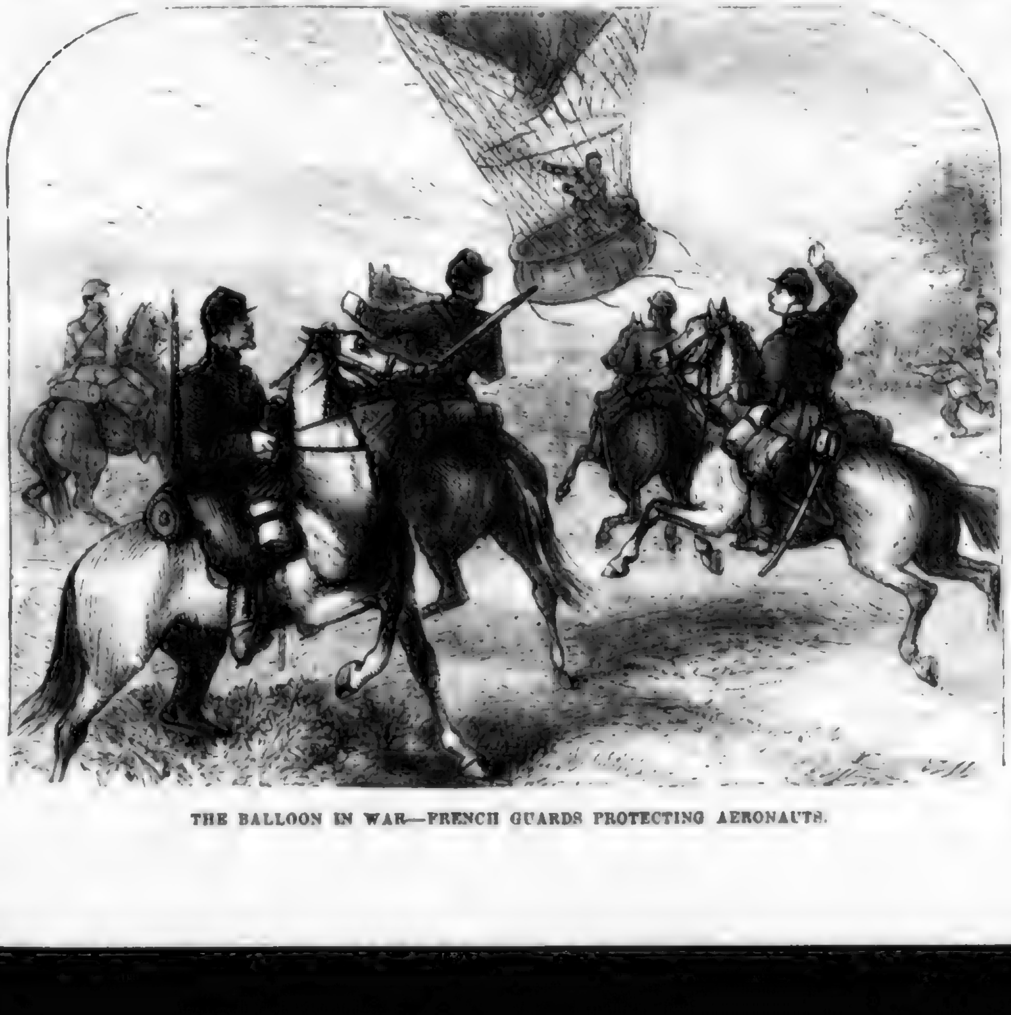
"At her mouth," I whispered to Morris, as I said, "Fire!"

The brave beast fell over, and died without a convulsion. One front tooth was broken, but both balls had gone through the mouth into the neck and vertebra.

On another occasion, Judge Glasse joined Graham, Auld, and me, with three elephants, in a ravine country. The shikarees marked down a tiger, and stationed us—two to beat, while I was placed ahead of the line. I soon saw a peacock jump up—a sure sign of something moving through the grass. Giving the signal, the elephants came on quickly; a shot from the judge told us he was where we wished him to be.

The tiger was a sneak, sticking to the cover. After a time, another shot, and then another interval; still the line crept on toward me. At last a volley, and the beast rolled over in an open space about thirty yards from me.

While crossing a ravine my elephant got swamped; stepping on to the bank over his head, I joined the party, now on foot,



THE BALLOON IN WAR—FRENCH GUARDS PROTECTING AERONAUTS.

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looking at the bag. It was a small tiger, but well fed. As I joined the circle, he began to get up; the judge and others, unarmed, skedaddled, while I stood still, with my rifle at his ear.

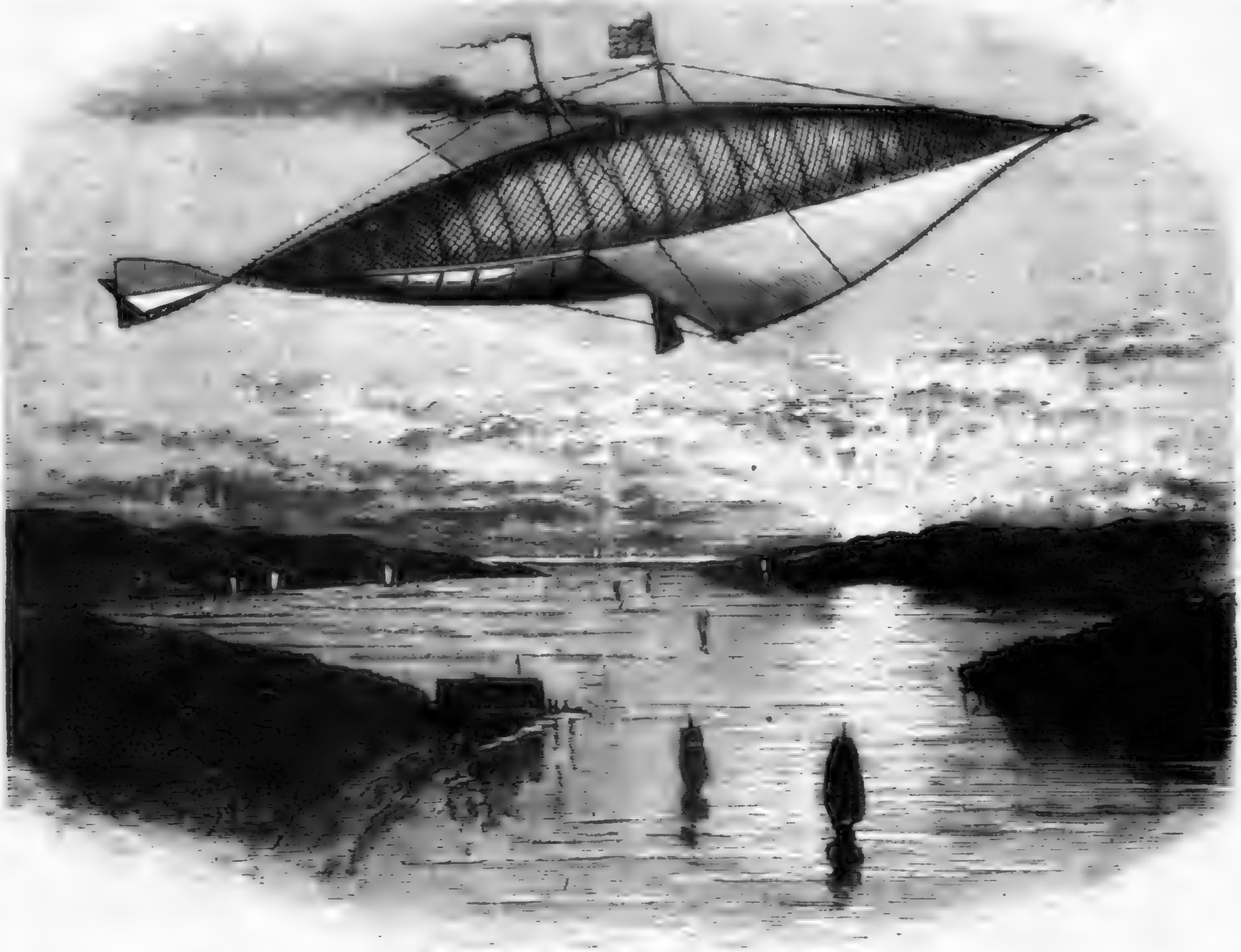
"Shall I fire?" I asked, not wishing to injure the judge's first tiger-skin.

"Yes!" called Graham; then they returned.

Graham, Morris, and I were out one hot day, when we could scarcely hold our guns in our hands. A tiger, breaking from a bush beside us, sprang at full speed into the sandy bed of a water-course. M. and I fired together; the tiger rolled over dead as a rabbit, with one ball through the nape of the neck.

I was out with Graham one day, when we moved a tiger in a jungly, winding ravine. He went on slowly, but was difficult to see. He was, however, hit by some snap-shot, and Graham went ahead to command an open space. Two shots hurried me on. G. was on a high bank, pointing to a thicket below him. Advancing with my eyes intent on the grass, the mahout suddenly stopped, and I was aware of a very large tiger sitting on his haunches, twenty yards distant, grinning savagely at me. A. fired at his shoulder, but before I could fire again, he was on my elephant's head, within a foot of my mahout. All we could do then was to hold on. Luckily, a stiff thorn-tree was in front of us, and into this the elephant jammed his unwelcome burden. The mahout thanked his Prophet for the protection of that tree.

If the elephant had gone down on his knees, he would have rolled over bodily, under the impetus he put on. The tiger rolled off dead, one of several instances of wonderful power exhibited in the last struggle of life in the feline race.



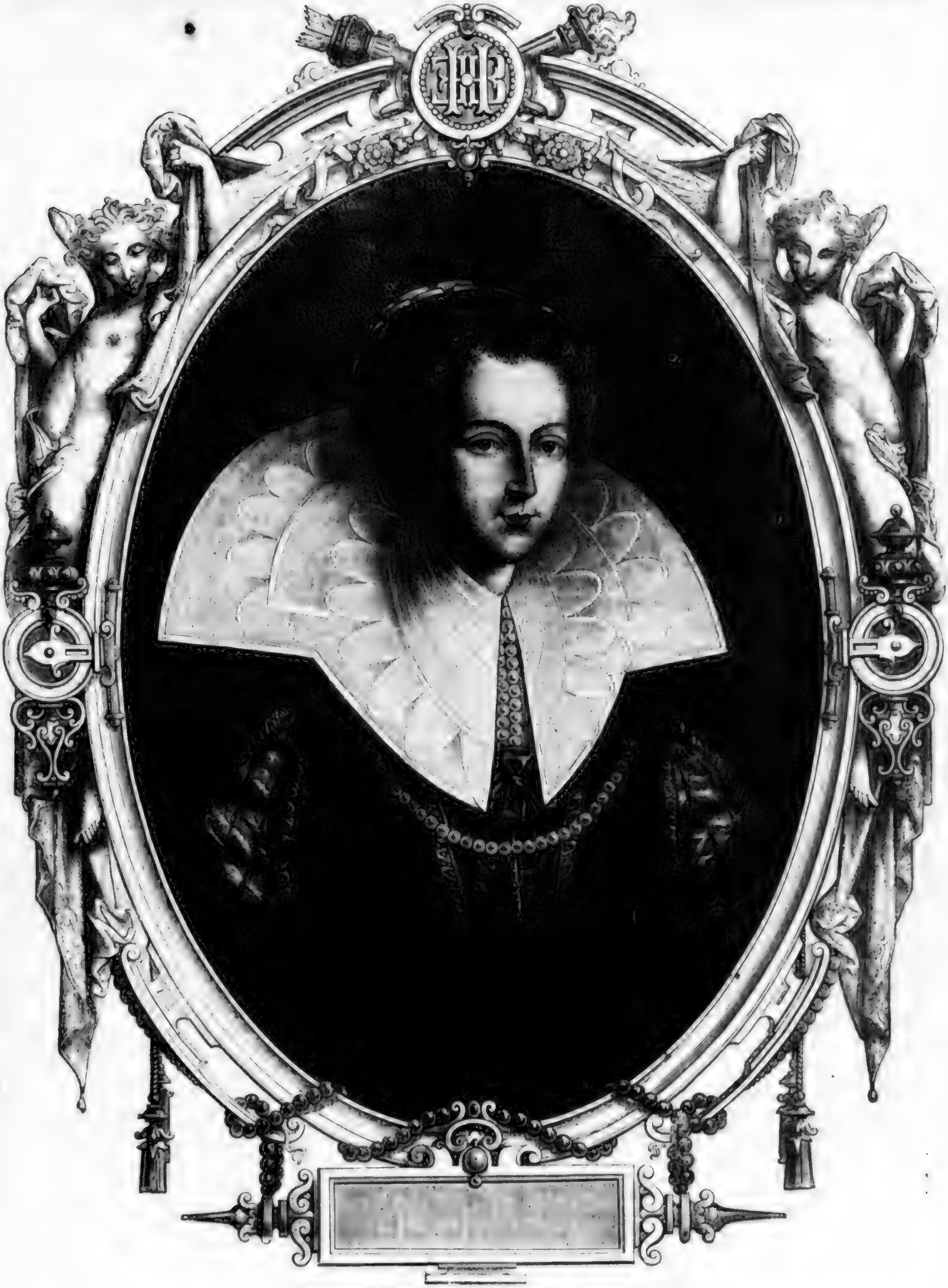
MARRIOTT'S AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE "AVITOR."

James Whitmore, the two Godfreys, and I, while bear-hunting on foot in the hills about twelve miles from Poona, came upon a bullock fresh-killed. We followed a track through the grass to the hill-top, where a tiger was seen going fast over the edge of the plateau. Running on, we saw him sneaking amongst the bushes near the bottom of the hill; a shot was fired to determine his movements; on he went at full speed round the hillside, while we, moving along the top, kept him well in view till he got into a thick ravine. As he did not cross this, we climbed down one side, a snap-shot hit the tiger on the root of the tail; he then disappeared, but, after a long search, the shikaree Bapper whispered, "He is here!" pointing to a thicket, close to us. We all looked, but could not distinguish anything, so we put a gun in Bapper's hands, standing on each side to stop the expected charge; on being wounded, he went out on the other side, and on reaching the edge of the ravine, he was favored with a volley, and rolled over. At that moment a carriage with four gentlemen in it was passing along the road; they were told what was going on, so they got out and came up the hill to be in at the death. We let them come on within a reasonable distance, and then called:

"Look out; he is not dead yet!"

The retreat was amusing to us; but the tiger could do no more. I believe the travelers fraternized with us over our well-earned beer.

IF a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good action done as it ought to be done, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.



HENRIETTE D'ENTRAGUES, MARCHIONESS DE VERNEUIL.

THE MARCHIONESS OF VERNEUIL.

By Henry Barton Baker.

Nobody in the good old times suffered more from libel than Henri Quatre, and certainly nobody presented a fitter subject. He had been thrice a renegade; he was distrusted by every political faction; and his court—the last and probably the most romantic of the Renaissance—went far towards realizing the Olympus of the classic poets. Its doings furnished ample occupation to trenchant pens; and

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one, keen as any, was wielded for a time by the delicate fingers of a girl of seventeen.

The youthful censor, Henriette de Balzac, belonged to a singular family. Her father, the Count d'Entragues, was an old Leaguer, whose fortune had suffered greatly during the troubles. Her mother, *née* Marie Touchet—a name twisted, according to a current fashion, into the phrase, "Je charme tout"—had been the mistress of Charles IX. Henriette had a sister too, yet a mere child, and a brother, who was also the son of Charles IX. This youth, then known as the Count d'Auvergne, was valiant, witty, adroit, and unscrupulous—the last being a quality that he took no pains to conceal; in fact, he was rather pleased than otherwise to be considered a consummate scoundrel. Not so the old mistress and the old Leaguer her husband. They were always studying that model book, Amyot's "Plutarch," always eulogizing the good old times, always blaming the modern degeneracy, and everlastingly boring their hearers with the magnificent maxims of the sages. They set up, in short, for specimens of antique virtue.

Their household, it need not be said, was a picture of decorum. All therein was precise and Puritanic. No such thing as hunting masses were tolerated in their chapel, and their "graces" were all of due length and drawl. As for other things, Entragues cudgeled his valets when he discovered them lying, swearing, and dicing; while Marie Touchet pinched her maids whenever they happened to manifest a tendency to that unholy thing—flirtation.

All this, of course, was for the edification of a naughty world. In private, matters progressed somewhat otherwise. The stoical old count earned a handsome stipend as Spanish spy, and he did not hesitate to increase it by aiding the unstoical young count in circulating the base money which the latter—following a fashion then prevalent in high life—manufactured largely. On her side, the countess was fully occupied in training her eldest daughter to fill precisely such a post as she herself had vacated some twenty years before.

At seventeen Henriette proved a finished coquette, and her relatives thought it time to take measures for securing her the coveted establishment, which meant also an establishment for themselves. They adopted a suitable course. The young lady was brought out in the Autumn of 1598, and immediately a shower of epigrams of unusual point and severity began to fall upon the notabilities—the king and Gabrielle d'Estrees coming in for, by far, the largest share.

Little notice was taken of them at first, but impunity rendered the writer bolder, and the epigrams more pungent, until, by the close of the year, the authorities were compelled to interpose. A warrant was prepared for the expulsion of the whole family from the realm, and only suspended until an opportunity should offer for executing it without exciting too much scandal.

News of the warrant soon reached the parties concerned, and great was their consternation; for the epigrams had been merely intended to attract the attention of the king to the authoress, whose charms, it was concluded, would do the rest. The unlooked-for result provoked a great row in the amiable family. Everybody blamed everybody else for the false move and its consequences. But they were too shrewd to come to an open rupture. Taking the most prudent course under the circumstances, they held together, withdrew to the country, and carefully abstained from everything that could offend either king or courtier. Yet all, perhaps, would have failed to avert exile, but for an unexpected event.

This event—the death of Gabrielle d'Estrees—merits discussion in its place, which, however, is not here. We shall, therefore, merely remark that it was attended by many suspicious circumstances, and was singularly favorable to certain interests.

Gabrielle's death rendered Henri inconsolable for a month, during which he remained in seclusion at Fontainebleau. It was an age for a man of his temperament, so his courtiers were more pleased than surprised when, one May morning in 1599, he warned them to prepare for an early removal to Blois. The preparations were made at once, and rude and boisterous they were; for in those days monarchs seldom owned more than a single suite of furniture; and beds, hangings, pictures, plate, etc., always accompanied them in their migrations.

It was an awkward plan, but it was much preferable to the earlier one, whereby the monarch and his merry men were enabled to move from palace to palace without encumbrance, since they could help themselves at the journey's end to whatever they needed from the houses of their subjects, according to the statutes of purveyance "in that case made and provided."

The farmers round them were roused, and their carts and carters pressed into the royal service. The night was spent in pulling down and packing up, and by sunrise next morning the caravan was under weigh for the southwest. In the van rode a gallant troop of nobles, headed by the king. Behind came a "mixed multitude" of varlets, pages, horses, and dogs; and in the rear straggled a long line of well-laden wagons; while, last of all, marched a detachment of light-horse, accompanied by the provost-marshal and his executioner—the latter ready to do prompt justice on any of the light-fingered brotherhood that might be found making too free with the royal goods and chattels.

Such marches, especially in the bachelor days of Henri Quatre, were emphatically easy ones. The journey was divided into short stages, and its slow progress was enlivened by hawking, coursing, occasional quarreling, and the old-fashioned device of story-telling. At night the carters encamped under guard, the servants were billeted in the villages, and their masters took up their quarters in the neighboring châteaux.

The first day's march lay through that part of France whose fertility has won it the name of *le pais de rire et rien faire.* Towards its close, and while the king was speculating as to where he should lodge for the night, the party came in sight of the Château of Malesherbes.

"Your majesty," said that veteran courtier, the Marquis la Varenne, pointing to the mansion, "could not make a better choice. Yonder you will find good wine, good cooks, and, better still——" Here the speaker paused and smiled.

"Well," queried Henri, "what is better still?"

The conclusive reply was:

"The prettiest girl in France!"

"Quite true," put in the gay Roquelaure; "especially as to the lady—she is simply bewitching."

"So young!" added a third courtier.

"So witty!" observed a fourth.

"And so appreciative of heroic deeds!" resumed the gray-headed carrier of *poulets.* "Quite a phœnix among women is Henriette d'Entragues."

"What," said Henri, "the sister of the *fourbe* d'Auvergne, and the daughter of the greater *fourbe* d'Entragues—he who married the mistress of Charles IX., and who has taken part in every treason since '93? She, too, if I mistake not, has already proved herself worthy of her parentage, and ought to have been sent packing over the borders months ago, with the rest of her family, had certain persons done their duty."

"It is the lady you allude to," was the response; "but"—and then the hoary reprobate burst into an eloquent apology for the pretty satirist. He was well seconded by other courtiers; and the scene, evidently preconcerted, ended in Henri's resolving to see the damsel for himself.

The valiant Bourbon found Henriette all, and more than all, that he had been led to expect. Her face, indeed, was not regularly beautiful; but, then, it was singularly expressive, and possessed, besides, a conquering smile, and eyes of living light. Her figure, too, if somewhat meagre, was inexpressibly graceful. And she was so clever, so cultivated, so witty, so various, and so deliciously fresh, that long ere the evening closed Gabrielle was forgotten.

Henri left Malesherbes to return again and again, and still again—not as a king, but in more romantic form. He was naturally fond of perilous adventure, and was, in addition, the most inveterate reader of chivalrous stories in France. So notorious was this habit that the Parisians used to term *Amadis de Gaul* the king's Bible. And, what with his warm temperament and his warm reading, he was, in some respects, quite a Quixote. There was some little calculation, too, behind. Nobody knew better than he did the effect of a little living romance on the dames. Instead, then, of wooing his new love like a monarch, he haunted her under all sorts of disguises. Sometimes he met her as a courier, sometimes as a gypsy or a charcoal-burner, and even at times as a spectral huntsman of Fontainebleau. The last startling shape proved not the least convenient; it saved him from a good deal of impertinent curiosity during his rambles. To his mistress he obtained ready access. The heads of the family shut their eyes to his proceedings. The servants, of course, were willing agents, and Henriette herself met him at least half-way.

The end came in due time. Henri proposed that the beauty should take the place vacated by Gabrielle. She consulted her friends.

"Be sure you make good terms," was the family counsel.

As to what constituted "good terms," there was, however, some difference of opinion.

"Secure a title," enjoined the mother.

"An estate and plenty of money," advised the father.

"A note-of-hand, that may be turned to better account than either," suggested a wily brother.

Each hint was excellent in its way, and Henriette pleased herself and everybody else by adopting them all. This, however, was among themselves.

Before the world the family assumed another tone. So far, they acted as if completely ignorant of what had been going on. But now that matters had reached a crisis, they opened their eyes very wide, saw everything, and were virtuously indignant. Servants were dismissed, and pages whipped. Strict watch was established over the beauty; and the royal wooer was warned ostentatiously to abandon the pursuit. Then Entragues went swaggering about with all the importance of a gentleman who has a grievance.

"The king," said he, "taking base advantage of my absence from home, has attempted to seduce my daughter. But let him beware how he trifles with her innocent affections or my honor. I still wear the sword of my youth, and monarchs are just as vulnerable as their minions."

D'Auvergne seconded his worshipful father-in-law in all things. The nymph pined in her tower—when strangers happened to be in the vicinity. And *Je charme tout?* Well, she pinched her maids and studied Amyot more vindictively than ever.

Henri laughed at all this as an excellent jest, and straightway dispatched the Count du Lude, a trusty servant, who carried a heavy sword and an elastic conscience, to Malesherbes with a tender epistle. Somehow or other, the messenger was allowed to deliver the letter and receive a reply without opposition. But when he prepared to leave the château, he found himself intercepted by the two gentlemen. They saluted him with unpleasant epithets, several of which, it must be allowed, were not unmerited. Nor had he much difficulty in retorting in kind; for in character his antagonists were as seedy as himself, and the nobles of the Renaissance were quite Homeric in the art of scolding. Then they hustled him, and he hustled them. Finally, the three counts drew their swords—and instantly regretted, for the act placed them in an awkward predicament. Du Lude had no wish to come to blows with d'Auvergne, who, though illegitimate, was still the son of a king. And he cared even less to have a tussel with the father of a lady so much in favor with his master. On the other side, neither Entragues nor his son-in-law was at all anxious to spoil the family game by engaging in a serious affray with a royal confidant. Still, swords were out, and, as this was the good old time, there was no sheathing them again without some loss of blood, or, what was of more consequence, reputation. From this dilemma, however, they were speedily released. Henriette dashed shrieking out of one door, and threw her arms round her father. And the countess dashed shrieking out of another door, and threw her arms round her son. Seeing no further risk of a brawl, du Lude put up his sword, bowed low to the ladies, mounted his horse, and trotted away.

"Hem!" grumbled Henri, stroking his gray mustache when du Lude had told his story, "that's the game, is it? Well, we shall see."

And he did see Henriette herself a few hours later. How he saw her on this occasion we are not informed, but we may fairly conclude that it was not in disguise. As to the difficulties in the way, his blood was up, and in that mood he was just the man to sweep away the opposition of the Balzacs like a cobweb. The interview was a curious one. The King went straight to the point, and the lady flitted round and round it. She admitted that she loved him, but made the admission with much modest diffidence. She pleaded all that could be said against the royal proposition, mentioned his divorce, then speeding to a successful issue, and hinted *marriage*.

"Ventre St. Gris!" cried the royal lover, starting to his feet in astonishment and anger; "what rogue has put that into your head?"

A little more, and Henriette saw that she must infallibly lose him. This was not to be thought of, so she threw aside all her maidenly scruples, and propounded the first article of her capitulation—100,000 crowns!

Henri hurried to his great financier.

"A hundred thousand crowns!" cried Sully, "where are they to come from?"

Thereupon the treasurer proceeded to explain, with excruciating minuteness, how many villages must be taxed to supply the sum in the first instance, and how much real good might be done with it in the second. He did not forget, either, to enlarge on the consequences of this new folly; but of course to no purpose, for Henri would have the cash.

It was soon in the possession of the family, who divided it after a good deal of squabbling and one or two downright quarrels.

In a few days more old Entragues astonished all Paris with the extraordinary magnificence of his equipage. But while putting on his finery he did not put off his antique virtue; on the contrary, never before had he been so precise in demeanor or so superbly moral in maxim. The courtiers were vastly amused, for Henri never could keep a secret, and everybody knew perfectly where Entragues had procured the funds.

There were several other articles in the capitulation. Those concerning title and estate were easily dealt with. The last, however, caused some discussion. Henriette declared that she was all the King's in heart and soul; but

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how, oh, how—she asked—was she to meet the reproaches of honor and conscience? Would not her magnanimous lover provide her with some small excuse for her weakness? —some little promise of marriage, for instance. Not indeed for use—how could she or hers, mere nobles of the fourth rank, dream of such a thing? But just as a salve for her scruples. The argument was so cleverly put, and so admirably supported by a mixture of tears and tenderness, that Henri could not resist it. So the old Count was called in, and with his aid a promise of marriage—the most singular thing of the kind on record—was concocted. Here is its substance:

"M. de Entragues nous donnant á compagne sa fille, en cas que dans six mois elle devienne grosse et accouche d'uns fils, alors et á l'instant nous la pendrons à femme."

This precious scribble, in which it is hard to say whether the folly or the knavery of the parties who drew it up predominated most, was submitted to Sully. The latter rated his master as he deserved, and tore the thing to atoms without ceremony. A *fac simile*, however, was immediately prepared, which, duly signed by the King and countersigned by two Secretaries of State, was handed over to the lady. And she immediately transferred it to the safe-keeping of her father. It was dated October 1st, 1599.

Henriette was at once recognized as royal mistress. Her father and brother acted as might have been expected. In public they bewailed the family dishonor, and vowed vengeance.

"Woe to the King," cried Entragues in every company, "if he does not satisfy the honor of a gentleman by marrying my daughter!"

"And woe to the King," echoed d'Auvergne, "should he break his royal faith by marrying the Florentine!"

In private, however, their conduct was of another kind. For instance, at this very time we find Henri writing a letter to his mistress, in which he entreats her to deliver him from the importunities of her father, who seemed "never to think of anything except to *accrocher* (grab) some new booty."

Wealth was showered upon Henriette. She received the estate and château of Verneuil, with the title of Marchioness. The courtiers bowed before her to the ground. And the thousands who had suits to push at Court soon discovered that they could employ no more powerful advocate. Nor did any one seek her favor empty-handed; for Henriette had a shrewd appreciation of worldly matters, and was indeed as sordid as the rest of the family. Her splendor far surpassed that of her predecessor, even though the handkerchiefs of the latter were said to have cost 1,200 crowns (about £200) a-piece. Henri, too, was devoted, and gave her every moment he could spare. He took up his quarters at Nanteuil, near Senlis, some leagues from the residence of the Marchioness. His visits were mostly made in the evening, and as this was the season of short days, a light placed over the tower of Nanteuil, and another placed equally high at Verneuil, guided him to and fro. And if it chanced that circumstances carried him for a period beyond the circle of her attractions, he kept his couriers busy bearing consolatory epistles.

Early in December, 1599, Charles Emmanuel, of Savoy, accompanied by a strange medley of priests, harlots, councilors, and portable magnificence, and escorted by 1,200 splendid cuirassiers, paid a visit to Paris. This prince was the firebrand of his age. In him nearly all the talents, and as many vices, were united. He was scholar, diplomatist, orator, soldier, and—perfidy personified.

This amiable sovereign had serious business to transact in Paris. During the troubles of the League he had appropriated sundry broad patches of French territory, of which Henri IV. had determined to resume possession. To prevent this was one object of the Savoyard. And another—perhaps even dearer to his heart—was the rupture of the negotiation which promised shortly to make a Tuscan princess queen of France. For ever since the elevation of the Medici to sovereign rank, the Counts of Savoy had hated them as upstarts and rivals. They had felt the marriage of Catherine de Medici as "a heavy blow and great discouragement." And Charles Emmanuel was determined to avert another such stroke by any means and at any cost—if the thing were only possible. He had not far to seek. The factions that had so long desolated France, though subdued and scattered, were still very capable of mischief, and the Savoyard proceeded to reorganize them. In this occupation he was ably seconded by the Spanish ambassador, a man who, like all his compatriots, was the deadly foe of France. And, between the two, a formidable conspiracy was soon afoot.

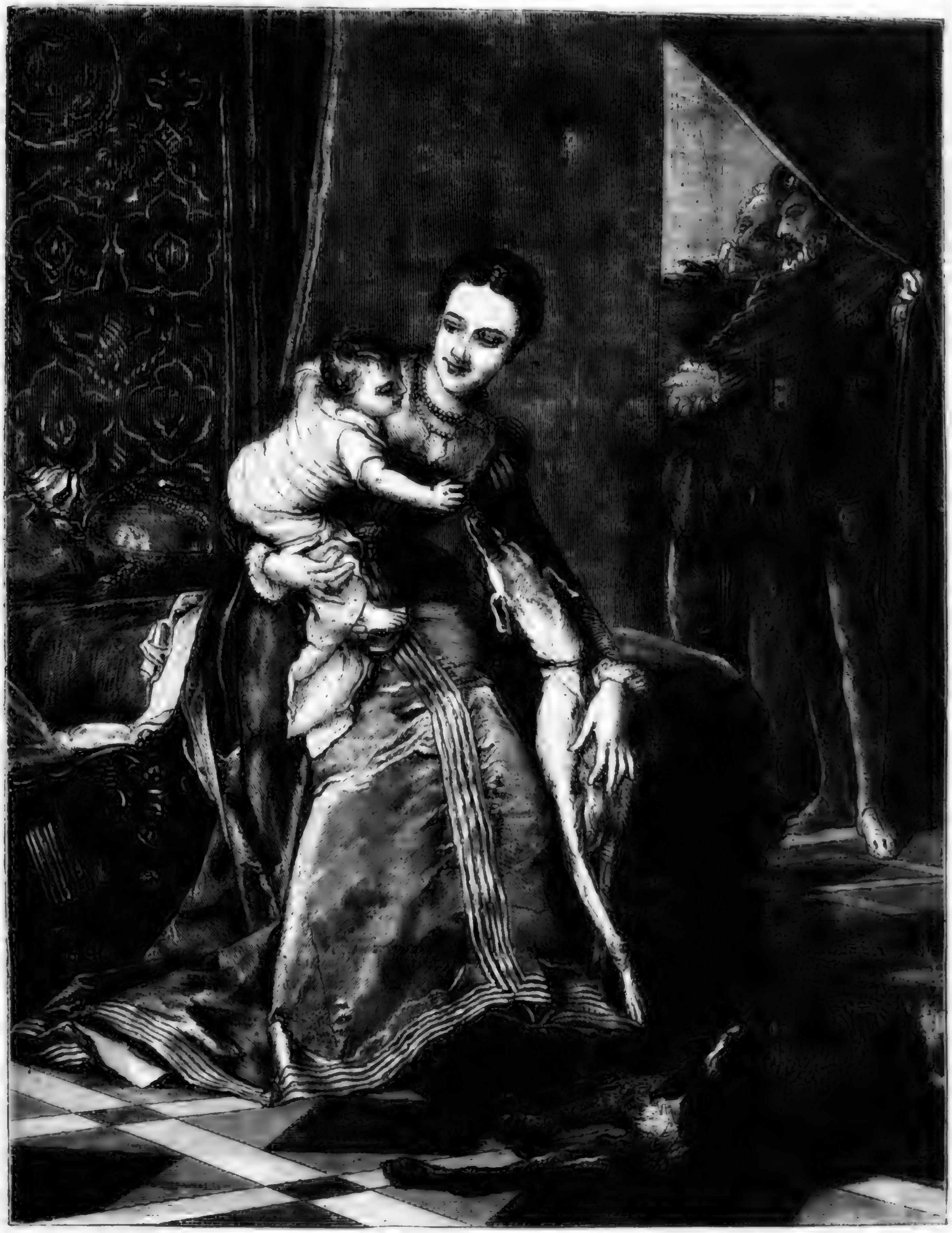
Of this conspiracy the Marchioness of Verneuil was the pivot. The Savoyard had read her at a glance, and rejoiced in her dangerous qualities, which he manipulated with masterly skill. He declared that she deserved to be a queen. He roused her jealousy against the prospective bride of Henri. He pronounced the contract of marriage a good one. He vowed to maintain it with his sword. And every word he spoke the Spanish ambassador repeated in the name of his master. Henriette's head was turned. Thenceforward she dreamt of nothing but a crown, and was ready for any work likely to place it on her head. Her father and brother were hardly so sanguine. They would have rejoiced to have seen her on the throne, but they were far too practical to deceive themselves with any such fantasy. Meanwhile, they made the most of the circumstances. And since the contract was thus cried up by such men as the Italian prince and the Spanish envoy, they rang the changes on that cry with skill and effect.

Charles Emmanuel would fain have prolonged the negotiations—chiefly with a view to the perfection of his plot. Henri had no suspicion of what was brewing, but he was not the less resolved to get rid of his dangerous visitor without delay. The method he took was characteristic of the period. He had it whispered that he meant to seize the Savoyard and shut him up in one of his strongholds. Such deeds were not uncommon, as Charles Emmanuel well knew. Judging Henri by himself, he took the alarm, and hastened away by forced marches, never breathing freely until he was safe over the French border. Henri laughed, and followed on his track with an army. The campaign that ensued threatened to be perilous for both. For the first time in his life the Savoyard was unready. But then Henri had a traitor, Marshal Biron, in high command, and behind him the disgusted Huguenots, the discomfited Leaguers, and the ambitious seigneurs, under such formidable leaders as Bouillon, Epernon, and the princes of Lorraine, were prepared to rise in arms at the proper time. That opportunity, however, never came. Biron, blundering at the outset in his new part of traitor, was immediately hedged about with precautions that kept him faithful in spite of himself, while his sovereign carried all before him.

Previous to departing for the war, Henri directed his ministers to hasten the negotiations with Florence. The chief of them, Sully, who longed to see his master "well married," required little pressing, and the terms were soon arranged. When the last signature was attached to the last document, Sully warned Vinta, the Tuscan representative, to keep the matter secret. "For," said the former, "should that madcap Verneuil happen to find it out, there is no knowing what might happen."

The object of Sully's apprehensions, who by this time appeared in a fair way to keep her portion of the contract, accompanied the king on his way to the war as far as Lyons. There they parted with much tenderness, Henri making a good many promises which he had no intention of keeping; and there Henriette elected to remain until the close of the fighting. There, too, she was delighted with the gift of several standards captured in an early encounter. The present, however, did not mean much. Henri was in the habit of lavishing military trophies, as well as riches and titles, on his mistresses. And not at all unnecessarily; for Verneuil herself, who in this instance may be considered as speaking for all her sister-sultanas, was accustomed to tell him that there would have been no bearing him had he not been a king and a hero.

What Henriette meant to do at Lyons is uncertain.



HENRIETTE'S MOTHER, MARIE TOUCHET, MISTRESS OF CHARLES IX., AFTERWARDS MADAME D'ENTRAGUES.
FROM A PAINTING BY COMTE.

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Perhaps she desired to take advantage of the earliest intelligence of Henri's death, which had been carefully planned. But while she waited, an event occurred that forbade her to hope much from the conspiracy. Over her residence burst a thunderstorm whose flash and rattle terrified her into a premature accouchement, and her baby, a boy, too—alas for her!—was still-born. Nor was this the worst. While she was still prostrated by illness and disappointment, the embassy that was to conduct the new bride to France traversed the town on its way to Italy. In spite of her character, we cannot help pitying the mistress at this period. And, could we forget that character, we would accord unqualified admiration to the course she adopted. Conquering her anguish of body and mind, she flung herself into a litter, and was transported over the rough Alpine roads to the seat of war. In any other case the journey would have been one of toil, hardship, and peril; in hers it was simply terrible.

The monarch was much embarrassed. He was eager for the Florentine alliance, from which he anticipated much domestic happiness and many public advantages, and—he meant to keep his brilliant mistress too! At any other moment he would have used little ceremony with the woman beside him. Harsh word and harsher deed would soon have reduced her to the proper state of mind of a royal plaything—that is, abject submission. But here he felt that the plain truth, told in his usual very plain way, would have been dangerous to one or both. It might destroy Henriette—a result that would go far toward ruining the reputation for magnanimity that he had been at such pains to establish; and, failing in that, it would certainly drive her into a course that could not but interfere seriously with his political interests, and, what he valued at just as much, his private enjoyment. But such dilemmas were not unfrequent with the gay Henri, and he escaped from this one as from many another, by a method not creditable to him either as a man or a monarch. Henri caressed and flattered and deceived, and Henriette became a willing dupe.

The piece of acting that followed would have done credit to Fouché. Documents were immediately drawn up disavowing the recent proceedings of the French minister in Italy, and instructing them to break off the Tuscan marriage. And the better to deceive Henriette, these documents were intrusted for transmission to an agent of her own, her traveling companion and secretary, the Capuchin Travail.

When the mistress left the camp on one side for Paris, the man departed on the other for Rome. Both were in high spirits, for the one was confident of achieving a crown, and the other just as confident of winning a cardinal's hat, or at the very least a mitre. Had the mistress been a little more experienced, or the friar something wiser, they would hardly have been so sanguine; for neither the messenger, nor the missives he carried, were like to be much respected—that is, should they reach their destination. But this the cunning monarch took care should not happen; for while the marchioness journeyed by easy stages to Verneuil, improving marvelously as she went, the capuchin fell into the hands of a party posted to intercept him, and was detained in close custody so long as it suited the monarch's purpose. To complete the unkingliness of the proceeding, Henri was well aware that on the very day he acted thus, his proxy, the magnificent Bellegarde, was standing at the altar with Marie de' Medici.

The marchioness was not long allowed to enjoy her fool's paradise. Hardly had she reached her snug château, than the news was brought that Marie de' Medici had landed in France and was on her way to meet the king at Lyons. History has not told how the intelligence was received, nor was it necessary.

The king was anything rather than satisfied with his new bride. Previous to this meeting he had formed a very favorable opinion of her person. But the portrait submitted to his inspection had been painted ten years before, when Marie was but seventeen, and she had greatly altered in the interval. She disappointed him precisely as Anne of Cleve disappointed Henry VIII. And the Bourbon vented his annoyance in much the same terms as the Tudor. Further, like all vain and selfish men, Henri was exceedingly jealous. And Marie, besides displaying a very palpable liking for Bellegarde, carried in her train no less than three specimens of a creature then beginning to multiply in Italy—the *cavalier servente.* And finally she was in qualities all that Henri disliked—that is, bigoted, dull, obstinate, and bad-tempered. But if Henri was little pleased with the queen, she was no better satisfied with him. For, in addition to his shortcomings in point of person and morals, Marie considered him as little, if at all, better than that abomination—a heretic.

Immediately after the arrival of Marie she was introduced to the mistress, and by the king. The Louvre not being ready yet to receive Marie, she made the house of the Florentine Gondi her temporary residence. There, one evening when she was at supper, and the house crowded with high-born visitors, a very noble dame—Madame de Nemours—appeared leading the Verneuil. The company started in silent astonishment, which became something more when Henri, stepping forward, took Henriette by the hand and presented her to Marie with the following words:

"Madame, this lady has been my mistress, and desires to be your very humble servant."

The queen's eyes flashed, and her lips trembled, but she said not a word. Henriette then took her robe to kiss it, putting about as little respect into the action as she could, hardly inclining her head, and taking the drapery somewhere near the waist.

"Lower, madame, lower!" commanded Henry, and suiting the action to the word, he pressed the shoulder of the mistress heavily down until he bent her to her knee, and then he guided her fingers to the very hem of the queen's garment.

Great was the speculation on this singular scene. It was, however, as nothing to the speculation that followed. For when the queen removed to the Louvre she was accompanied thither by Henriette! Such a delicate-minded monarch was Henri the Great.

Between the dames Henri had little peace.

"Here I am," said he one day to Sully, "ready to abandon my follies and lead a respectable life, if my wife would only permit me. But she won't. Always snarling, nagging, and brawling, she absolutely drives me out of my own home, and nearly out of my wits. I know the character of the marchioness as well as you can tell me. I know that she is mercenary, deceitful, and dangerous. But then she is so clever, so witty, so tasteful, so entertaining, so everything that Marie is not! I say," he broke off, "cannot you do something to quiet the termagant? She trusts you and respects you more than any man in France. You, if anybody, can influence her. Try, there's a good fellow."

Sully did try, and repeatedly. But even his skill could not effect the desired reconciliation; and at length he gave up the task with something like disgust.

It was well known that Henriette and her family had been deeply implicated in Biron's plot. Indeed, its drift had been to set up herself and her son as queen and dauphin in opposition to "the cow and her calf," as the conspirators, borrowing the sentence from the marchioness, irreverently termed Marie and her boy. Henriette's connection with the king, however, shielded herself and her father from inquiry; and in connection with his descent from the Valois, it shielded d'Auvergne from the worst result of his treason.

He escaped with a short confinement in the Bastile, while the hardly more guilty marshal was led to the block. But a charge more damaging than treason was shortly afterward preferred against the marchioness, and though it was neither sharply pressed nor closely searched into, it struck a blow from which her influence never recovered.

Among the gay gallants of that superlatively gay court, the gayest and most gallant were two princes of the House of Guise. That house, by-the-way, as it then was, compared with what it had been, affords a strong argument in favor of a theory recently propounded. The first three generations of the Guises had been German of the grandest type. But all at once the family became completely French in blood and brain. The sons of the Victim of Blois, as scandal delighted to explain, resembled in all respects the minions of Henri III.; and so did the sons of his brothers. St. Megrim and Bussi d'Amboise, indeed, seemed to live again in the Prince de Joinville and his cousin, the Count de Sommerive. As daring as the minions, these princes did not hesitate to rival the king himself.

It is only with Joinville that we have to do at present. Henri was not permitted to remain long ignorant of the flirtation. He remonstrated with his mistress.

"Pooh!" said she, laughing, "you are getting old and jealous; there will soon be no living with you."

So the matter passed off for that time. But the affair grew warmer, and Henri remonstrated again, to be replied to by the indignant tears of the high-minded and outraged woman that the marchioness delighted to be thought. Henri was silenced, but far from satisfied. Next time he resorted to Sully.

"Frighten her," said he. "Tell her that I mean to shut her up in a convent and take another mistress."

Sully shook his head, and obeyed. With the minister Henriette adopted other airs and arts. She spoke disrespectfully of Henri, and declared that she was resolved to break off all connection with him. She even besought Sully to aid her. He, nothing loath, agreed, and for weeks the question of her marriage or retirement to a convent occupied his leisure. He had cause to regret his facility, for the wily woman ended by accusing him of malicious meddling, and disavowing all his proceedings.

Still the flirtation went on. Joinville, however, was fickle, and a new face, that of the beautiful Madame de Villars-Brancas, won him from the marchioness. Nor was this the first rivalry that had taken place between the aunt and the niece, for thus closely allied were the dames. Henriette had carried off the king from her aunt; and now Madame de Villars was delighted with her success in winning the fascinating prince from her dutiful niece. But in those days such a triumph was little valued unless the victorious dame could display the accustomed trophies—the love-letters of the deserted beauty. These the lover was always expected to surrender, and Joinville surrendered them accordingly.

Now, Madame de Villars, being the rival of the marchioness, was, therefore, the staunch partisan of the queen. The letters, consequently, were carried to the Louvre, where they were first duly laughed at, and then placed carefully in the hands of Henri. He burst into a mighty fit of rage, summoned his privy councilors, stormed and fumed, talked racks, wheels, and blocks to any extent, and then flew off "to have it out" with the faithless she. Before he reached her residence, however, he cooled down enough to see that he was making himself suprememely ridiculous. So he returned to the palace, and sent as usual for Sully. The latter detested the mistress most heartily. But he was a statesman, above all things, and he saw that it would not do to alienate the powerful family of the Guises for a matter like this. So he recommended a little wholesome delay. In conformity with Sully's advice, the marchioness was apprised of her offense, and appointed a day whereon to justify herself, if she could. Meanwhile, Sully communicated quietly with the heads of the House of Guise.

When the day came, all the parties concerned met in the hotel of the marchioness. There Joinville's brother, the Duke d'Aguillon, produced a clerk, who swore that he had forged the letters displayed by Madame de Villars; and Joinville admitted that he employed the clerk, urging in excuse the detestable maxim, "All is fair in love." Henri affecting to believe, the marchioness was pronounced innocent, and the prince handed over to his family for punishment.

Having sacrificed to policy, Henri proceeded to take his revenge, or, at least, as much as remained in his power. He led the marchioness into another room, and closed the door behind him. There for an hour or more his voice was heard rising higher and higher and higher in fierce reproach, while Henriette replied only with her tears. The king then returned to the palace, where he began to make vigorous love to one of Marie's attendants. As for Joinville, he was sent to travel, nor did he reappear in France until the death of the monarch.

Shortly after the affair with Joinville, the king fell dangerously ill. Henriette was greatly alarmed, for she knew that, should Henri die, her vindictive rival would become all-powerful. Impressed with a well-founded dread of the consequences, she threw off her insolence, and sued humbly to be permitted to take measures for the safety of herself and her children. Henri acquiesced, and d'Auvergne was commissioned, by virtue of a royal warrant, to negotiate with the Spaniards, in order to secure his sister a shelter in Flanders. At the same time, d'Auvergne undertook, with his usual craftiness, to practice a little quiet espionage over the Spaniards, and Henri did not object.

The family made just that use of the license that might have been expected. Under its excellent cover, they set to work very busily, and not unsuccessfully, to reorganize the ancient plot. As before, the marchioness and her son were to be recognized as queen and dauphin; as before, the nobles were to canton themselves in the provinces, after the manner of the great barons of the Middle Ages; and, as before, the Spaniard and the Savoyard were to aid rebellion with all their force.

Marie, as well as Henriette, calculated on the king's decease. She looked forward to it as the hour of triumph and revenge. And, designing that the haughty mistress should be thoroughly disabled at its arrival, she demanded the surrender of the promise of marriage.

Hitherto, Henri seems to have remembered the thing with contempt, if he thought of it at all; but Marie gave him no peace until he consented to reclaim it. The demand came at an awkward moment for the Balzacs. To resign it was to abandon their one great advantage; and to withhold it would be to excite those suspicions that might penetrate their secret at any moment.

By d'Auvergne's advice, a forgery was skillfully executed and handed to the king, who detected the cheat in a twinkling, and became all the more resolute to obtain the genuine document. D'Auvergne's resources were exhausted; but the father and daughter held out a little longer. At length, for a bribe of 20,000 crowns in hand, and the promise, which was never fulfilled, of a marshal's bâton, old Entragues resigned the paper. It was found in an iron box, among the roots of an old oak in the park of Marcousi, two princes of the blood and five leading ministers looking on, and afterward signing a declaration that it was the right one.

While this business was going forward, d'Auvergne effected an adroit escape from the court. He quarreled with the Count of Soissons and challenged him. And in return for

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his audacity—for Soissons was a legitimate prince and therefore far his superior—the challenger was exiled to his estates in Auvergne.

He was then at full liberty to perfect the plot unwatched. But there his career soon came to a close. Henri recalled the Jesuits and took one of the fraternity as confessor; and immediately afterward an intercepted letter revealed the conspiracy. The coincidence is remarkable. D'Auvergne took to the hills of central France, where he spent some romantic weeks, comforted by a romantic lady, from whose arms he was snatched in a romantic way. He was lodged in the Bastile, whither his father-in-law had preceded him. As for the marchioness, she was placed under strict supervision in her hotel, where the search that ensued brought to light many letters at least as warm as those written to Joinville. A few obscure intriguers were also arrested. No serious notice, however, was taken of other great conspirators.

The Balzacs were brought to trial, though not without much hesitation on the part of Henri, and several unusually stormy meetings with his mistress. All through the trial the parties maintained their respective characters. D'Auvergne proved himself the *superfin* scoundrel that Sully had already pronounced him.

Producing the royal warrant, he argued with much ingenuity that the king was the prime mover of the plot—if plot there had been. Entragues was delighted with such a glorious opportunity of exhibiting himself to all the world in his double character of indignant father and pattern of antique virtue. And the defense of the marchioness was as cunning, violent and satirical as the woman herself.

Their speeches would have been admirable had not the speakers contradicted every word a thousand times over by their previous words and actions. For instance, the marchioness declared that neither torture nor punishment should degrade her so low as to accept the disgraceful title of mistress. And yet, not six months before, she had penned a letter—which is yet extant—wherein she gloried in the fact that she had "once been called mistress by the greatest monarch on earth!"

Having made their separate defenses, the parties were confronted. The result was a triangular duel—father, daughter and brother falling foul of one another and exchanging invectives without stint. When everybody was tried, Henriette put on the tragedy-queen, and turning to the judges, exclaimed, "I demand mercy for my father, a rope for my brother, and justice for myself!" Thus the trial ended.

In the ensuing February sentence was pronounced—the marchioness being condemned to seclusion for life in a convent, whither she was led at once, and the two counts to be decapitated. Of course none of the sentences were intended to be executed. D'Auvergne indeed remained in the Bastile for the next twelve years; but the marchioness and her father soon received a full pardon.

Thenceforward Henriette sank down to the level of an abandoned mistress. For the sake of her children, Henri accorded her a certain standing, and even visited her from time to time. He tolerated her father, too, nor did he refuse to exchange occasional repartees with him.

One day the stoic came to court to *accrocher* an order on the treasury. Henri granted it without much demur. "And now," said he, referring to the conspiracy, "did you really mean to kill me?"

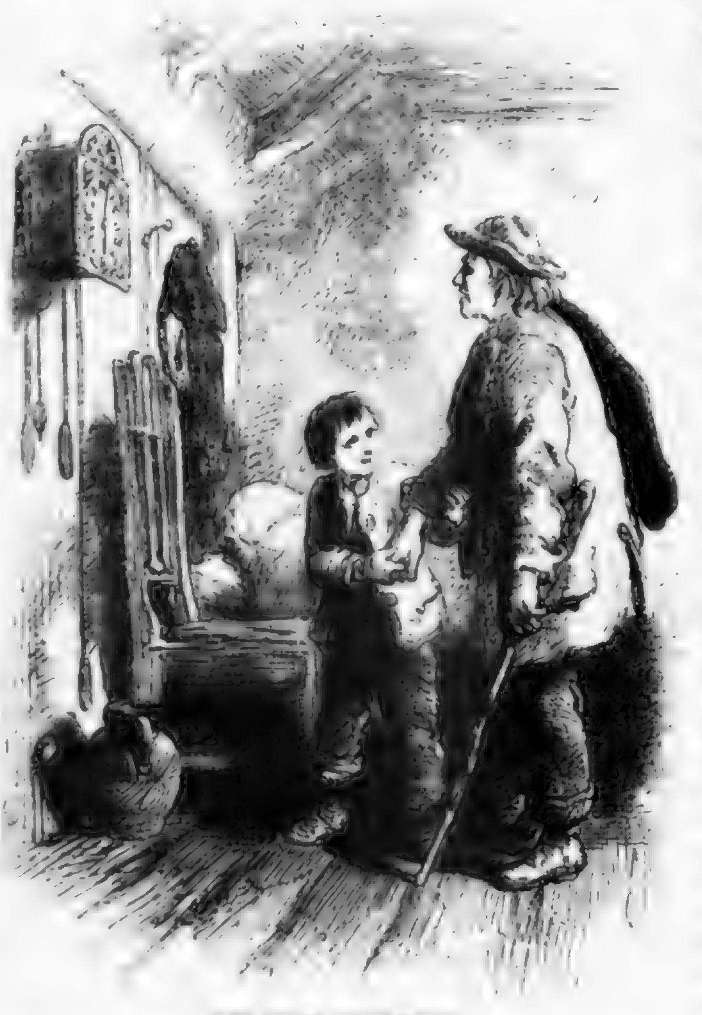
"Yes, sire," was the unabashed reply; "and never shall the intention quit my breast until your Majesty shall repair the wrong you have done my honor."

During the king's mad passion for the Princess of Condé, Henriette made her peace with the queen. The circumstance is suspicious; and there are others tending to prove that she had a share in the assassination of Henri. After that event she lived retired, dividing her time pretty equally between devotion and the pleasures of the table. As a devotee she founded a convent, and in her character of gourmand she managed to become a very mountain of flesh. She died in February, 1633.

A YOUNG CLOCKMAKER.

The late Henry Mayhew, in his very instructive and interesting book called "The Young Philosopher," has given a graphic account of a boy whose instincts were for general knowledge.

We have no space to consider the question whether there is an innate tendency in the human mind—some for *this* trade, and others for *that*, and shall therefore content ourselves by observing that, whatever may be the natural gifts of a person, there must be a patient application ere the full fruits can be reaped.

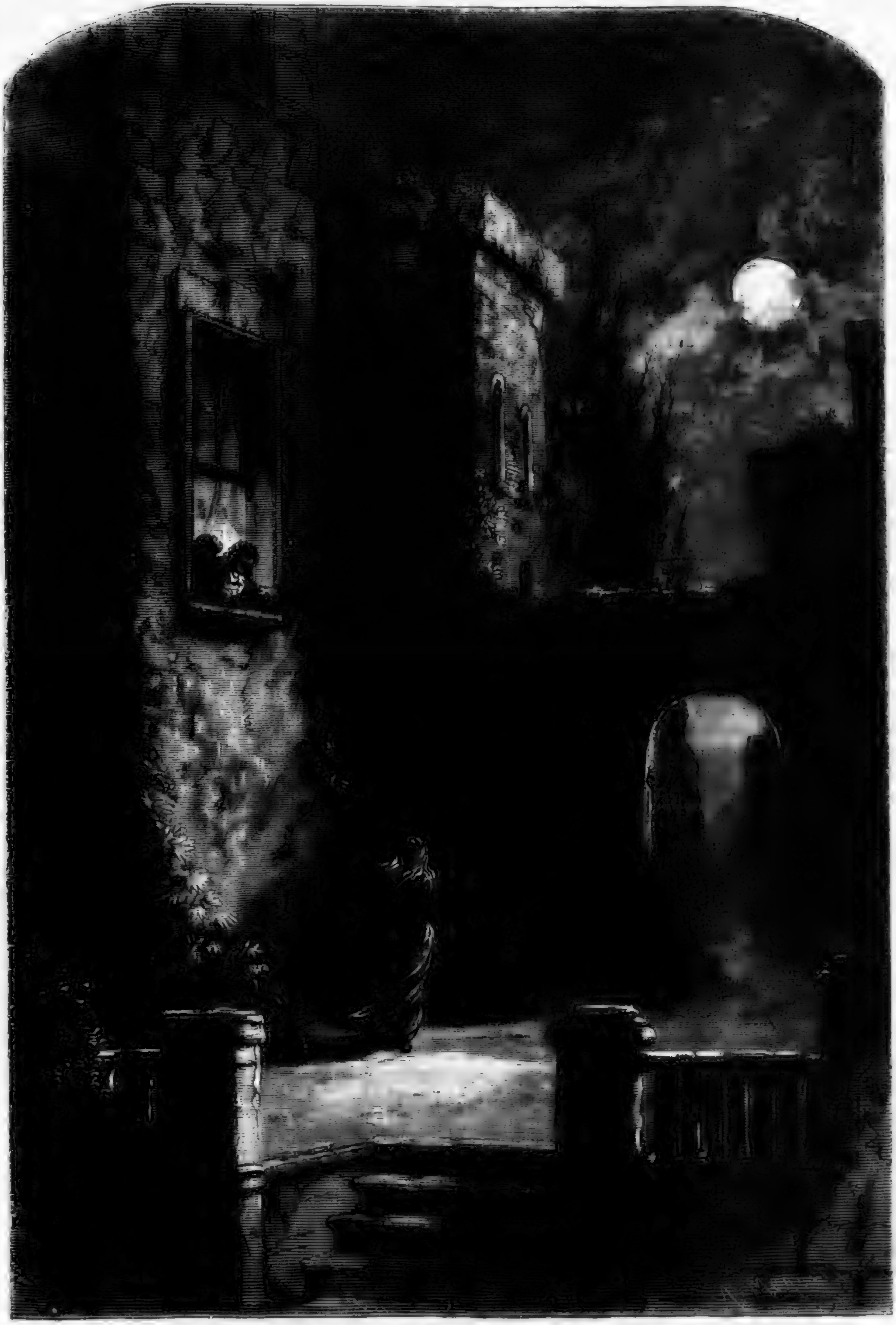


THE YOUNG CLOCKMAKER.

Our sketch shows young Harrison, a famous watchmaker of London, exhibiting to his grandfather the clock he had made, simply by taking a common one to pieces, and studying the works.

We saw, some years ago, in London, a toy-clock, which, by taking to pieces, and by putting together again, gave young persons an excellent idea of the watchmaker's science.

A Promise.—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.



LADY AILEEN'S WARNING.—"THE WOMAN STOOD THERE, AND, THROWING HER ARMS IN THE AIR WITH A GESTURE OF DESPAIR, SHE UTTERED A WAIL SO PIERCINGLY MOURNFUL, THAT ON HEARING IT MY BLOOD SEEMED TO TURN TO ICE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LADY AILEEN'S WARNING.

TWAS quite a young girl, not more than twenty, when I first entered service as lady's-maid to the Lady Aileen O'Brian. My aunt had been housekeeper for years at Squire Harcourt's, and I, from quite a child, had waited upon the young ladies. Lady Aileen was a niece of Mrs. Harcourt's, so when she came to Fairholm on a visit, before her marriage, and inquired for an English maid, I was recommended to her.

She was a great heiress as well as a beauty, and was to marry a gentleman as rich and great as herself. She was very lovely, with a soft, blush-rose complexion, tender dark eyes, and great masses of rippling hair, shining in the sun like living gold. She was very bright and restless, never resting a moment in one place, but flitting, hither, thither, everywhere; laughing, chatting—so different from our young ladies, who were very gentle and sedate. She was like a child with her wild spirits and madcap frolics.

I have seen the squire laugh until the tears poured down his cheeks at her drolleries; "his wild Irish lass," he always called her, for she was a great favorite with the old man.

Sorry as I was to leave Fairholm, that had been a home to me all my life, and the family who had always been so kind, I was delighted at the thought of change, and at the prospect of going abroad, as my mistress was to travel on the Continent after her marriage.

She was married from Fairholm, for she was an orphan, and the squire was her guardian and nearest relative. There was a great wedding; all the gentry in the country were assembled. I thought she was just the sweetest creature I had ever seen—with her golden hair shining through her vail of misty lace, and her sweet face all glowing with tears and smiles and blushes. As for the bridegroom, Sir George Eyreton, he was as handsome and radiant with happiness as so fortunate a man could be expected to be.

We went abroad, and then I saw quite enough of strange scenes and new faces; indeed, at times I grew heartily homesick, and were it not that I had learned to love my young mistress so dearly, I should often have wished myself at home again.

Suddenly, while we were in Rome, my lady fell ill of fever, and for some time we thought each day would be her last. Sir George was almost beside himself with grief and anxiety; together we attended her until all danger was past. One day, when she was beginning to recover, I was sitting beside her, Sir George having retired to rest, as he had watched all the night before.

"Anne," she said, looking up at me suddenly—"Anne, I knew that I should not die, though you were all so frightened about me, and poor Sir George was so wild with terror. I never heard the wail of the banshee, so I knew that I was quite safe."

"The banshee, my lady!" I repeated. "What is that?"

"Did you never hear of the banshee?—but, of course, I forgot that you are not Irish. Well, it is a sort of ghost, or spirit—I cannot exactly explain what—but something delightfully unearthly and supernatural, which all old Irish families boast of possessing. This lady—for it always appears as a female, sometimes young and beautiful, sometimes as an old and shriveled hag—appears to be of a melancholy temperament; for it is only at seasons of death and calamity that she makes her appearance.

"Before a death occurs in the family, her wail is heard, loud and shrill. So you see that, though she is not a cheerful retainer, she certainly is an aristocratic one; for, even in these days of social equality, it is not every one who can have a banshee; money cannot buy it.

"Only fancy hearing the wail of a genuine old Irish banshee in classic Rome!" and she laughed merrily, while the bright color surged up into her face, making her look once more like her own blooming self.

"But, my lady," I said, "you are not serious?"

"Yes, I am perfectly serious," she answered, gravely. "I knew perfectly that if I were doomed I should hear that cry. Our old servants at home could tell you tales of the banshee that would make your hair stand on end. However, one thing is certain—the wail is never heard but it is immediately followed by a death in the family. Mamma was in London, visiting at my grandfather's, when, one night, at the opera, she heard the cry of the banshee. At first it sounded faint and far off, and mamma thought that her imagination had deceived her. The famous Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, was singing that night, and she held the audience so entranced by the exquisite beauty and sweetness of her voice, that you might have heard a pin fall; then suddenly, high above her, rang out that wailing, piercing cry. The others heard nothing, and only ridiculed mamma's fears; but she would not allow herself to be persuaded, and, though she had only arrived in London the day before, she started for Ireland early the next morning. When she reached home she found the whole household in terror and confusion; papa's gun had burst, and shot him through the heart. So, if you hear any such cries, Anne, you will understand what they signify."

Though the fever left my mistress, she did not regain her strength, but continued pale and delicate, to my master's great anxiety. One doctor after another prescribed for her; but none of them appeared to do her much good, though all agreed in saying that the climate of Italy did not agree with her, and advising an immediate return home. Her native air would prove more efficacious in restoring her lost strength than any medicine could. But my lady manifested a strange repugnance to returning to Ireland. She would go anywhere else willingly, but, "oh, not to Ireland!" she protested.

I could not imagine the reason of this sudden whim, for she loved her country passionately—in particular, one of her estates in Connaught, called Balbrogan, whose wild, picturesque beauties she never tired of describing. In time, however, she yielded to her husband's entreaties, and once more we found ourselves *en route*, this time for Ireland.

Well, when I saw Balbrogan, I thought that my lady's enthusiasm had certainly been justified; for, in a wild, grand sort of beauty, it could certainly compare with anything we had seen abroad. Such intensely blue hills; lakes, clear and placid as crystal mirrors; dashing, foaming waterfalls, and such exquisitely cloudless skies. Still it was a strange, lonely place, with scarcely a soul to speak to; for the servants and the country people about appeared to me nothing better than ignorant, uncouth savages.

However, my lady appeared to understand them, and they just adored her, and I believe would have laid down their lives to gratify a caprice of hers. The air, too, proved beneficial, just as the doctors had said it would; her health and spirits returned, the roses came back to her cheeks, and the glad light to her eye, and she sang like a bird as she moved through the gloomy old house. I think, in those days, she was as happy as the day was long.

Sir George was an Englishman, and I don't think that he was particularly fond of Ireland; besides, he missed his clubs, and the society; but he was passionately attached to his young wife, and was so pleased at the improvement in her health, that he found no fault.

One day—it was in the early Spring—Sir George rode over to see our nearest neighbor, Colonel Clare. Harsdale, the colonel's place, was twelve miles from Balbrogan; so he intended to stay the day, dine, and return home in the evening. All day the sky was dark and lowering, and at about five o'clock a great storm came on—vivid flashes of lightning, followed by thunder like the discharge of artillery; then torrents of rain commenced to pour down; the wind roared, and the sea was churned into yeasty mountains of foam.

My lady was in high spirits; she intended going to Fairholm shortly; her cousin, Miss Mabel Harcourt, was to be married, and Lady Aileen had promised to be present at the ceremony. I was pleased, too, at the prospect of seeing home again. I had been reading aloud to her all evening; the book was an amusing one, and she had laughed merrily over it. About eleven o'clock she ordered me to bring her up a cup of tea. When I went down for it, I found that the servants were all going to bed, for at Balbrogan it was "early to bed and early to rise" with a vengeance.

I did not fancy early hours, so I stood there chattering, quite forgetting my lady's orders, until I heard her bell ring sharply. I then ran up; Lady Aileen was sitting in her dressing-room, where a wood-fire flickered and danced, making a glow like Summer in the room; and as she leaned back in her large, crimson easy-chair, I noticed at once that she was deadly pale.

"Anne!" she demanded, sharply, "what is the meaning of all that noise down-stairs? What is the matter?"

"I heard no noise, my lady," I answered.

"I thought I heard some one crying just under the window. I fancied that it might be one of the servants, and went to the head of the stairs to listen, but could hear nothing. I thought perhaps it might be the under-housemaid, Ellen Dooley. Parsons told me yesterday that her mother was dying."

"Yes, my lady; but Ellen is at home, and they say tonight that the old woman is better."

Then I resumed my reading. The clock had just struck twelve when she stopped me again suddenly.

"Anne, listen. I certainly hear some one crying."

I laid down my book, and listened intently; then I, too, heard the sound—a sort of sighing sob, like a person in pain.

"Look in the hall, Anne," and I immediately obeyed. A lamp burned in the upper hall, another in the hall below. I took a little hand-lamp with me, and carefully searched the upper corridor, the great broad staircase, and the lower hall. I even peered into the great state apartments, so gloomy and dark in their lonely splendor; but not a trace of any human presence could I find—not a sound in the whole silent, sleeping house, save the beating of my own heart, and that low, sobbing cry which always sounded close to my ear. I told my mistress that I could find no one, and she answered, sharply:

"Of course there is no one there. You are a foolish girl to indulge in such fancies. My nerves are quite unstrung. Continue your reading."

I obeyed silently, though I was a little astonished at her manner—it was so different from her ordinary, gentle way. Then, just as I was finding my place, I heard that sound again, louder, and apparently nearer than ever.

"It is just outside the window, my lady," I cried. "It must be some one in sore distress."

I hastily pushed back the curtains and looked out. The storm had abated, and the thunder was rolling off slowly toward the distant hills, and the wind began to lull; and, presently, out glimmered a pale, watery moon, and threw a faint, pale light over the landscape. Sometimes it was almost obscured by heavy masses of ink-black clouds; but by its feeble rays I could see that just below the window a woman was standing.

She was tall—taller than any one I had ever seen, and was robed in a sort of loose white garment that fell in heavy folds to her feet, with long yellow hair which enveloped her like a cloud. Her head was uncovered; her disheveled tresses blown into wild confusion by the wind. Yet there she stood in the mud and damp of the terrace, evidently quite untroubled by wind and weather, weeping. For a moment my amazement deprived me of utterance, then I cried out:

"It is a woman, my lady; such a strange, tall woman, standing on the terrace, in a white dress!"

"How absurd of you to imagine such things, Anne! What could any one want on the terrace at this hour?" Lady Aileen said, almost fiercely; but she cowered down in her chair, covering her face with her slender, white hands, as though to close out some horrible sight, and did not attempt to come and see.

"But there really is a woman there—a woman with long yellow hair, and she is crying bitterly," I persisted.

Then my mistress came and stood beside me at the window. She leaned heavily upon my shoulder, and, as her hand touched mine, I felt that it was icy cold. The woman stood there still. Then, throwing her bare, white arms high in the air, with a gesture of profound despair, she uttered a wail so piercingly mournful, so passionately despairing, that in hearing it my blood seemed to turn to ice in my veins. In the whole course of my life I have never heard any other sound that could compare with it, as it surged and swelled out upon the damp night-air. The music of an Æolian harp, so delicately plaintive, would have seemed wildly gay in comparison to this.

"God help us all!" breathed my lady's pale lips. "George is doomed. Anne, it is the banshee! Before another day has passed my darling will die! Oh, my love, my love! I have loved him so dearly!"

She lay in my arms helpless as a child, so I laid her upon a couch, forced a drop of brandy between the pale lips, chafed the cold hands; but she only moaned feebly, and outside still wailed that terrible cry—sometimes sinking to a low, moaning cry, then swelling out into a full, deep volume of sound, which seemed to fill the whole house.

I am not naturally a coward, and was too hale and hearty not to have sound nerves. I had always rather boasted of my courage, but, as I heard that sound, my heart failed me, and I was fairly frightened. Still, I tried to rally my spirits for my mistress's sake.

As soon as she recovered a little, she sat up, pushing back her fair hair from her face with a gesture of pain.

"Anne," she said, "if there is danger, it is upon the road he will meet it. I cannot wait here patiently, expecting every moment to hear evil tidings. I should go mad before the morning. I shall go to him, and share his perils—if need be, his death. For a death there will be; of that I am convinced. Bring me a shawl, and we shall start."

"But, my lady," I remonstrated, "it has been raining—it is raining still, I think. You could not venture out now—the roads are heavy with mud. You are weak still; you would find it impossible to walk a hundred yards. Let me rouse the men, and they can go out with lanterns, if you feel uneasy about Sir George."

"Storm and tempest can have no effect upon me now. Were the weather ten times as bad, I should go all the same. Could I rest here, and feel that he was in danger!"

"But, my lady," I pleaded, "let me call Masters, and order the dog-cart for you. Will Sir George not be annoyed if he meets you, alone and unprotected, upon the road, such a night as this? Indeed, my lady, such exposure would kill you. You have not the strength to endure it."

XUM

"Anne," she said, impatiently, "you shall obey me at once. If you are afraid to obey me, cowardly girl, remain here; but you shall arouse no one. I am not a child, to be dictated to. I could walk from one end of Connaught to the other, by night or day, without receiving even a disrespectful look. Bring a heavy shawl at once!"

I saw it was useless to reason, so I wrapped my mistress up as warmly as her impatience would allow, and unfastened the ponderous bolts and bars of the great hall-door to allow her to pass out. Out into the inky blackness of the night I followed her—across the park, and then on to the high road.

COUNTRY SCENE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I thought that my mistress had gone mad. As for the banshee, I had always despised superstition, and I did not believe in it in the least—I concluded at once that it must be a trick — most likely one of Sir George's, for he was very fond of practical joking, and I knew that he would be well punished for it when he saw the fright he had given my lady.

The moon had disappeared, and it was pitch dark, so that we could not see a yard before us. Those Irish roads are nothing to boast of, I assure you; at every step we sank ankle-deep in soft, slimy mud. The wind had caught our shawls, and the rain beat pitilessly down upon us, yet my mistress pressed on, appearing to feel no fatigue, saying no word, and I dared not complain. Over wild, lonely roads she hurried—over rain-sodden fields, through dense, tangled forest-paths, through dark, dripping woods, never pausing to rest or take breath—on she fled. Finally we came to a place where the road separated in two different directions; then she spoke for the first time, in a voice that I could scarcely recognize.

"You will take the lower road, Anne, and I shall take the upper one, for fear we should miss him. If you don't meet him before you reach the second cross-road, turn up the cross-road, and come to me. I shall wait for you at Finnamore Cross. You know where that is."

I was desperately afraid of going on alone in the darkness, but I dared not disobey; so I just blundered on, stumbling at every step, my heart beating like a sledge-hammer. I had not gone very far when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs splashing along in the mud and water; so I waited by the roadside, and presently I heard Sir George's cheery voice trolling out some gay, careless air, as he rode home alone. I called out to him, to his intense astonishment.

"Good God! Anne, what brings you here at this time of night? Is anything wrong?"

I explained the state of affairs as well as I could.

"Surely she won't attempt to cross the ford; it is very much swollen by the heavy rains, and the bridge has never been very safe. That is the reason I returned by the lower road."

A new fear took possession of me. I knew that, in the state of excitement in which my lady then was, she scarcely knew or cared where she was going.

"If you will ride on, sir," I cried, "the cross-road is the nearest way, and you may, perhaps, reach her before she comes to the ford. Oh, sir, hurry, and I will run across the fields!"

I ran then at full speed. I don't know what strange feeling caused my heart to beat with such a dull throb of terror. I knew that something terrible was about to happen, but I never paused to think how or where. I ran on like one in some frightful dream, never heeding mud or mire. I had forgotten all my own selfish fears; I only thought of my young mistress.

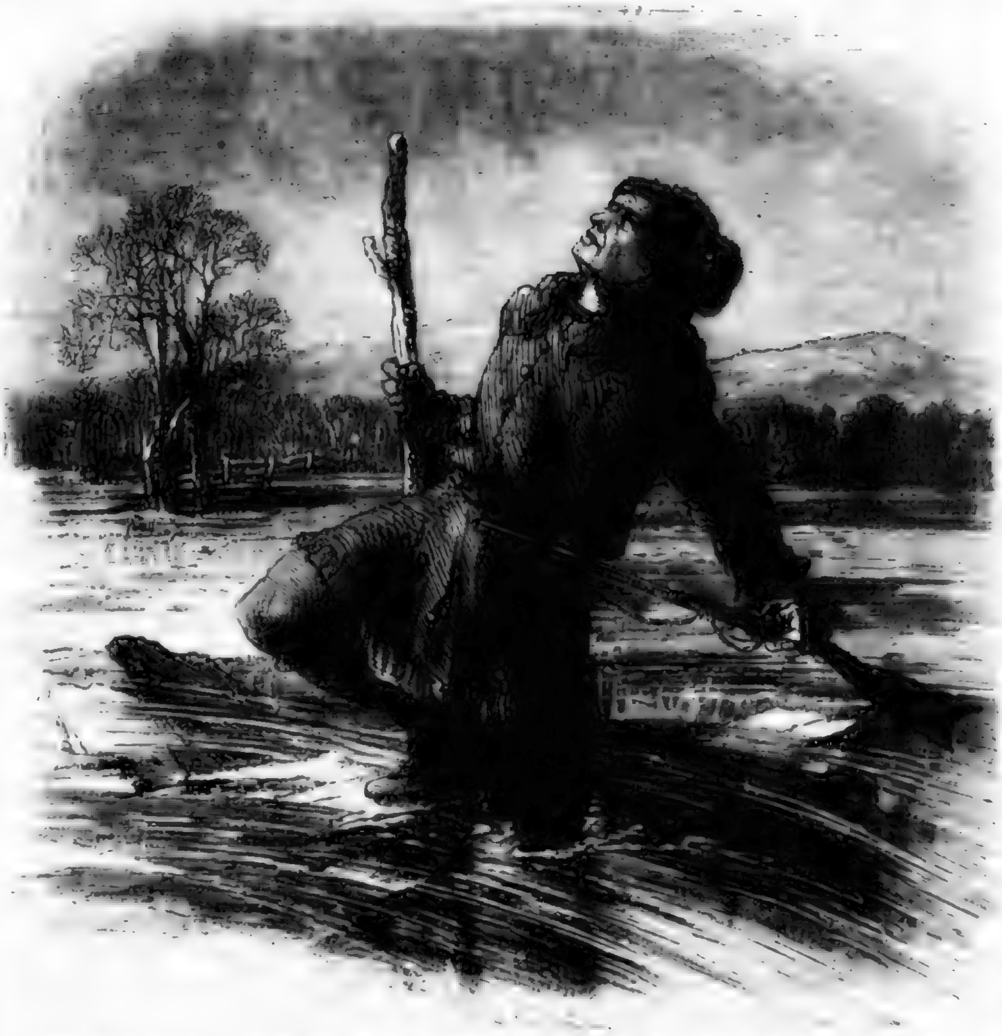
Once, loud and clear, I heard the cry of the banshee; then it was lost in the noisy roar of the ford, which I could hear, loud and threatening, long before I neared it. It was not in reality a great distance; but, in my burning impatience, it seemed like miles to me—the seconds, like long hours. Then the moon shone out from behind a cloud, bright and clear; and, at some distance from me, on the other side, I saw my lady just near the bank of the ford.

I tried to call her, but my dry lips refused to utter a sound; for, behind her on the bank, I saw a tall, white figure wringing its hands, and crying aloud in accents of deepest sorrow. Sir George now appeared near me, and my lady on the other side evidently recognized him. She uttered a glad cry, and advanced on to the bridge.

"Aileen!" I heard him call—"Aileen, darling, don't move! I am coming to you!"

The roar of the ford and the terrible cry must have drowned his voice; for without heeding she still advanced. We watched her on that frail bridge, breathless, fascinated; then the plank, slippery and damp, turned beneath her; there was a heavy plunge in the dark waters, and the bright young life was quenched in the darkness for ever.

Ah me! the next day they brought her home; her golden hair all dripping wet; the fair, sweet face just as perfect as in life; the slender, white hands meekly folded upon her breast. I could not believe but that, as I looked at her, the pale lips would part in a smile. Sir George's despair was very terrible. For days he neither ate nor slept. The house at Balbrogan was closed up. Sir George went abroad, and, a year or two afterward, died at Florence. I returned to England. And that is my first and last experience of a banshee.



THE BEAR HUNT.—"WITH HIS USUAL PRESENCE OF MIND, HE RETAINED HIS HOLD UPON THE LOG, AND DID NOT ALLOW HIS RIFLE TO GO OUT OF HIS HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A COUNTRY SCENE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

There is nothing so charming to every innocent nature as a rustic scene. The country has ever been the poet's theme, and lovers delight to wander in the breezy meadows, and 'neath the sighing shades of ancestral oaks.

Our picture on the preceding page represents a scene in the times of Henry IV. of France, the monarch who was assassinated by the fanatic priest Ravaillac, which event occurred in Paris in the year 1610.

Michael de Marolles, a writer of that age, gives a pleasant picture of rustic life.

"I recall," he says, "with singular pleasure the beauty of the country at that time. It seems to me that it was more fertile then than it has ever been since; that the meadows were more verdant then than they are now, and that our trees bore more fruit. When the time of harvest came, it was a lovely sight to see the number of reapers bending down, side by side, laying bare the fields, and heaping up the bundles of corn, afterward tied up by the strongest of the number.

"Strong village girls reaped with the boys, and worked steadily and cheerfully until the monotony of their tasks was agreeably interrupted by a repast, spread out for them beneath the shade of a fruit-bearing pear tree by kind and elder colaborers."

The author then describes the scene in the evening after the work has ceased, and adds:

"When at about six o'clock in the evening the heat of the sun's rays began to grow less, we were taken out to walk in the harvest fields, and very often my mother, with my aunts and sisters, would come there too. All save the little children went to sit down in some pretty spot, whence they liked to see the reaping. We little ones, having no need of rest, joined the reapers, and, taking their sickles, tried to reap as they did.

"After the harvest the peasants fixed a day on which to meet and have a little feast, called the '*Oison de metire*,' which is a provincial expression. To this they not only invited their friends, but even their masters, who, to please their hard-working servants, would often accept their invitations.

"In our happy village no one ever complained of excessive imposts, and all taxes were cheerfully paid; and I never remember having heard that soldiers in those times, while passing through a parish, had been even guilty of pillaging, much less of laying waste provinces, as has been done but too often since."

XUM

THE BEAR HUNT.

In 1822, that eccentric genius, Colonel David Crockett, was living on the banks of the Obion River, in the northwestern part of Tennessee. A freshet had previously swept away all his earthly possessions, and he had come to this new section of the country with his family in order to begin life anew. His nearest neighbor was just nigh enough for the faint crack of his rifle to be heard as he brought down the game that swarmed around him.

With his matchless skill with his rifle there was little danger of his family suffering for the want of food. Whenever he returned from his day's hunt he was sure to be loaded down with elk, deer, turkeys, and partridges. The faces of his children were ever shiny with the rich grease of his game, and the physical condition of himself, as well as all of them, could not be surpassed.

But Crockett's great delight was to hunt bears. He would leave any employment, or resign any game, if he once caught glimpse of a bear-track. He would follow the trail hour after hour, and when overtaken by night, kindle his fire, lie down and sleep till daylight, when he would resume the pursuit.

No matter whither it led him—through tangled swamps, across swollen streams, or over wide stretches of prairie, he would follow with a perseverance that would not be denied, and finally capture his prey by sheer persistency.

Colonel Crockett always had several dogs of the best breed and training, and these invariably accompanied him upon his hunts. In fact, they were so useful to him that he found it almost impossible to get along without them.

In December, 1822, Crockett found himself reduced to the last charge of powder. The weather was intensely cold, and he saw that he must procure more, to prevent his family from suffering for want of food.

His nearest neighbor was his brother-in-law, who lived six miles distant, on the opposite side of a fork of the Obion. He undoubtedly had an abundance of ammunition, and Crockett determined to visit him and secure a supply.

Unfortunately, there had been a storm of several days' duration, and the rivers had risen to an extraordinary height. Several inches of snow lay upon the ground, the air was keen and cutting, and he had gone but a short distance when he caught sight of the river, overflowing its banks to such an extent that it spread out like an open sea before him. There was a thin crust of ice also, broken in patches, and floating swiftly by, and needles of ice put out from the slime, while the current surged so rapidly by that almost any man would have been affrighted and turned back.

But Crockett had come after ammunition, and he was determined to have it. As he stepped into the water and it filled his shoes it was of icy chilliness, but he never hesitated. He waded cautiously forward until he reached the channel, where he found a fallen tree, upon which he crossed.

This brought him to the edge of a deep slough where there had formerly been a log to cross; but this was now submerged by the freshet.

Here Colonel Crocket felt was the critical point. If he could pass the slough there would be comparatively little trouble in reaching the opposite side. In ordinary times the slough was a small island, and a sapling grew beside the log upon which he wished to cross, and which was submerged beneath the water.

Here was the trouble, but the hunter's ready mind hit upon an artifice by which to overcome it. He first cut a forked sapling, with which he reached across the surging current, and fastened into the young, swaying tree. With the help of this he gradually worked his way forward, until, by sounding with the pole, he found the log three feet beneath him. He now went back and got his rifle.

Carefully climbing up the tree, he succeeded in placing his feet upon the submerged log, and began crossing it. This was one of the most difficult of undertakings. The water beneath the log was a dozen feet deep, and above it the swift current surged to his waist. The most delicate poise was necessary to keep his position on the log.

He was compelled to advance inch by inch, not stepping, but shoving his feet along, and watching for any logs that might come floating down stream. The ice was yet so thin that it occasioned no annoyance.

Finally, after a long time, and after a great deal of labor, he found himself across, and shortly reached another slough, across which a log was floating. This was even more dangerous than the other, as it had no stability, and was liable to turn with him; but there was no retreat, and so he stepped upon it.

It sank down almost beneath the surface, but he moved as carefully forward as before, and was about half way across, when, as quick as lightning, it turned with him, and he went down with a gasp as the icy waters closed over him. With his usual presence of mind, he retained his hold upon the log, and did not allow his rifle to go out of his hand.

He was yet in the midst of the stream, but he worked manfully, and at length succeeded in reaching the land.

Here he changed his clothes, and was obliged to run at the top of his speed to keep from freezing. Late in the evening he reached his friend's, who, as may well be supposed, was astonished to see him.

"All this distance for powder?" inquired his brother-in-law.

"Well, you see it is good weather for bears, and I must have a hunt while it lasts."

"But I should consider you in more danger than the bears."

"We'll soon settle that matter."

His relative gladly furnished him with all the ammunition he could spare, and he announced his intention of returning on the morrow; but during the night the temperature became so low that he was persuaded to defer the attempt until the succeeding day.

But the weather continued growing colder and colder, and the second day was found more intensely severe than the former; so that he reluctantly consented to remain another night at his friend's. When the third morning dawned, the thermometer was below zero.

Crockett by this time had become uneasy. The cold weather had evidently set in, and there could be nothing gained by procrastinating the matter for an entire week. He was fearful, too, that his family were suffering, and he would not consent to remain any longer. So he shouldered his rifle and set out on his return.

When he came to the broad overflow of water, he found it frozen over. He stepped carefully upon it, and it cracked and bent beneath him, but still bore his weight, and he ventured forth. This was a pleasant condition of things, if the frozen sheet would only carry him entirely across.

But in the midst of his pleasant meditations the ice suddenly broke, and he found himself clasped in the chilling current beneath. However, he did not allow himself to go entirely beneath the surface, but caught upon the projecting ice, and drew his body forth. He now experimented to see whether the ice had sufficient strength to bear his body when extended, but found that it was too thin even to do that.

With the same resolution, that was never daunted by difficulty, he began cutting his way before him with his tomahawk. This was a most painful and trying means of progression, but it was the only one left. Prudence commanded him to withdraw, for nine-tenths of the danger and difficulty were still before him, but Crockett did not originate the advice, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," that it might be followed by others alone. He had made up his mind to go home, and as long as he had the power to move, nothing could prevent him.

After making his way in this manner for some distance, he found the ice somewhat stronger, and clambering upon its surface, hurried along for a few yards, when it again gave way, and he went through as delightfully as before. He had his "bearings," and sustaining his weight by means of the projecting ice, he cut his way with the tomahawk until he reached the log which had served him so treacherously on his previous trip. This was now frozen fast, and he passed over it in safety.

When the submerged log was reached, it was found that the current was so swift that it had not frozen, and Crockett made his way over this precisely as he did when on his way to his brother-in-law. From this point he noticed that there was a "path" to the opposite shore; that is, the ice was broken, as though some person or animal had been through to the log, and then turned back.

He soon reached the shore, where the intense cold froze his clothes to his body, and he could walk only with the greatest difficulty, and when he reached the door his limbs were so benumbed that he could scarcely stand.

Under the affectionate care of his wife he soon "thawed out," and was himself again, ready on the morrow to engage in his favorite bear-hunt.

When Crockett was thoroughly "reconstructed," he went to bed, and had a terrific dream of an encounter with a burly African.

It may not be generally known to our readers, but it is a curious superstition among the hunters, that a dream like this is a sure prognostic of a bear-fight. We have met old woodmen who have told us that they had been repeatedly advised in this manner, and that never had it failed.

Colonel Crockett shared that singular superstition, and when he arose in the morning, he informed his family that, inasmuch as he had been notified of what was to come, it devolved upon him to make every preparation to perform his part satisfactorily.

Crockett had several men at work for him, and these decided to accompany him upon his hunting expedition.

Upon going out in the morning, it was found that a fine, drizzling rain had fallen all night, and having frozen as it fell, the ground and leaves, the tree-trunks and their branches, were incased in quite a thick sheeting of ice.

This was rather an uninviting prospect, but not forbidding enough to deter the hunters from their contemplated sport. Calling the dogs, the three started.

The brittle ice cracked and crushed beneath their feet until they got fairly into the woods, when it was found that the branches overhead had caught and retained so much of the falling sleet that it was comparatively easy walking.

At this point, Crockett's companions announced their intention of hunting for turkeys.

"You had better join us," said they. "It will be an easy thing to bring down a dozen or twenty."

"If you can do that, there will be no need of my help, then. I thank you. I'm after bears just now."

Calling off his dogs, the hunter bade his friends good-by, and started off in quest of nobler game. Going up the river half a dozen miles, he struck across the mainland until he reached the Obion, several miles distant. When here a terrible storm of sleet was raging, and the fine, needle-like points of hail struck his face with a sharp, stinging sensation, as if they were fine shot hurled through the air.

All at once, his dogs started a flock of turkeys. Crockett shot two of the finest, and slinging them over his shoulder, pressed on. Still the storm raged, until, somewhat exhausted, he sat down upon a fallen tree to rest himself, and to prepare for a more vigorous prosecution of his hunt.

Crockett had sat there a few moments, when his attention was arrested by the curious action of one of his dogs. This creature ran to a log near by, and after smelling around it for a few moments, he pointed his nose to the sky, then gave utterance to a long, peculiar whine, and darted away, followed by the other dog. This was done with such an evident intention of attracting the hunter's attention, that he sat and watched them for a while before stirring from his position.

He soon saw that game had been scented, and arising from the log, started after them. They immediately hurried away, and were heard barking very clamorously at a large tree; but a glance showed that, in hunter's parlance, they were "barking up the wrong tree," as no game at all was visible.

Somewhat puzzled to account for this mistake of his faithful animals, Crockett stood looking at them a moment, when they plunged away, and began barking as fiercely as ever up another tree. Upon following them up, it was found that they had repeated their blunder.

This same thing was done fully half a dozen times, by which time the hunter had lost so much patience that he determined to shoot the leading dog if he deceived him again. The next moment the clamor was repeated, and in a mood that was exceedingly dangerous to his favorite dog, he cocked his rifle and started after them.

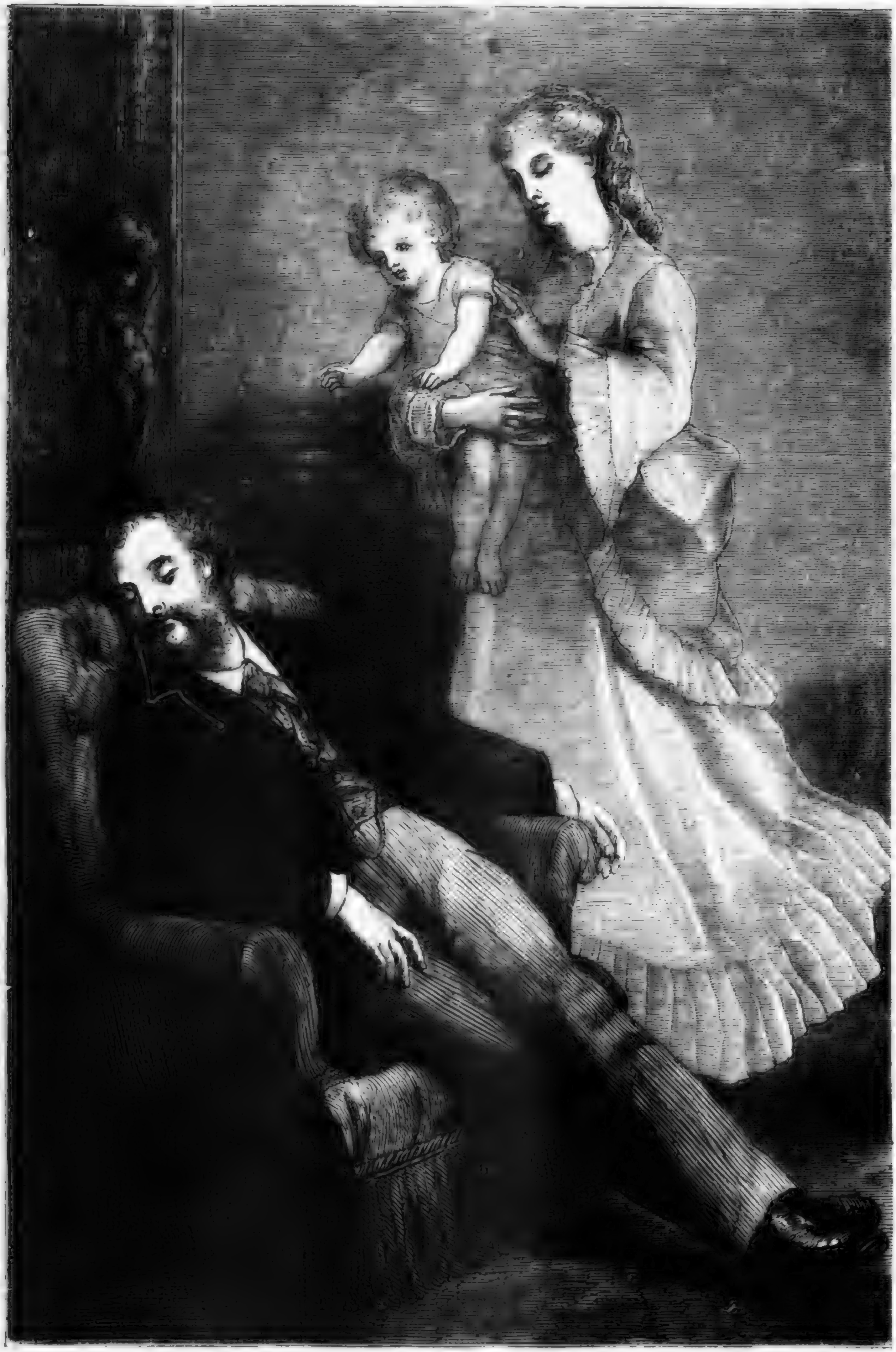
What was Crockett's delight and amazement, as he came to the edge of a small prairie, to discover an enormous black bear, coolly and unconcernedly awaiting his approach. The sagacious dogs had adopted the stratagem described in order that the hunter might keep up with them, as their instinct taught them better than to attack the formidable animal alone.

The eyes of Colonel Crockett sparkled as he caught sight of the brute, and dropping his turkeys, he started on a full run after the bear, his dogs barking and running at his side. The bear, apparently, deemed it best to retreat before such an overwhelming force, and made off on a lumbering, awkward trot. Reaching a thicket, he scrambled in out of sight before the hunter could approach nigh enough to give him a shot; but, never hesitating, Crockett followed in his "wake," and soon descried him climbing a large tree. Stealing cautiously forward until within seventy-five yards, he gave him a shot. The bear showed that he was struck by a start and a growl, but he did not fall from his position.

Reloading his gun, Crockett crept still nearer, and making his aim more sure, he sent his second bullet into the vitals of the monster, which came tumbling to the ground, catching one of the dogs in his death-hug. Not willing to lose one of his brutes in this manner, the hunter dropped his rifle, and, armed with his knife and tomahawk, rushed forward with the intention of ending matters most speedily.

Before the hunter had reached him, the bear caught sight of him, and dropping the dog, advanced to meet his human antagonist; but Crockett did not see the necessity of submitting to one of his tremendous embraces just then, so he made a rapid retreat for his gun.

Securing this, he hastily rammed a charge home, and sent a third bullet into his body, upon which he rolled over and died. Crockett immediately started home for means of transporting the carcass thither. Four horses were necessary to do this, and it was found that his weight was more than 1,000 pounds.



A BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBIE.

GLADYS ARDEN'S DISLOYALTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE," "THE LAST OF THE CARNES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

UNPERCEIVED Rooke had led Gladys away to a quiet and dusk-haunted corner of the garden at Linford Grange; unperceived he had asked her for a few uninterrupted moments apart from the slight confusion which the departure of Mrs. Arden's friends was making; and she, with a cold, hard sensation near her heart, had consented.

He had brought her to a spot where the larches grew thickest, and the laurels and lilac-trees cast intermingled shadows upon the previous year's dead leaves and broken twigs, with which the grass was strewed in this unfrequented corner.

It was at the farthermost extremity of the Linford Grange garden, where a green, undulating meadow formed part of the boundary, and the house itself could not be seen for the wild growth of shrubs and climbing tangled underwood. It was very still and solemn here, for the dusk was deepening perceptibly. The grass was wet with the dew, and one or two stars were in the sky.

Amongst the shadows, facing each other, the two stood alone. The woman's face was woefully white, and her great violet eyes were wide and strained with pain. The man's arms were folded across his breast; his face, too, was pale and his mouth rigid and drawn.

"Is this your answer?" he was saying, roughly—"your final, unalterable answer, Miss Arden?"

"Don't!" she cried, faintly, with a sort of sob. "Oh, Rooke, you are not kind to speak to me as you do!"

"Kind!" he repeated, scornfully. "Kind! How can you expect kindness from me when, loving you as I do, you coldly tell me that I am too young to rightly understand the true meaning of love—that my love is nothing more than a boyish infatuation, which in time——"

"You seem a boy to me," she said, in quick interruption, turning aside her face. "I am older than you are, both in years and worldly experience. I know what is best for us, and what I have said I cannot unsay."

"I love you like a man, Gladys—with a man's strength," he cried, hotly; "oh, my dear love, do not send me from you! I could not bear it!"

She sighed wearily, still with her face turned from him. It was hard, she thought, to hear him pleading—very hard. Why would he not take a first refusal—why tempt her beyond her feeble strength?

"But you are only a boy," she murmured again, "and——"

"Well, and what?" he asked, trying bravely to keep cool; for she had faltered, and locked her hands together.

There came another weary, long-drawn sigh, but no answer; so he seized the locked hands in a fierce and cruel grip. They were as cold as ice.

"I am a boy," he said, ironically; "and what more?"

With a sort of shudder she tried to wrench her hands away; but, failing to do so, she let them be.

XUM

"And—and I do not love you," she uttered, in a scared kind of voice—"can never love you—never"—repeating the words with feverish haste—"never, I mean, in the way you would have me—in the way you have been asking me to do this evening. I will love you as a friend, Rooke, but as—as nothing else."

He threw the false, cold little hands from him, as he would have thrown a poisonous serpent, and hot and bitter words rose fast to his pale, angry lips.

"You are heartless—thoroughly heartless, Gladys Arden," he cried, wrathfully—"false and heartless as Delilah of old. I do not believe that you have spoken the truth. I believe, though, that your love is all my own, say or do what you may. Do you deem me blind, that you think me incapable of seeing through your mean, contemptible scheming, and the part——"

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, passionately, his words stinging her to anger, turning upon him in her passion, her face no longer white and woebegone, but flushed guiltily with somewhat of its old insolence and nonchalant loveliness. "How dare you!" she repeated, stamping her foot upon the rank, wet grass. "Tell me that I lie! You say that I do not speak the truth. You say that my love is yours, in spite of all that I myself may say to the contrary; and you call me false and heartless into the bargain. Surely such words, from a man to a woman"—with intense and bitter scorn—"are very manly! Surely such words are worthy of a gentleman!"

"They may not be manly," cried he, fiercely; "but to you, I can plainly see, Gladys, they are painfully just. They strike home too well to please you, perhaps. And is it womanly in a woman, think you, to spoil and blight a man's life, when it is in that woman's power to gladden and beautify it, without either hardship or repugnance on her part? You may think so; but I tell you that beneath heaven there can be no falser or more heartless woman than yourself; for to-night you have almost broken my heart—willfully and unpardonably—and made my whole future an utter blank."

"Let him find it out for himself," she had said, in the lawyer's old-fashioned garden, at the back of the great red house in the High Street, when she had given Mattie, on that afternoon not long before, a sketch of what she had called her true character—when she had recklessly told Mattie to acquaint Rooke as soon as she liked with all she had said, and Mattie had refused. And yet, now that he was finding it out without assistance, she was feeling enraged and hurt because of his telling her of his discovery with a truthfulness so rough and plain—because of his casting back her own words, as it were, into her very teeth, although he was totally ignorant that before he had done so she had applied those same or similar words to herself.

A gentle, rustling breeze stirred the branches and leaves about them; they could hear the wheels of a late carriage rolling away from the gate of Linford Grange. From over the lea came the distant lowing of cattle, and a clock chimed a quarter to eight from the roof of the stables near. For one brief minute Gladys's willful heart softened dangerously toward the young fellow whom she really and truly loved with all the warmth of her passionate nature, yet whom she was about to send from her forever, with a cold assurance of her utter indifference. "And why?" she asked herself, doubtfully. Ah, she scarcely dared think! She shivered as she thought. There was no help for it—and yet how she loved him, as he had so rightly said!

"You should not blame me," she replied steadily to his last speech, though her face paled swiftly again as she spoke the lie. "How can I help it if—if I—I do not love you?"

And then she tottered as though she would have fallen. His arms were folded on his breast as they had been before, his firm, square jaw appeared immovable. In his dark eyes burned a dull, threatening fire, though the ashen hue of his face surpassed that of the girl before him. In grim silence he regarded her for a few seconds; and she, vainly struggling for outer calmness, confronted him in her baseness and sin.

"May Heaven forgive you, Gladys Arden," he said at last, slowly and solemnly, "for it is more than I can do! I at least have spoken the truth to-night—you know that I have. I can only say that with the man for whom, there is not the shadow of a doubt, you have thrown me aside, I hope you may be happy, though happiness in this world is more than you deserve; for you have wrecked and destroyed mine without the slightest compunction. I pray Heaven that I may never look upon your face again!"

He walked away and left her standing motionless in the dusk—a woman petrified she looked, though there was a wildly-bounding heart within her breast, the fierce beats of which well-nigh swayed her where she stood.

Rooke Paget, a different man in his complete disappointment, retraced his steps in the direction of the house. He found the wagonette in waiting at the gate, and Leah and Mattie in readiness for the homeward drive to Mount Linford. They were standing in the hall-doorway with Mrs. Arden.

"Oh, Rooke," exclaimed Leah, when she saw him, "where have you been all this while? We thought you were lost or something dreadful had happened, didn't we, Mrs. Arden?"

"Yes, indeed," assented that lady, airily, guessing shrewdly at what had taken place, and thankfully reading favorable conclusions, as she termed it, from poor Rooke Paget's gloomy brow. "Nobody could find you, Rooke, or Gladys either, when they wanted to say good-by just now. Sir Bethel Oswestry went off in positive distress"—the words made Rooke wince palpably—"when nobody could find my naughty child. He would so have liked to stay until she had been found, but Lady Templeton bore him off *nolens volens* in her carriage, so of course he could not remain. He dines with Lady Templeton this evening, and I have been telling Leah that you all ought to remain with us. What have you done with my daughter?" exclaimed Mrs. Arden, maliciously playful.

"She will be with you soon, doubtless," replied Rooke, stiffly. "Good-night, Mrs. Arden. Leah, Mattie, are you ready?"

"Yes, dear," Mattie murmured, gently.

Like Mrs. Arden, she, too, guessed well enough what had taken place, and her tender, loving heart bled for her brother.

"Then you will not stay and dine with us?" cried Mrs. Arden, with mock reproach.

"Thank you, no," Rooke answered, brusquely.

They drove home in the purple dusk, Rooke speaking never a word to one sister or the other. Leah wondered vaguely at his unusual silence; but Mattie, knowing the reason of it, wept stealthily in the gloaming.

* * * * * * *

It was late that night before Rooke Paget went to his bed. He and his father, alone together in the dining-room, had had much to say to each other—much to talk over quietly and dispassionately—much to propose, for the best on both sides, regardless of the hopelessness of the past.

The old lawyer by this time was in full possession of the story of the young fellow's non-success, and he, the elder, had done what he could—his simple best—to comfort the younger in this, his first real trouble.

Father and son separated as the clocks through the silent house tolled out the hour of twelve—separated with no word beyond an ordinary "Good-night"; but in the accompanying hand-clasp there seemed to be a tacit and mutual understanding, the result, perhaps, of their recent conversation.

It was a haggard, care-worn face that pressed Rooke Paget's pillow that night, and to the dreary, dark eyes there came little sleep to soothe them, the first roseate streak of the early Summer dawn finding them open and wide, dreary and hopeless still.

Chapter VIII.

OSWESTRY WOLD, Sir Bethel's country seat, was of Elizabethan architecture, gray, venerable-looking, and ivy-clad. Its zig-zag, weather-stained chimneys were partly hidden in the dark, clustering leaves, as were also the gaunt, rough gables, with their carved oaken spikes, so grim with age. Some of the windows in the front were broad and elaborate, whilst others were as small and inconvenient as the casements of a wayside cottage. Over the principal entrance was a porch with a base of stonework, roofed with rugged oaken beams, and seated with heavy oaken seats. The walls were lichen-grown and hoary in their grayness, with a thickness that bordered on the marvelous, and with an irregularity as picturesque as it was striking.

The mansion was built on a grassy eminence, on all sides surrounded by its own beautiful parkland, in which some of the timber was as ancient and time-worn as Oswestry Wold itself—oaks and beeches with gnarled, moss-grown trunks and knotted, awkward-looking limbs, with an outer bark as tough and horny as the hide of an elephant, mistletoe-loved where the branches were withered and the sap dried up forevermore in the twigs that were damply-green once, rook-haunted and nest-darkened, and enlivened by the agile leaping squirrels that would scare the aged crows from their homes—oaks and beeches in the grand hey-day of their existence, towering and perfect in their growth, and ever restless in the soft Summer winds, whispering, shivering, sighing, full of secrets which the birds only knew far up in the topmost swaying boughs, calling forth those secrets—so faintly mysterious—to Him who gave them their little lives, so precious because so short—poor little feathered warblers!—oaks and elms in clustering majesty together, with their spreading, twisted, groveling roots overgrown with trailing underwood; prickly blackberry thickets, and stunted hawthorn bushes, and tangled feathery wood-ferns, drooping moistly in the soft warmth of the shade, rustling ghost-like in the green-shadowed stillness as the rabbits and their young ones scudded fearlessly through brake and bramble, and vanished precipitately down the tunnels of their sandy-mouthed warrens, burrowed under the hilly sward of the buttercup and daisy-strewed park. Hill and dale were rich alike in verdure, and the copses and plantations swarmed with game, from a snipe to a kingly pheasant.

Oswestry Wold was an inheritance to be proud of—an inheritance to reverence because of its ancestral antiquity; and Sir Bethel was undoubtedly as proud of it as he well could be, loving it because it was his birthplace, and because it was his birthright likewise.

But still Oswestry Wold, large as it was, for a solitary and comparatively tieless man was a lonesome and desolate place; and lately the idea had been seldom absent from Sir Bethel's thoughts that, with some one to share them with him, the big, deserted rooms, so stately and chilly of aspect now, might, if one only knew how to set about it, be made cheerful and elegant enough. It would be both pleasant and desirable to inhabit them then—pleasant to feel that somebody beside himself was taking pride and delight in the dear old house, and to know, moreover, to revel in the satisfaction, that it was the presence of a wife that was changing unconsciously the clinging, empty dreariness and silent desolation into the very comfort and holiness of "home, sweet home" itself—his wife, Lady Oswestry, the mistress of it all.

Yes, to have that idea realized would be pleasant indeed; and Sir Bethel knew, and often told himself, that there was but one woman living in all the world whom he would take pleasure in creating mistress of Oswestry Wold, and that one woman was Gladys Arden.

"If she were only more cordial toward me," he would think sadly, sometimes, "I might hope to win her in time. I hardly think she can care for me; she is always so cold and indifferent."

It was a clear, bright afternoon, about three days after Mrs. Arden's garden-party, and Sir Bethel Oswestry was alone in his library—a handsome though sombre apartment with a great deal of crimson and paneling about it. There was a soft odor of morocco leather pervading the cool atmosphere, and the windows looked out upon the western side of the park, one window opening to a shallow stone step on the grass-bordered terrace which flanked that part of the house.

The master of Oswestry Wold was seated at the littered library table; before him were a wide-spread writing-case, pens and paper, and his partly-bowed head was supported by his left hand. His eyes were resting perplexedly on the blank sheet beneath them, and his other hand trifled with a long quill that wandered restlessly over the blotting-pad near; every now and then his lips, beneath the brown, flowing beard would part in the ghost of a smile that faded and died gradually into a settled gravity.

"Shall I write," he mused, "or speak to her myself? What will her answer be? I dare not think. The other night—poor child!—she appeared startled and pained when I forgot myself so far as to call her by her Christian name in the quick temptation of the moment to tell her all I felt. I am older than she is, too—too old, she will think, I dare say, yet heaven knows I could not love her more than I do, were I ten years older or ten younger than I am."

He smiled again to himself, the same half-sad smile, and traced more lines vacantly on the blotting-pad under his pen.

The great house was very still, both within and out of doors. Through the crimson-lined blinds that were drawn down over the windows widely open the Summer sun streamed in, and would not be excluded. The bees buzzed by the creepers that crept along the window-sills, and the faint lowing of the oxen, in groups, hot and fly-tormented, under the shade of the parkland oaks, came in on the whispers of the breeze that just rattled the blind-tassels against the paneling by which they hung.

"How shall I address her?" he thought, his doubts and fears increasing. "It seems so cold and formal to commence with 'My dear Miss Arden'; and yet I dare not, could not presume—— I will see her!" he cried, with sudden determination. "I will see her, and offer her my love in person. It will be, after all, the easier and safer plan. I shall be better able then to tell from her manner if she really cares for me, or ever will. I will see her at once—this very afternoon; I have lost too much time already."

He pushed the writing materials away from him all in a heap together, and got up with a sigh of relief from his chair at the thickly-littered table. As he stood up, and was about to move across the room, he cried out sharply and suddenly—a low, clear cry of dire, unmistakable anguish. His features in a second seemed transformed and convulsed; his eyes were wide and staring. One hand went swiftly to his left side; the other clutched wildly at the back of the chair from which he had only just risen. The chair was massive and strong, yet it creaked with the weight which in dreadful heaviness was leaning upon it.

Leaning with all his helpless force upon the piece of furniture he had grasped at, his breath held fast and none coming from between his drawn lips, far from the bell-ropes, tongue-tied with agony—save the pitiful cry which at first, short and involuntarily, had escaped him—the powerful figure rocked gently to and fro in pain too deep for utterance—a pain in its pain too terrible.

It was soon over, lasting scarcely a minute; the face became less contracted, the wild pain died out of the eyes, the color by degrees stole back to the baronet's cheeks, and the ashen grayness fled before it. His vice-like grasp loosened slowly from the back of the chair, and Sir Bethel Oswestry stood upright again—the spasm past—himself once more.

It was over, and he drew a deep, free, thankful breath. There happened, fortunately, to be wine on a side-table; he crossed over to it and drank of it eagerly.

"It was a hard one," he muttered, as he placed the glass down, "a very hard one—harder than I ever had before. I suppose by rights I ought to seek advice, and learn if anything really serious may be likely to result from the attacks. My dear mother's death," he thought, gloomily, "I must not forget."

It was the half-hour after three then, and the afternoon sun was at its brightest. At four o'clock, just as the sleek cows from the bailiff's paddock were going slowly home to the farm to be milked, Sir Bethel Oswestry, his face pale and drawn, passed out of the lodge-gates on his way and errand to Linford Grange.

Chapter IX.

IN the pretty, airy drawing-room at Linford Grange, listlessly staring out of the window at the flaming flower-beds tipped with the golden radiance of the afternoon sunlight, sat Gladys Arden, her white hands folded idly on the lacework in her lap, her head resting gracefully back against the cushion of her low easy-chair.

She was looking paler than she was wont to look—paler and more haggard—and there was a sort of uneasiness in the large, dark-rimmed eyes, as though she were sick at heart and miserable, with a restlessness she could not control. She had seen nothing of the Pagets since the croquet-party three days before. Neither Leah nor Mattie had called, and it was not likely that Rooke would do so.

With all her effrontery and cool way of meeting disagreeable things generally, she could not just at present summon up sufficient courage to make a visit to the red-brick house in the High Street; and she wondered what Mattie would say to her—for of course Rooke had told them all by this time, she thought—all that she had said to him in the garden on the night of the party.

She wished Mattie would call this afternoon, and, if she had made up her mind to fly into a temper about her brother, she would like her to fly into it and have it thoroughly out while Mrs. Arden was not in the way—and she was not in the way this afternoon, as it happened, Gladys being at home by herself.

Miss Arden felt sure that some kind of unpleasant explanation with Mattie Paget respecting the well-loved brother whom Gladys had not treated well would be inevitable. Mattie was Rooke's defender—there would be no such thing as avoiding her just indignation and wrath.

Occupied with her thoughts, she did not hear the unfastening and closing to again of the iron gate, nor the tread on the gravel-drive, nor the distant sound of a ring which soon followed at the visitors' bell.

The opening of the drawing-room door, together with the servant's voice, startled her out of her reverie.

"Sir Bethel Oswestry."

And then the door closed, and they were alone.

It had come at last—that which she had waited for, yet dreaded as well. Yet, she instinctively knew what he was there for, and was not surprised at all. She had not seen him, either, since the day of the garden-party, and the quiet nervousness which was so evident in his demeanor would have told her that his visit was not of ordinary importance, even had there been no other signs to go by.

She rose to meet him, pale yet self-possessed, and held out her hand; and she smiled on him, too, with slight friendliness, just as she would have smiled on any other visitor whom she was not particularly glad to see.

"Mamma is not at home, Sir Bethel," she said, the first greeting over. "She has driven out to pay some calls."

He sat down near to her, and Miss Arden began to tremble a little.

"I am fortunate in having found you at home, Miss Arden," Sir Bethel Oswestry returned, earnestly. "I was most anxious to speak to you alone, if possible, and hardly expected so good an opportunity. Mrs. Arden is quite well, I hope?"

"Thank you, yes," answered Gladys, trying to utter the words with her usual nonchalance, but speaking very fast, and saying a great deal more than was necessary in her anxiety to put off the evil moment, "or she would not have ventured out. Had I had the inclination, I should have accompanied her; but I preferred remaining at home. She will be sorry to think that you called when she was not at home."

"My visit is to yourself," he observed, gently, "yourself especially, Miss Arden."

"Forgive me for asking," she put in quickly, before he could go on, noticing, for the first time, the traces of pain which his late seizure had left near his eyes and mouth, "but have you been ill?"

"It is nothing—nothing at all," he answered, inexpressibly grateful to her for showing a little pity for his condition. "I have not been very well to-day, it is true; but now I am better—in fact, all right again."

"You feel tired, perhaps. May I offer you anything?" she suggested, timidly.

"No, thank you. You are very kind," he said, hurriedly. "Miss Arden," he went on, with startling abruptness, rising and standing over her in his agitation, "I have called upon you this afternoon to tell you something that I have been bent on telling you for many days past. It is simply this. I have to tell you that I love you with all my heart—to ask you if you can love me a little in return; all that I possess in the world I lay at your feet, and will feel everlastingly blessed if you will only deign to accept it. You must have seen how dear you have been growing to me—how impossible it has been for me to keep away from Linford Grange. You must have known that, as the days went by, each one made you more precious, if possible—more necessary to my life and happiness. Gladys, be my wife. You are all the world to me, dear. My love for you is deeper—far deeper—than any words of mine can adequately express. Gladys, my darling, do not say me nay."

A great hush fell upon them—a dead silence followed all that he had said. He stood looking down upon her as she sat with bowed head in her chair, and for the life of her then she could not have lifted her face to meet the honest, yearning love that shone in her lover's eyes.

She struggled with all her might and strength to keep Rooke Paget from entering her thoughts—tried to shut his image out, and to realize now that it was indeed come, the length and breadth of her triumph. But it would not do; the boyish lover's face started up in her imagination, dark, stern, and unforgiving, as she had seen it last, yet with passionate love that would never die lighting his scornful eyes, as he turned and left her in her faithlessness, a traitress to her better feelings.

Her head was bowed, and she could not lift it—could not lift it boldly and lie to this man; she could not tell him that she actually loved him when, as she knew full well, she never would be able to do so.

The hour of her triumph was come, but at its best the triumph was a sorry one. Was the coveted fruit about to taste bitter — bitter to her worldly palate as Dead Sea apples?

She wished that Sir Bethel had been less honest in his manly simplicity, less unsuspicious and generous. It was no inconsiderable addition to the burden that she had to bear already, to delude and deceive so sinfully a straightforward, honest man like Sir Bethel.

"Gladys," he said, at length, having waited with his customary gentle patience, "look up, dear, and end my suspense either one way or the other. If—if you do not love me, say so."

Still she could not answer him; still the red-brown head was bowed down low with its shame.

"One word, Gladys — one little word, and I will be content," he pleaded. "'Yes,' or 'No'—which is it to be?"

She rose unsteadily from her chair, and with a white face looked into his. Sir Bethel for a moment was alarmed at the expression.

"Ah, don't let it be 'No'!" he cried, almost childishly. "But, if you cannot love me, tell me so at once."

She would be honest to a certain extent, she thought; and she must contrive to prevent his asking any questions.

"I—do—do not love you, Sir Bethel," she faltered—"not yet, at least—but I think perhaps in time I may learn to—to resp—love you as——"

The guilty whisper died away, but Sir Bethel could understand that her answer was not altogether a negative; and so he caught her in his arms, wild, nearly, with his sudden joy. She, passive and unresisting, repulsed him not.

"My darling, my darling," he murmured, fondly, kissing reverently—for had he not won the right to do so!—the clear, cold face—"my own at last!"

With such scant acquiescence on her part he was more than satisfied.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Arden, coming in from her calls, discovered Gladys by herself, calm, listless, and with no trace visible of her recent agitation. As Mrs. Arden entered the room Gladys went to meet her.

"Mamma," she began, by way of prelude, "Sir Bethel Oswestry has been here."

"I thought so," Mrs. Arden said; "I saw him in the distance turn in at the lodge-gates. I guessed he had been here."

"Congratulate me," Gladys went on, in a dull, monotonous voice; "he asked me this afternoon to marry him, and I have given him my word that I will."

Mrs. Arden's fair face beamed instantly; she threw down her parasol and driving-gloves, and gazed at her daughter in genuine admiration.

"Oh, Gladys," she cried, growing effusive immediately, and making a maternal rush at the young lady, who, however, would have none of her mother's embraces, or gushing, powdery caresses just then, "Oh, Gladys"—this time re-reproachfully—"let me kiss you, child, and tell you how happy you have made me! Oh, Gladys, my darling child, don't push me away so coldly. You——"

With a little movement of disgust Miss Arden interrupted her mother.

"That will do," she said, quietly. "If you are satisfied with what I have done, I suppose eventually I shall grow satisfied myself. At present, though, I feel very dissatisfied, very unhappy, very miserable. I feel thoroughly sick of my life and of everybody and everything about me. Mamma"—with an unexpected passion and vehemence, which somehow set Mrs. Arden quaking—"I wish with all my heart that I had been dead and lying in my grave before sinning as I have sinned in Heaven's sight to-day. What a wretch I am!" She half wept in her misery. "What a wretch!"

"Not at all, dear," said the mother, complacently. "When you are calmer you will understand better, and by degrees realize the enviable position in which, in your good sense, you have placed yourself with Sir Bethel Oswestry. When you are calmer you will be happier," ventured Mrs. Arden, hesitatingly.

"When I am calmer," returned the girl, passionately, "I should not wonder if I were to walk straight over to Oswestry Wold, and retract in Sir Bethel's hearing the promise I have given him. You need not be surprised should I do so. I feel as though I could not live another hour with that promise weighing on my soul."

Mrs. Arden was really frightened now.

"Nonsense!" she reproved, fretfully. "Don't be reckless, child. Why ruin yourself? Why quarrel with your good fortune? By-and-by, depend upon it, you will like him well enough, and, in time, positively adore him"—coughing nervously—"I dare say."

Miss Arden looked at her parent in silent, disrespectful scorn; and the girl's great violet, disdainful eyes were full of meaning that was unpleasantly obvious to Mrs. Arden.

"Is it probable that I shall ever learn to adore Bethel Oswestry?" inquired Gladys, in low, half-muffled tones that were almost boiling over with hot contempt. "You know that it is not."

She turned away abruptly to hide the burning, wilful, wrathful tears that dimmed her vision in their bitterness.

"You know that it is not," she muttered again. And Mrs. Arden, stooping gracefully to pick up the discarded gloves and parasol, bit her lip, whereon a triumphant smile was twitching faintly, but to the vailed challenge answered never a word.

CHAPTER X.

It was market-day in Mount Linford. The High Street from end to end was crowded with market-carts and crockery-stalls, clean-looking old country dames, in sun-bonnets and wide, white spotless aprons, standing in cool, shady corners, keeping guard over their baskets of freshly-laid eggs, chattering amicably, as they stood near together, in a broad, homely dialect that would have astonished a town-bred stranger; further down the street were more old women still, with donkey-carts and wicker-pens that were full of cocks and hens, and fowls that had been fatted for killing, all pecking and squabbling and cackling one on the top of another, and with their unfortunate tails sticking out at the bars of the coops—temptingly long tails, at which passing mischievous little errand-boys gave agonizing "pulls" when the clean old market-women were not looking in that

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direction. There were more carts, too, stationary outside the tavern doors and gateways, round which the drivers were quaffing ale from tall blue mugs of mysterious depths—carts as closely and cruelly packed as the wicker chicken-pens on the pavement, only burdened with a different burden, in the shape of tender young calves, new from the shelter of the cow-stall, the poor little heavy red-and-white heads of which dangled despairingly over the tail-boards in the broiling hot sun of the morning, and the frail, bony legs of which were corded roughly together—calves with pitiable dumb patience and wondering helplessness in the dusky purple of their pleading eyes. Here and there were a few penned sheep, and shaggy shepherd-dogs that kept them in order; and further on were stalls with luscious greengages and lately-gathered plums lurking in their mellow ripeness down in a bed of dead, crumpled fern-leaves—stalls with cut flowers for sale, bound stiffly into nosegays brilliant with every rainbow color but the green which would have rendered them perfect.

Market-day was a busy one for everybody in Mount Linford—for Lawyer Paget especially. During the morning the swing-doors of his office were continually on the move, admitting or letting out the burly figures of his country clients, who availed themselves of the opportunity which a market-day afforded for consulting him concerning any matter they might need his shrewd advice upon. Even people from Great Linford came to consult Lawyer Paget—and Great Linford was a much grander and more important place than the sister borough in which the lawyer resided.

At the lower end of the High Street, and near the beginning of the Great Linford road, was St. Jude's Church, and under the wing, as it were, of the church itself, the Rectory, where the Robinsons lived. It was quieter at this part of the town, and the air seemed less heated. The low, brown-tiled Rectory always looked cool, standing as it did amongst the shadows from the walls of the old gray church.

From a side-street near, neat and ladylike as ever, stepped Leah Paget. She crossed over to the Rectory and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Robinson at home?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss. Will you walk in?" answered the servant.

So Leah entered the snug little hall with its floor of Indian matting and atmosphere of *pot-pourri*, and was shown at once into the Rectory breakfast-room; and in the breakfast-room she found Miss Robinson and Gladys Arden.

The Rector's aunt jumped up and embraced Leah Paget with much effusion.

"How very strange," cried the little old lady, her eyes twinkling brightly above the bridge of her small, red nose, "that you, my dear Miss Paget, should have entered just as we were speaking of you! Miss Arden was telling me what an age it was since she had seen you or your sister Mattie—not, in fact, since the delightful afternoon we all spent at Linford Grange—and, as your name was yet on my tongue, Jane answered the door, and in you walked! Ah, my dear," exclaimed Miss Robinson, roguishly, "merely another instance of that queer old saying about angels and the fluttering of their wings, you know; though some folk are not so polite, and give one a very different version—but only rude folk, my dear, only rude folk! How are you? Pray sit down."

Leah smilingly assured Miss Robinson that she was quite well, and took her seat by Gladys Arden.

"Miss Robinson is right, Gladys," Leah said. "It is, indeed, an age since last we saw each other. A fortnight ago to-day, or a fortnight to-morrow—which is it?"

Miss Arden lifted her slim, white, ungloved hand, and smoothed back from beneath the brim of her hat a straying lock of the red-brown hair. She repeated the movement twice, deliberately and slowly, before Leah Paget's eyes, and the lawyer's daughter marveled at the brilliant flash of the diamond hoop scintillating on the third finger of Gladys's left hand.

'A fortnight to-morrow," answered she, indifferently. "It has been no fault of mine. You have not called on mamma or me."

"I couldn't persuade Mattie to come," explained Leah, with the pretty *naïveté* and innocence peculiar to her. "When I asked her, she would say, 'Gladys herself will call soon—there is no need for us to go to Linford Grange. Then I too thought you would come soon."

"Did you?" said Miss Arden; and Leah could not quite make out whether the two words implied a question with a double significance, or came as a natural and thoughtless answer to what she had said before.

Miss Arden thoroughly understood why Mattie Paget had not been to Linford Grange; and the faint color in Gladys's face darkened into a pained hot, crimson flush—but her back was to the light, fortunately.

"But you will see Mattie if you wait a little longer," Leah announced to Gladys, and then, turning to Miss Robinson, said, "Mattie is still shopping in the town; and, when she has done all that she wishes to do, she will call for me here on her way home. As I myself had nothing particular to do, I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for calling upon you, Miss Robinson, about poor Widow Cranfield. She is most anxious for your vote and interest, and the vote and interest of the Rector, in the coming election amongst the almshouse candidates. One of the cottages is empty, and Widow Cranfield is, I really believe, most in need, and deserving of our favor."

"Both my young visitors, then," cried Miss Robinson, rapturously, "have come on benevolent, Christian-like errands. Miss Arden has been good enough to walk in to Mount Linford to tell me that Mrs. Arden will subscribe to and become a member of the committee for the Winter Clothing Club and Ragged Night School; and I am thankful to say that, with the encouraging and gratifying support that we meet with day by day, those institutions cannot do otherwise than flourish with exceeding prosperity. Yes, yes, my dear"—to Leah—"the Widow Cranfield shall have my interest, and I think I am safe in promising Michael's also—he is out this morning, district-visiting."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Miss Paget.

"And Mattie will call here, you say?" interrogated Gladys.

"Yes—don't go," said Leah, earnestly; "she will be sorry if she misses you."

"I don't mind waiting," Miss Arden returned, graciously. "I am in no hurry to leave if Miss Robinson is in no haste to see me gone."

"My dear," cried Miss Robinson, holding up her two little yellow, bony hands in expostulation, "how can you? I am charmed to have you—charmed!"

"Dear Miss Robinson!" breathed Leah.

"And have you heard from your brother since he left Mount Linford?" Miss Robinson inquired of Leah. "I suppose, my dear, he has written to some of you?"

Miss Arden, in the shadow, started—her heart seemed to stand still. What on earth did the old lady mean by asking such a question? In deep wonderment Gladys waited for Leah's reply.

"Yes," she said; "papa heard, of course, the morning after Rooke had reached Calais, and Mattie had a letter only to-day, dated from Antwerp. To-morrow he starts for——"

Gladys Arden leaned towards Leah as she was speaking.

"Has Rooke gone away?" she asked, with a strange calmness, "gone away for any length of time?"

"Don't you know, dear?" returned Leah, vaguely. "Didn't he come to say 'Good-bye' to you, then?"

"I really don't understand you," said Miss Arden, with quick impatience. "Is Rooke with you or is he not?"

"He is in Antwerp at the present time," replied Leah Paget, innocently, astonished at Gladys's ignorance, "and has been gone a week. But I thought that you knew, and that he came to say 'Good-bye' before he went."

"He did not forget us," put in Miss Robinson, vivaciously.

"He did not come to Linford Grange," said Gladys, inconsistently hurt and angry in her sudden and painful surprise.

"It is really very odd," observed Leah, thoughtfully, and Miss Robinson chuckled mysteriously to herself, and looked out at the window, and did not think Rooke Paget's behavior at all odd, having taken due notice of the diamonds on Gladys Arden's finger. "But there—I will tell you. It was settled between papa and Rooke all in a hurry, you must understand, and with little warning to us girls. At breakfast—yes, it was the very morning after the croquet party at your house—papa announced, quite in a matter-of-fact way, that Rooke in a few days' time would be going abroad, perhaps for two years, to travel wherever he liked, but chiefly on the Continent. Papa said that, had Rooke been going for pleasure alone, either Mattie or myself should have accompanied him. But you must know, dear, that he has not gone for the sake of amusement, but will read hard all the while he is away, for of course you have heard that he has decided to be a lawyer—and he has promised papa faithfully that he will do so, and papa has, as have Mattie and I, every faith in his promises—we know that he will keep and not break them. Rooke has always longed for a year or so abroad, although there was some talk at home once of his going up to London, and living in chambers, or something of that sort, if he went away at all. But he said that he would rather go away altogether, and do the two things at the same time, as it were—I mean—you know, dear, wandering about and reading hard at every town he might stop at; and papa seemed quite willing that he should please himself. And so he went off, though not quite so cheerful, perhaps, as we could have wished to see him; and yet, in spite of his not being very cheerful, it struck me that in his manner there was a restless, feverish kind of haste, as though impatient to be rid of us all and Mount Linford." Here Leah shook her pretty head dolefully and frowned a puzzled little frown in her slight perplexity. "But nevertheless he said 'Good-by' to all his friends, or at least I thought so; and you do astonish me, Gladys dear," concluded Leah Paget, ramblingly, "when you say that he never said farewell to you or Mrs. Arden."

By degrees Gladys was mastering her dense amazement, by degrees experiencing a kind of miserable resignation to what she was pleased to term the inevitable in her life. She had no doubt now that Rooke Paget's exile was of her own working; but wondered dimly why Leah Paget was as yet unenlightened.

"And at the end of two years you think he will return?"

"Yes," replied Leah, "and settle down with papa as a solicitor. The big trunk which Mattie and I packed full of law-books for Rooke would indeed have made you stare, Gladys."

"I dare say," she said, listlessly; "lawyers must read, you see."

"You must miss your brother sadly, my dear Miss Paget," observed the Rector's aunt.

"We do," acknowledged Leah, pathetically hearty, "Mattie especially. Without him the house seems scarcely the same. He had been at home so long with us."

At this point Jane, Miss Robinson's parlor-maid, opened the door.

"Miss Mattie Paget, ma'am," she announced.

Mattie came in warm and tired from her shopping, the result of which was in her arms, in the shape of sundry small parcels in flimsy brown paper. The Rectory breakfast-room was shadowy with the blinds down, and Mattie at first did not perceive Gladys Arden.

"I am here at last," Mattie began, lightly, "after impudently sending my elder sister to your house, Miss Robinson, to wait until called for. Did you think I was never coming, Leah? Gladys, you here, too?"

Miss Arden rose, and Mattie went quietly towards her. The girls embraced each other with less warmth and more constraint than they were accustomed to, and sat down together side by side near the window.

"I did not expect this," said Mattie, trying to speak briskly, and depositing her little packages carefully on the window-seat. "I thought we should never meet again—that is, I had almost begun to think so."

Gladys Arden shrugged her shoulders slightly, and lifted her nonchalant brows a trifle higher.

"I have been at home," she observed.

"And might not I with justice say the same?" asked Mattie, gravely, dropping her voice to a wistful whisper. "Ah, Gladys, don't be cold and unkind to me! From you, dear, I could not bear an estrangement. I know the history of poor Rooke's broken hopes, and my indignation against you is dying—is burning itself out; for, after all, there is nothing to be gained by crying over the past and its troubles, and of course, if you could not love him"—with forced charitableness and a sigh—"I suppose you were right in acting as you have done. But, as I told you under the cedars that afternoon in our garden——"

Miss Arden clutched Mattie by the arm.

"Don't," she urged, nervously, "don't speak of him! Am I not pleasing myself," she hastened on, desperately; "and shall you, Mattie, interfere or quarrel with me for striving to be happy after my own fashion? You shall not; neither shall you reproach me."

"Not so loud," said Mattie, anxiously, glancing towards Leah and her kindred spirit; "Miss Robinson will hear what you are saying."

The caution was unnecessary. Leah Paget and the little old lady, left to themselves, were deep in parochial matters—deep in an energetic conversation wherein such words as "flannel petticoat," "tract," "school-treat," and "infant" were frequent and emphatic, and distinguishable above the rest.

"Let them hear," Gladys returned, reckless and impatient in her unhappiness. "Let all the world hear, for aught I care."

It was very obvious to Mattie that Gladys Arden was not so happy as she might have been; and, though at present she—Mattie—could not wholly and freely pardon her for recent sins, the younger girl's heart, seeing her friend's discomfort, melted and warmed with her old affection for her, in spite of the pain she had caused and the home desolation wrought by her disloyalty.

"Well, I will come to see you soon," Mattie promised, softly. "I have much to say to you—much to talk over that we cannot speak of here."

"But not to reproach me with," Miss Arden said, earnestly, and withal a little defiantly; and she laid her ungloved hand on Mattie Paget's sleeve.

The diamonds sparkled and flashed, and Mattie for the first time noticed them.

"No," she responded, steadily, her eyes on the gems; where would be the use?"

"Ah, where," echoed Gladys, with half a sob—"where, indeed, Mattie?"

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As the clock in St. Jude's tower struck one, Leah and Mattie Paget were in the High Street, wending their homeward way up the Market Place, where the market itself now was at its thickest, and the bustle quite bewildering.

"Oh, Mattie," exclaimed Leah, artlessly, "do you not consider that strange forgetfulness on Rook's part? He never went near the Ardens before he left."

"Do you mean, Leah, that he never called to tell them that he was going?" Mattie asked, quietly.

"Yes," said Leah; "and do you not consider it strange, too?"

"No," answered Mattie, gravely, "I cannot say that I do. Rooke, you must have seen, Leah, loved Gladys with all his heart, and he told her so, and asked her to marry him. Had she been loyal to him and loyal to herself, he never would have gone away. Her cruel refusal almost broke his heart. That and nothing else sent him from Mount Linford."

"But how do you know, dear?" cried Leah, amazed.

"Because he told me all about it himself. Gladys has used him very hardly."

"He never used to tell me anything," murmured Leah, mildly jealous. "You, Mattie, were always his favorite sister, but I really don't know why you should be."

"Nor I," said Mattie, cheerfully.

"But, Mattie," continued Leah, confidentially, opening wide her soft brown eyes, "did you see Gladys's lovely diamond-ring? Do you know, when I saw it first myself, I thought immediately that Rooke must have given it to her and engaged himself to her before he went away. But when I discovered that his absence was altogether unknown to the Ardens, I knew, of course, that the ring could not possible be a gift from Rooke. Where could she have got it from, Mattie? I have never seen it until to-day."

Mattie Paget's brow grew cloudy.

"Leah," she said, slowly, "I met Lady Templeton this morning with Michael Robinson. When he had left us she told me something at which I did not marvel, though she evidently expected me to be speechlessly astounded, seeing that I had not heard that which she was about to tell me. Gladys Arden is engaged to Sir Bethel Oswestry. The ring we saw is his ring, not Rooke's. It must be correct, for Mrs. Arden herself told Lady Templeton yesterday."

"Ah," returned Leah, softly and comprehensively, "I am beginning to understand now!"

And all the rest of the way home she was quiet and thoughtful, and the cogitations with which she was engrossed were not disturbed or broken in upon by any interruption from the sister by her side, for she, too, apparently had much to occupy her thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Summer and Autumn months had passed, and so had the Winter months too. The early Spring, in due season, come round—the boisterous, blustering, gusty March days, with blinding sheets of dust on the white highways, and tall, budding tree-tops bending to a stiff north wind.

Half a year back or more, the subject of Gladys Arden's engagement to Sir Bethel Oswestry of Oswestry Wold had been the public gossip of the townsfolk from one side of Mount Linford to the other; but people had ceased to talk of the engagement by this time, and had already begun to speculate as to the probable and earliest date when the wedding itself might be likely to come off.

Everybody of course insinuated that Miss Arden had "managed" admirably, and that Mrs. Arden herself was undoubtedly a clever woman, in spite of her silly, shallow ways and ridiculous affectation of youthfulness. And people had spoken darkly of Rooke Paget with great commiseration, and had also wondered whether Mrs. Arden would "keep on" Linford Grange after her daughter's marriage, or take up her abode at Oswestry Wold along with her daughter and son-in-law. "For Sir Bethel Oswestry is simple-hearted and good-natured enough for anything," declared Mount Linford—"even to tolerating the superfluous presence of a mother-in-law like Mrs. Arden."

From Rooke abroad the Pagets heard occasionally. He was happy, he told them, and quite contented, though he missed sadly the dear home-faces amongst the many unfamiliar ones by which he was surrounded every day.

He never, by any chance, mentioned the Ardens in his letters—never, by any chance, inquired after Gladys's welfare, or anything at all about her; and therefore, in the lovingly-penned letters from home to him away, all relative to Linford Grange and its inmates was carefully and ingeniously forgotten and left out.

And yet Mattie and Gladys Arden were firm friends again. Mattie could not help loving her, and pitying her deeply as well; for beneath all Miss Arden's light *nonchalance*, and sometimes assumed gayety, it was not difficult to detect the suffering of a terrible unrest—a heart altogether ill at ease, rankling in its own unhappiness.

She seldom or never spoke of her approaching marriage with Sir Bethel Oswestry, or, if she did speak of it, it was in a manner so cold and satirical—so unnaturally calm—that Mattie Paget's flesh would creep and grow chill to hear her, and she would wonder to herself, fearfully, if the simple betrothal was so utterly distasteful, what on earth the actual union would be like, when they would be bound together—until death should free one or the other—by the bond most sacred in the sight of Heaven and all good men.

* * * * * * *

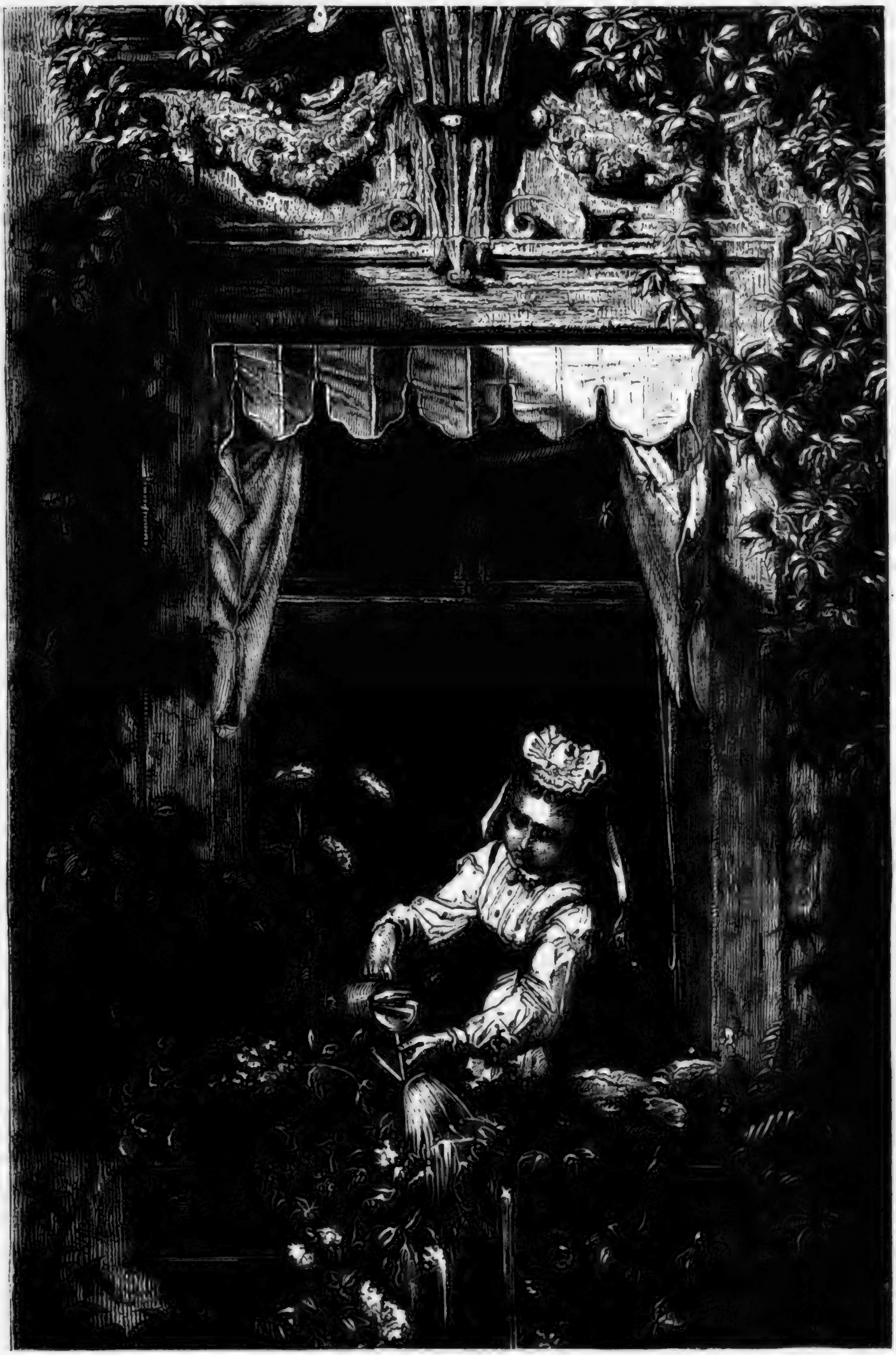
By Lawyer Paget's dressing-room fireside sat the lawyer himself in the evident dishabille of a fidgety invalid—an invalid in a deep, easy-chair, capacious and chintz-covered—an invalid in a flowing, gayly-patterned dressing-gown, with cord and tassels to match. One foot, in a slipper, rested, naturally enough, on the fender, the other, unnaturally, on a sort of low-cushioned and plump-looking ottoman. The foot on this ottoman seemed to be of prodigious dimensions, swathed as it was in flannel and other soft bandages.

Lawyer Paget was very peevish, very hard to please, just now; for he was suffering from what he had never before suffered from—a severe attack of gout in the leg. For the last ten days he had been a prisoner upstairs—in his bedroom by night, in his dressing-room by day. The two apartments were large and home-like, though rather gloomy, owing to their heavy wainscoting. There was a door of communication between the rooms, and the old-fashioned windows, looking out upon the High Street, were draped with a warm-hued damask. The curtains before the dressing-room window were pulled together, because the old man, in his fidgetiness, had declared that a draft came in.

The door leading into the bed-room was ajar, and a gleam from the bright fire by which the lawyer was roasting himself, shooting through the crevice that the partly-opened door formed, disclosed the monster half-tester bedstead, with its funeral-like hangings, standing out grimly amongst the shadows like a throne or a pulpit in Lent. In the bedchamber somebody was moving about briskly. It was Mattie, who since her father's seizure had appointed herself nurse-in-chief and general attendant.

"What are you about in there?" peevishly called the old man. "Why don't you come and sit with me? Oh-o-o-o!" he moaned, his foot paining him as he inprudently lifted it.

"In a minute, papa," called back Mattie, cheerfully. "I'm



THE FRIEND OF THE FLOWERS.

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only putting things a little straight and tidy. I will be with you almost directly."

"It is so dark in here," grumbled her father; "and the afternoon seems so long. What is the exact time, Mattie?"

"Five-and-twenty minutes past four," she said, in the same bright, cheerful voice. "Dark, do you say, papa? Well, you know, the curtains are drawn, and out of doors it is very cloudy and lowering; it must be, necessarily, dark altogether. There—I am coming now to give you your medicine, or Mr. Craycroft will be lecturing me when he calls by-and-by to see you."

Mr. Craycroft was the doctor whom they had called in to attend Lawyer Paget. Not that medical attendance was absolutely requisite in the lawyer's case; but, being essentially of a fidgety, nervous temperament, and this, moreover, being the first attack of the kind he had ever had, the old man—considerably alarmed thereat—without hesitation, had cried out for a doctor, in the hope of a speedy relief from the horrible pain which had seized him.

Philip Craycroft—a young doctor—had recently succeeded to his late father's—Doctor Craycroft's—old-established practice, which, throughout Mount Linford, was known to be a lucrative one. Doctor Craycroft had always, in his lifetime, been the Pagets' family physician and friend; and, now that he was dead, those who did not consider the son too young for his office continued their support with him for the sake of the father they had known and respected before him.

The Pagets had not thought young Craycroft too inexperienced, and so had summoned him to attend the lawyer. Philip Craycroft lived quite alone in his house outside the town. He was troubled with neither brother nor sister, nor poor relation, and his mother, unhappily for himself, had died in his earliest boyhood.

The Pagets had always known him slightly, but slightly only, as the greater part of his time, before coming down to Mount Linford to settle for good at the death of his father, had been occupied in walking the London hospitals in company with other young students of the same profession as himself.

Mattie Paget came into the dressing-room, and carefully administered Mr. Craycroft's prescription. The lawyer made a wry grimace over it as she took the empty glass from his hand.

"I don't believe it's doing me a bit of good," he said, fretfully; "Craycroft shall alter the prescription. I won't touch another drop of that."

"Your leg is ever so much better to-day, papa, I'm sure," said the girl, soothingly. "Shall I pull back the curtains, now, and let in what light there is?"

"No, no, child," was the peevish reply; "the most confounded draft imaginable comes in through—oh-o-o-o!"

Mattie went to his side.

"Is it so very bad still, papa?" she asked, gently.

"It's awful," he answered, gruffly—"awful!"

She sat down opposite to her father, and stirred up the fire into a sprightlier blaze. The March wind, roaring in the chimney and drawing up the flame and tiny, short-lived sparks, sounded like a deep and angry voice growling unceasingly in its hollow roughness.

"Hark! How it blows, papa!" she remarked, lightly. "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers—by-and-by, you know."

"Yes, yes," assented the old man, impatiently. "Where's Leah got to this afternoon?"

"Oh, Leah," said Mattie, laughing, "has gone to the National Schools to assist Miss Robinson and the Rector in the distribution of the Saturday soup-tickets. This is Saturday afternoon, papa, and the last Saturday that a soup-kitchen will be held. Leah said that to-day would close the Winter season."

Lawyer Paget turned cautiously in his chair, screwing his mouth grimly as he did so.

"In my opinion," said he, using his favorite expression, "Leah's too fond by half of interfering with the parish-work. She is never happy unless gadding about with that Miss Robinson, who makes her ten times worse than she would be otherwise, and—ah-a-a!"

Another twinge came, sharper than ever, and the old man writhed as he sat, which of course made matters worse, and his patience less angelic.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mattie," he said, at last, so abruptly and decidedly that she started in her low wicker-chair. "It seems to me that I am good for another month's imprisonment up here at this rate, and, if that should really turn out to be the case, what on earth will become of the folks next door? Who is to look after them and to see that things go straight, I should like to know? It worries me to death almost to think that there is only that blockhead Johnson to look after those idle young beggars down-stairs; and, when the cat's away—you know the rest, Mattie. Only Johnson, recollect, to see anybody that may call! Why, good Heavens!" cried the old lawyer, warmly, yet nevertheless growing cold at the thought, "things will be going to the deuce if I am not down pretty soon to look after them myself! Mattie, you must write to Rooke—to Rooke, do you hear?—and ask him to run home for a while and just look up those fellows in the office. I'll be bound they're lazy enough in my absence, which has already been ten days too long."

"Papa!" exclaimed Mattie.

"My dear, I know what I am talking about," he continued, pettishly; "the boy—bless his heart!—shall go back again if he likes the instant I am on my feet and down-stairs. But I shall not be happy until I know that he is in my place. He is clever, and sharp enough when he chooses, and, besides, he needn't while he is here, unless of course he wants to do so, go near that willful jade at Linford Grange."

Gladys Arden was no favorite of the lawyer's now.

"Oh, papa," Mattie objected, gently, "do not speak of her so!"

"Well, then, anything you please—I don't care; only do what I ask, my dear. Rooke will oblige his old father, I am certain, Mattie, if you tell him exactly what I say, and how anxious and worried I am. Be sure to impress upon him that he shall go back to wherever he may want to go the moment I am myself again, and that I wouldn't on any account have pained him by calling him home had I not wanted him sorely in the straight in which this confounded gout has put me. Be sure to make him understand that. Let me see, Mattie—where is he? Where did he date from last?"

Mattie sighed, a long-drawn, doubtful sigh. She was wondering how Rooke would receive this intimation.

"Strasburg, papa."

"Then write to Strasburg," said her father, with an involuntary whistle, another sudden twinge shooting through the bandaged leg; "and, if he should get here and find me well, why, then, if he wants to run away again from us immediately, as I said before, he shall do so, and I will be the last to stop him. Will you get the writing-materials and sit at this little table, my dear? And then I will tell you what to say in the fewest possible words."

"Yes, papa," she answered, submissively, and rose to do his bidding.

Her desk was in her room; and, as she passed him to go to it, her trailing skirts flicked the flannel of the bandage round the ponderous-looking toe.

"Y-a-h!—oh-o-o!" bellowed Lawyer Paget, in an agony. "Gracious, Mattie, be careful!"

She passed behind his chintz-covered chair and pressed her lips lovingly to his high, white brow and the scanty gray locks which hung around it.

"I beg your pardon, dear papa," she whispered, tenderly; "you know I would not wittingly hurt you for all the world."

And, kissing him again, she left the darkened dressing-room.

Chapter XII.

MRS. GIBSON, your husband is at work, and earning eighteen shillings a week, I hear; I cannot give you a ticket. It would not be fair to the others."

The Rector of St. Jude's, with Leah Paget and Miss Robinson, at one long, bare deal table in the refectory of the training-school for girls, which was part of the spacious new building—the Mount Linford National Schools—was busily engaged in writing on slips of paper the names of the poor parishioners who entered one by one from the cold air without, asking for a soup-order for themselves and their little ones. The soup was made, at the expense of charitable ladies, in the kitchen copper at the Town Hall, and was given out in quarts amongst the needy ones every Saturday night. Those who wanted tickets applied to the Rector at the schools in the afternoon; and this Saturday, as everybody knew, would end the Winter season.

Lady Templeton and other ladies, beside Leah Paget, had been assisting the Rector and his aunt; but they had left early in the afternoon, having, perhaps, pleasanter engagements elsewhere than the one at the schools with their poorer brethren all round them.

"Please, sir," whined Mrs. Gibson, piteously, "my husband now ain't got no work. He fell from a tree, he did, sir, and broke his leg last Thursday; an' my youngest gal, Polly, what ain't no more than three, have got the 'ooping-corf most awful."

"Poor woman!" said Leah, compassionately.

"It is dreadful weather for children," put in Miss Robinson, pleadingly. "Michael, you really must let Mrs. Gibson have an order."

"Well, then, Mrs. Gibson," said the Rector, "if things are really so bad, here is the ticket. Sarah Gibson is it?"

"Yes, sir, Sarah Gibson. Thankee, sir."

"I shall come and see your husband, Mrs. Gibson."

"Thankee, sir," said Mrs. Gibson again.

A gust of chill March air swept in as the woman went out and another parishioner entered.

"Come now, how is this?" demanded the Reverend Michael, sharply, of the new-comer. "You have no business, Mrs. Brown, to want a soup-order—a widow living alone in an almshouse with six-and-sixpence a week. We give soup only to those who want it."

"And I want it bad, believe me," murmured Mrs. Brown, humbly, with a curtsey. "My six-and-sixpence have been forwarded to my poor daughter in London, sir; and I've barely got nothink left myself. My poor daughter Matilda is orful ill, she is, and all her saved wages was spent long ago. They don't allow her certain things in the 'ospital where she is, sir; and what light delicacies she may fancy, sir, she or I have got to pay for. Poor Matilda is in a galloping consumption."

"Oh, let her have an order, Mr. Robinson," begged Leah Paget, earnestly. "It is a case of real need, I am sure."

"Not a doubt of it," said kind-hearted Miss Robinson, quickly.

And, thanks to Leah, Mrs. Brown was not dismissed empty-handed.

And then an old man—a very old man—came in with a stick and smock-frock, and a beaver hat with the nap brushed the wrong way. An order was given to him without demur.

"Are there many more outside, Parker?" inquired the Rector, as he wrote the old man's name on the printed slip of paper, and sent him away.

"'Ees, lots on 'em, sir," was the reply—"two dozen, I should say."

"Dear me, Michael, you will never have finished!" Miss Robinson cried, vexedly. "And I really cannot wait any longer, for I have an appointment at a quarter to five with Mrs. Draper from Great Linford. Cook is going to leave, and she thinks of taking her. She is coming to the Rectory at a quarter to five for the woman's character."

"Mrs. Draper must wait," said he, testily. "Who is to help me with all these names if you leave me alone? As you have truly remarked, I shall never have finished."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" fretted the Rector's aunt. "What is to be done? Ah!" she cried, a bright idea striking her. "My dear Miss Paget, suppose that you, instead of walking home with me, stay with Michael and do my work. How would that suit?"

The Rector was delighted at the proposal, and Leah herself felt so, but dared not show her approbation quite so openly as he did, though he did it almost unconsciously.

"Perhaps Miss Paget also has an appointment," suggested he, meekly.

"Have you, my dear?" asked the old lady.

"No," said Leah, smiling demurely, "I have not. I will stay and assist Mr. Robinson with pleasure, if he thinks the little I can do will really help instead of hinder him."

"He will not find fault," laughed the little old lady, slyly, "depend upon it. Michael is only too glad, I can plainly see, to dismiss his poor old aunt for a younger and fairer helpmate. Farewell!"

The young Rector blushed, and Leah was silly enough to follow his example. Then Miss Robinson, immensely enjoying the confusion she had caused, opened the school-house door, and faced the bleak March wind, the rain and dust flicking her red little nose, and changing its tint to a vicious-looking crimson.

It was quite dark by the time the Rector's business at the schools was over; and, as he and Leah left the building, the matron's clock struck six.

"What a very unpleasant sort of evening!" observed Leah, as the wind, with a rush, seized her skirts and flapped them spitefully behind her.

"Very," assented her companion; and he clapped his hand to his hat.

"The wind is in our faces," was Leah's next original remark. "We shall have it so all the way home, I am afraid."

She did not mind the wind, though, nor the dust, nor the drops of rain which descended occasionally. She was happy in spite of it all, walking by the Reverend Michael Robinson's side in the gloaming. Before they could get to the High Street there was a lonely plot of ground to traverse, where dreary-looking houses were springing up quickly, surrounded by a desolation of loose bricks and mortar.

"It is rough walking here, Miss Paget," said the Rector, nervously. "Won't—won't you take my arm?"

"Thank you," murmured Leah, timidly, and she took her hand out of her muff and put it through his arm.

Her gentle touch seemed to thrill him, and he began to tremble in the wind. Leah felt that he was pressing her hand to his side as though he could not help doing so; and then she began to grow aspen-like herself. In silence they continued their way a few more paces, and then the Rector of St. Jude's church stood still suddenly.

Leah Paget's hand fell nervelessly to her side. She knew instinctively what was coming, and her heart beat for very gladness. She knew what he would say to her now, and she was pleased and thankful that it had come at last.

With the gaunt, unfinished, tenantless houses and the keen March wind all around them—the leaden sky above, wherein neither star nor moon-ray was visible—bricks, stones and rubbish, lath, plaster and lime, strewed thickly at their feet—the old, old story was once more repeated. And, luckily, nobody was about. To Leah Paget the young clergyman whispered his love earnestly, eloquently, with words and phrases as beautiful and neatly polished, thought Miss Paget, rapturously, as those he made use of in his sermons on Sunday.

"Leah," he uttered, softly, brave and hopeful at the silence she maintained, "tell me that my love is not given in vain. I have thought it no sin to pray for your love, dear. Do not tell me that my love is hopeless—that my prayer can never be answered as I would have it, dear one?"

She raised her clear, frank eyes in the dusk to his agitated face. Impatiently he clasped her disengaged hand in his.

"Leah, Leah," he cried, "do you love me?"

"Yes, Michael," she answered, gently, with sweet, womanly shyness. "I am proud to tell you that my love is all your own."

There, amidst the desolate brick-fields, he wound his arms about her, and reverently pressed his lips to hers, in token that the compact was sealed.

* * * * * * *

Leah Paget, entering noiselessly the wainscoted hall of the old red house, came upon Mattie and Mr. Craycroft, standing on the mat together, in front of the drawing-room door. The hall-lamp, swinging from its beam across the ceiling, was lighted—the rays shone down upon Mattie's upturned face, showing its clear young beauty with a golden halo upon it.

Philip Craycroft was a tall, well-made man, with wavy brown hair and lazy, quizzical blue eyes. He had just come downstairs from his interview with the lawyer, and was holding his hat in one hand and buttoning up his rough overcoat with the other. Leah, in her new-born happiness, as she came upon them fresh from her tender leave-taking with the Rector outside, wished the young Doctor anywhere but where he was—so eager and impatient was she to take Mattie into her confidence.

"Your father is better altogether, Miss Mattie," Craycroft was saying. "Another week will see him about, I hope."

"I trust," was Mattie's remark, "that Rooke has not been sent for needlessly, but still cannot, of course, help wishing papa a quick recovery. Leah, is that you?"

"Yes," she said, coming forward, and wondering if they would notice how happy she was looking. "How do you do, Mr. Craycroft? How is papa?"

"I have been telling your sister, Miss Paget, that he has decidedly improved," replied the Doctor.

"And what do you think, Leah?" asked Mattie. "I have written to Rooke this afternoon, to ask him to come home for a little time, in order to attend to the office, until papa shall be able to go back to it himself again."

"Really?" exclaimed Leah, incredulously. "Oh, Mattie, how glad I shall be to see him!"

"So shall I," said Mattie, with a doleful little shrug of the shoulders. "But, if Rooke should arrive and find papa all right, how wild he will be!"

Mr. Craycroft departed, and Leah was surprised to see how swiftly his face flushed when Mattie shook hands with him before he went; but, if Mattie herself had observed his countenance change, she gave no sign that it was noticed by her.

As soon as the door was closed on him, Leah drew Mattie into her arms and kissed her again and again.

"Leah," Mattie exclaimed, laughing, "what ails you?"

"Mattie," whispered Leah, "I'm so happy—so happy!" And the precious secret was told with Leah's lips close to her sister's ear; the elder adding aloud, "Come upstairs with me to papa while I tell him—do, Mattie."

And Mattie, all good wishes and sweet, spontaneous sympathy, went up with Leah to the lawyer's dressing-room.

"Papa," said Miss Paget, humbly, but going to the point the moment she entered, "Mr. Robinson has asked—asked me to marry him!"

The old man was half asleep, with his gouty leg resting on the soft cushion of the ottoman. He had scarcely noticed the entrance of his daughters.

"What?" he grunted. "Ah-a-a! Don't come any nearer!"

So Leah communicated her news again, but this time not so bravely, and with more humility. The lawyer smiled grimly.

"And what answer did you give him?"

"I—I—said 'Yes,' papa," faltered Miss Paget. "And he —Michael—says that he will call upon you directly you are well enough to see him."

"Umph! Very civil of him, I am sure;" and the lawyer, catching sight of Mattie's irrepressible smile, caused by Leah's pitiable bashfulness, shut his eyes and smiled quietly himself.

"You are not angry with me, papa dear?" interrogated Leah, fearfully.

Her father opened his eyes quickly.

"Angry, my child!" he uttered, with deep, kind earnestness. "No, no! If you are happy in your choice, rest assured that I will not thwart you. Give your old father a kiss. That's right. Heaven bless you, my dear, and may your future be as joyful a one as it thoroughly deserves to be! There, there, don't cry, but run along with Mattie and tell her all about it. Heaven bless you, my dear child—Heaven bless you!"

Leah Paget's cup of pure happiness was indeed full to overflowing now.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. ARDEN and Gladys were at Oswestry Wold for the day. They had gone over early in the morning in order to view leisurely the numerous alterations and wonderful improvements upon which the workmen were already busy under Sir Bethel Oswestry's own supervision—alterations which must be finished within the space of a few months, for the reception of the new Lady Oswestry, when she and her husband should return from their wedding-tour to the grand old home where a wife had not reigned for years.

Only one part of Oswestry Wold was in the hands of the London architect—the wing in which Gladys's apartments were to be. All the rest was to be left as it always had been—ancient and venerable-looking in its picturesque irregularity—but Sir Bethel had somehow taken it into his head that that portion of the old house which had ever been set apart for the ladies of the Wold, and in which the late Lady Oswestry had ever spent a good deal of her time, was, in its antique heaviness and old-world splendor, unfitted for the use of so modern and lovely a bride as his would be—was not bright and beautiful enough for the woman he had chosen to reign there; and so the old adornments were being done away with, and new and lighter ones introduced in their stead—plate-glass and rich satin taking the place of carved paneling and moth-eaten tapestry, high-backed, cardinal-like chairs with spindle legs and fancy cushions marvelously wrought giving way to maple-wood and gilt beading with delicate silk flutings of heaven-blue, velvet-like carpets and airy laces, pale, fragile china and costly inlaid cabinets, cornices and ceilings with paintings of wondrous design and color, decorations of taste and thought in every nook and corner—in fact, to every luxury that wealth could procure or restless ambition sigh for, that the decorator's art could furnish or the upholsterer's skill supply. All was for Gladys Arden.

And she had looked at it all with listless eyes, saying never a word in praise for all that his love had done. But Mrs. Arden's eulogies and outbursts of florid enthusiasm were enough for both; yet Sir Bethel could not help wishing, as he listened to the elder lady's compliments and chronic gushing, that Gladys herself would say something—just a syllable or so to let him know if he had given her pleasure and delight in doing what he had done for her sake.

It was to cover her daughter's reticence and indifference that Mrs. Arden talked on so unweariedly, and praised everything recklessly, right and left.

Sir Bethel Oswestry would have thought himself more than blessed could any deed or word of his have called forth a thankful smile to those insolently-curved lips he loved so foolishly and well—a smile to the haughty mouth, a tender light to the glorious eyes; either one or the other he would have given much to provoke. He positively yearned sometimes for a loving word from her, a silent pressure of the hand, or a kind, thoughtful act; but nothing of the sort ever came to him to comfort him in his longing, and he was compelled to be satisfied with the scant assurances of her devotion and love (!) which occasionally, in gracious moments, she grudgingly accorded to him.

His was a simple, honest nature, wherein unworthy suspicion or base mistrust was impossible; otherwise he must assuredly have questioned the sincerity of the attachment which she professed so coldly for himself—and himself alone. He deemed her, in his great, blind love, all that was pure and good—never imagined her capable of worldliness or the hankerings of a mercenary nature. His faith and trust in her loyalty were so strong and deeply-rooted that calumny would have been powerless to lower her in his estimation, or the cruelest whispers to blacken her fair fame. Had all the world proclaimed her false, he alone would have sworn her true. He sighed when he remembered how apathetic her love for him had seemed; but in the future he hoped for better things, and confidently believed that the affection which slept in the time before marriage could be aroused and wakened into life in the days which would follow after—fool that he was.

Mrs. Arden was alone in the rather sombre drawing-room at Oswestry Wold. Luncheon over, Sir Bethel had suggested a stroll in the park, and Gladys had acquiesced, yet caring little whether she went.

"You do not want me," said Mrs. Arden; "so, if Sir Bethel will allow me, I will stay at home. I do not like March winds."

So they started without her, and she watched them disappear between the trees from one of the drawing-room windows by which she stood.

It was a dreary walk, on the whole, that which Sir Bethel Oswestry and the girl he loved started on together beneath the gaunt, budding trees in the park at Oswestry Wold, although he did his utmost to be cheerful and entertaining, and to awaken the beautiful face of his companion out of that scornful, nonchalant repose it was so fond of falling into, and apparently for no cause whatever.

"It is very chilly, Bethel," she said, presently, petulantly pulling her purple plaid more closely around her. "I have had enough of these dull, dead trees and damp grass. Let us go back."

She had taught herself, after much inward rebellion, to call him by his Christian name. It had been difficult and strange at first, but she could manage to speak it tolerably well now. At first it seemed as though the bare utterance of it must have choked her outright.

"Go back, dear?" he repeated, lightly. "Of course, if you wish it."

"Yes, I do wish it."

"If the walk has been boring you, you should have told me so before," he said, gently.

"No, I have not been bored," she answered, with the listlessness which always pained him—which always, in spite of his sweet temper and patience, irritated him inexpressibly; yet never by word or deed had he shown annoyance openly.

They retraced their steps in the direction they had come, Miss Arden shivering purposely every now and then, by way of a reminder that it had been no wish of hers to face the bleak March breezes on this grayly-tinted, lifeless afternoon.

Going homeward, Sir Bethel Oswestry was very silent; but as to his musings Gladys never thought of troubling herself in the least. When, through the leafless oaks, the old house became visible, Sir Bethel stopped suddenly, and Miss Arden looked up.

"Gladys, dear," he said, anxiously, "give me a few moments before going any farther. There is something that I wish to speak to you about."

Slightly interested, she lifted her sunny brows.

"Cannot you tell me indoors?" said she.

With nervous hands he tugged at his thick beard.

"I would rather——" he began.

"Oh, very well!" she interrupted. "But don't let us stand still. We will walk backward and forward along this path whilst you tell me what you have to say."

"That will do," he returned; "but, Gladys"—hesitating—"if you are cold, we will go in at once, dear."

"Oh, no," came the off-hand reply. "So long as we are moving about, I don't so much care."

"Cannot you guess what I am going to speak to you of?" he asked, as, side by side, they paced beneath the bare, rugged branches from which the new buds were struggling out in dots of the palest spring green. He did not offer her his arm, for he felt painfully sure that she would refuse it.

"I have never guessed anything in my life," she said. "What is it?"

He smiled his old, sad smile, and again tugged at his beard as he did so.

"You told me not to bother you the last time I mentioned the subject," he said, wistfully. "Do you not remember now?"

She considered for a second or two, and remembered; but she replied:

"Did I? I scarcely recollect. It must have been something very trivial, or, doubtless, I should not have answered you so."

Sir Bethel Oswestry bent down his head, so as to catch better the gaze of the lovely eyes.

XUM

"Indeed—indeed it was nothing trivial," he hastened to assure her, earnestly. "I asked you, Gladys, at the beginning of the Winter, when you would fix the day for our union—you must remember—and you put me off and would not listen to me, saying, at last, 'I will tell you in a month or so.' That is more than three months ago now—and, darling, I cannot afford to wait any longer. If you love me, do not make me wait any longer. Why should we wait? Waiting is so unnecessary."

She was silent, and a troubled shadow crept over her face.

"It is not as though we were strangers," he pleaded, simply. "I knew you when you were a little girl, Gladys, and I, a big school-boy, used to come over to Linford Grange to romp and play with you in the garden. You were kinder to me in those days, dear, I think."

The reproach smote her heart and it softened in spite of herself.

"We were both children then," she said, with a faint smile; "we are older and wiser now."

"You never knew me as a child," he returned, gloomily; "I am so much older than you are, Gladys."

"Nevertheless, you are a young man still," she said, kindly.

"Yes, I suppose I am," he returned, with a sigh; "but with you I seem to have little claim to youthfulness. Gladys, when will you marry me?"

This was the second time that he had pressed and pleaded the same cause. As he had said, the first time she had put him off, and had told him not to bother her; now he was bothering her again for the answer which she shrank from giving. The mere idea of anything settled definitely made her long to cry out passionately, "Never, never!" but cold prudence restrained her, and she crushed down the impulse.

"Is there any reason why you should hesitate to make me the happiest of men, dear one?" he went on, more wistfully still. "I am happy now—very happy; but need I say that when you are all my own—my own dear wife—that my happiness will be crowned? Trying to realize the future from the present, it seems too brightly beautiful to be probable, or even possible. There really is no reason for waiting like this."

"He is easily satisfied—too easily satisfied," she thought, bitterly. "And he is right; why should we wait? Why should I hesitate to take and enjoy that for which I have paid so dearly—ah, so dearly? Why hesitate? Why foolishly loiter on the way to the goal which is straight ahead of me?"

And then all at once she shuddered.

"My darling, why are you shivering?" She started, guiltily.

"Shivering, was I?" she asked, with a forced laugh. "It was the cold, then. We will go in."

"Yes, yes," he said, almost desperately; "but tell me."

She stood still and faced him, resolved—faced him with a pale, determined look, yet with a kind of fear in her peerless eyes—there amidst the afternoon grayness, with the afternoon shadows stealing round them.

"We will have no fuss," she said, decidedly—"no unnecessary show and nonsense, I mean. It shall be done quietly, Bethel, and on this condition—that it be soon—the sooner the better, perhaps," she muttered, with something between a sigh and a gasp for breath.

In his glad surprise he stepped nearer to her and clasped her little hand eagerly in his own.

"Oh, Gladys," he cried, breathlessly, "what do you call soon?"

She clenched her teeth hard, as though endeavoring to steady her nerves, and then her lips parted and she spoke clearly and deliberately.

"I will marry you in six weeks from to day," she said.

She felt as if the gaunt, naked oaks were beginning to turn round with the turf at their base, and as if she and Sir Bethel Oswestry were idiotically going round with them. And then she found herself in her lover's embrace, and felt the pressure of a lingering, grateful kiss upon the lips which dared not rebuke him. From her brief giddiness she recovered in time to hear him whisper:

"My darling, how shall I thank you?"

A few minutes later, and they were close to the house, the chill round her heart growing chiller, the secret burden of the hatred of her own falseness well-nigh intolerable.

They discovered Mrs. Arden reclining in the room they had left her in, shading her face from the fire with an Indian hand-screen of feathers. On her knees was an open book of poems, the leaves of which she turned languidly with her fingers, all glittering with the rings in which she loved to stiffen them. She had heard the voices of Sir Bethel and Gladys in the hall, and so had hastened to settle herself according to her notions of gracefulness.

"Ah, you have come back!" she cried out, shaking her finger at them gayly as they appeared in the drawing-room doorway. "How cruel to leave me so long by myself! I have been moping, Sir Bethel—actually moping."

"I am sorry if you have found it dull," he returned, half grave, half smiling; "we ought to have remembered that you were alone. I had no idea that we had been so long away."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Arden, with her odious jocularity, hiding her face coyly behind the feather-screen, as though shocked at something she could see in Sir Bethel Oswestry's neighborhood. "What is that the poet says about 'Time' and 'Wings' and 'Love'? Cannot you assist my memory, Gladys?"

"Don't be ridiculous, mamma," said Miss Arden, quietly.

"My dear child," objected Mrs. Arden, "how can you be so very—— Oh, Gladys, look at Sir——" And Mrs. Arden let drop her Indian fan and her book of poems, sending back her head with its crown of fair plaits against the pillow of her lounging chair, and appeared to be stricken suddenly with all the startling symptoms of a lady on the brink of hysterics.

Miss Arden turned sharply from the window out of which she was gazing, to see her mother in a semi-fainting state, and Sir Bethel, her lover—what? A man of stone, with agony carved on his face, or a living, breathing human being dying into stone as he stood?

With great presence of mind she flew across the space between herself and him, calling angrily to Mrs. Arden to pull the bell-rope which was near her. But that lady was powerless, or appeared to be so; gasping and turning about in her seat, and sniffing spasmodically at a smelling-bottle which she held to her nose.

Drops of anguish were damping Sir Bethel Oswestry's forehead; his face was gray and convulsed, and his eyes were wide apart in their pain. He was standing with one hand leaning upon a couch-head, and the other as before, when he had been alone in the library, pressed hard to his left side.

Trembling from head to foot, Gladys with unnatural strength gently forced him down on the couch by which he had been seized. He sank on to it, helpless in his agony, but in a few moments recovered; the paroxysm—a short one—was past.

"Do not move, Bethel," she entreated, in quick, soft tones; "lie still—be very quiet."

She started for the bell, but before her hand could touch the cord his faint voice arrested her——

"Do not call the servants—I would rather they did not come. I am better."

"Very well—I will not."

She placed her hand instead upon her mother's shoulder, and could not refrain from shaking it in a fierce and most undutiful fashion. Mrs. Arden was gasping still—gasping, choking, and sniffing in turn—but she opened her eyes dazedly at her daughter's pitiless grip.

"Oh, my nerves!" ejaculated the elder lady, feebly. "Gracious, Gladys, what are you about? What was the matter with Sir Bethel? How he frightened me! Is he all right again? Can I open my eyes?"

"As soon as you like," she uttered, coldly; "your affectation and helplessness are simply revolting, mamma."

"Revolting? Indeed! Affectation? Really!" cried injured Mrs. Arden, raising herself without any assistance from Gladys. "Such behavior is truly seemly from a child to ——"

But Gladys was by Sir Bethel's couch again, and listening anxiously over him as he lay. Powerless and weak as he was now, she could be tender and womanly enough to him. And to him she seemed an angel verily, now that her heart was melted and her eyes were full of tears. She saw from the bead-like drops on his brow how great his suffering had been.

"Can I get you anything, Bethel?" she asked him, softly. "The servants shall not come in. Tell me where I can find what you would like."

He lifted his deeply-loving eyes, so full of happy gratitude.

"A little wine, my darling—that is all. You will probably find it still on the luncheon-table. Thank you so much," he breathed.

She was gone; he closed his eyelids. Oh, if she would always be as tender!

She came back soon with a decanter of sherry, and poured out some into the glass she had brought with her; then, kneeling down on the carpet by his side, with the little sleek hand whereon his jewels flashed held it to his pain-drawn lips. He raised his head from the pillow—for the pain by this time had quite left him—and drank the wine eagerly—thankfully.

Rising, she poured out more, and, kneeling down again, offered it in the same way as before; and because it was she who proffered it, and not because he really needed it, he drank again, and believed himself in Paradise.

"Are you better?" she asked, in a low, sad voice. "Can I do anything else?"

"Nothing, my darling; you have cured me."

He smiled reassuringly, and she got up from the carpet. He caught her by the skirt of her dress, and she turned once more.

"Kiss me, darling," he said, yearningly. And she kissed him.

She returned to her place by the window, and marveled at what she had done, marveled at his blind devotion, and her own transient tenderness, that pity had awakened into life.

"Oh, that I could love him!" she sighed wearily to herself. "He is so good, he deserves it."

Mrs. Arden, now recovered, spoke from the fireside.

"You really must forgive me, dear Sir Bethel," she said, fanning herself lackadaisically; "I was quite helpless with the shock, and could do nothing. I thought—I thought—I really do not know what I did think. Are you subject to such attacks, Sir Bethel? Have you ever had advice? If not, you ought to have—indeed you ought. You must have advice as speedily as possible, if you have not had it already. I was not aware that you suffered from those awful spasms, dear Sir Bethel."

Sir Bethel Oswestry still rested. He liked to watch Gladys standing by the window—to watch her, and devour her perfect beauty with hungry, love-lit eyes.

"I have suffered once or twice before in a similar manner," he answered; "but I have never had advice."

His words recalled a memory in the heart of Gladys. She recollected clearly as he spoke how ill he had looked on that afternoon when he called at Linford Grange for the promise she had given him then.

"You should," said Mrs. Arden, fretfully, her ideas naturally running on the past, and the fate of Lady Oswestry; "by rights you ought to consult a London physician to-morrow, Sir Bethel."

"I will see about it," he returned, smiling. "I believe there is nothing to fear, myself."

"That is it," said Mrs. Arden, impatiently; "you are uncertain and doubtful. It is very wrong, Sir Bethel, to drive those things off which should be seen to without delay."

"True," he assented, thoughtfully; "I will see to it."

Gladys glanced over her shoulder at her lover. Her beautiful face was anxious and interested; the wilful loveliness was softened and tender yet.

"Bethel," she said, earnestly, "you must promise me that without delay you will seek the opinion of some eminent physician. Mamma is right—you must not be careless."

He answered her immediately, his deep voice betraying how great was the gladness with which her sweet solicitude—new as it was sweet—thrilled him.

"My darling, I promise you." Miss Arden held her forehead to the cooling panes of the window.

"I must be kinder to him," she thought, gloomily; "for have I not given him my word that I will marry him in six weeks from to-day?"

(To be continued.)

WHERE BOXWOOD COMES FROM.

NOT every one is aware that the wood used by engravers is the growth of those far-away regions around the Black and Caspian seas, the very names of the ports from which it is shipped being unfamiliar. Very few who consider themselves good geographers have heard of Poti or Abkassia or Tzaritzin, and yet these are flourishing commercial towns, reached by the way of the Golden Horn of Constantinople. For all fine engravings Turkey boxwood is used, and as its quality varies much, skill is necessary for a good selection. The best is a delicate yellow color, clear, and free from spots; it cuts smoothly and evenly, without crumbling or tearing, but every line cut will be perfect.

It is to the use of this wood by our artists that the superiority of their designs and wood engravings must in a great measure be attributed. In consequence of its scarcity and high price, many substitutes have been resorted to; maple, apple, pear, mahogany have been experimented upon; but hitherto no wood, metal, or composition has been discovered that possesses the requisite qualities.

In addition to engraving, boxwood is used for scales, rules, gauging-rods, and similar articles on which figuring is made; and there are factories in Connecticut that consume hundreds of tons annually for this purpose alone. Any one that has ever held a carpenter's rule in his hand knows what boxwood is like. It differs in color and texture from all other wood, and it is somewhat remarkable that it comes to perfection only in a comparatively limited region of country in the vicinity of the Black Sea. It weighs about seventy five pounds to the cubic foot, and varies in price to land it in Boston or New York from $75 to $256 a ton.

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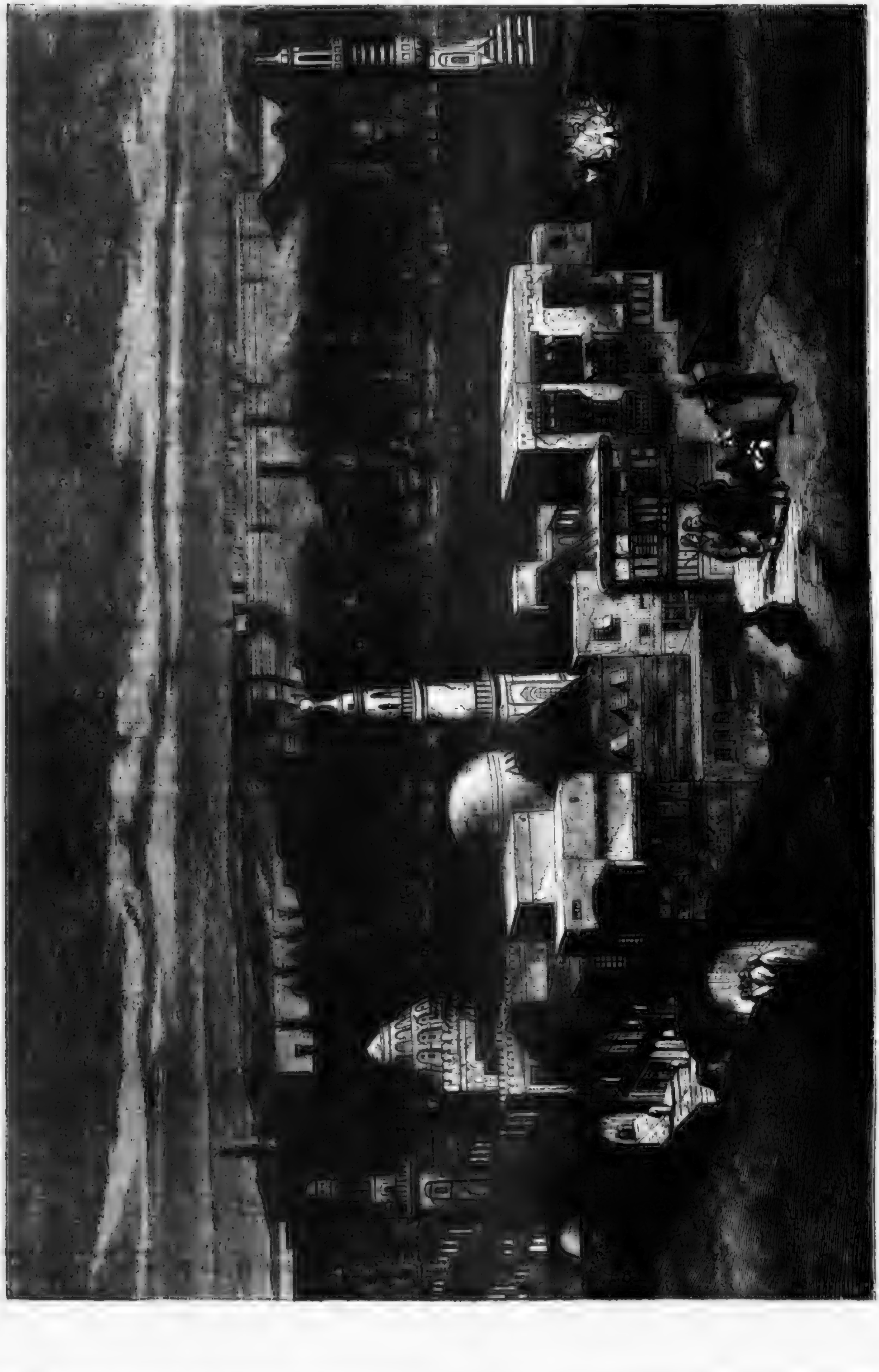


GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT.

By Leonard Scott.

We remained at Naples till the 8th of January, and then sailed for Alexandria in the *Atlas*, one of the Cunard line of Mediterranean steamers, having an English Captain and crew, and English and American passengers. Among the latter were General R. O. Tyler, of the United States Army, and some gentlemen from New York.

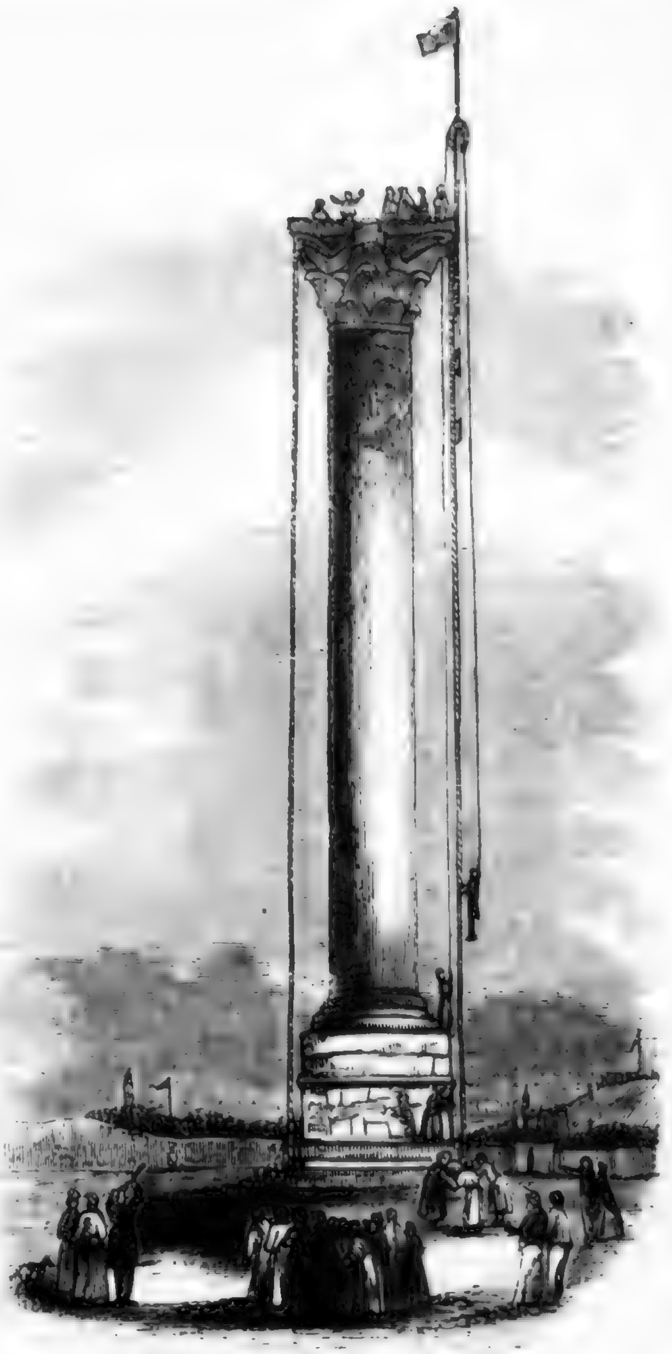
We started in the afternoon, and during the night passed Stromboli, from which issued occasional volumes of flame, and the next morning we steamed through the Straits of Messina, passing between the celebrated Scylla and Charybdis, so often figuratively used to represent difficult navigation, but, like many similar figures of speech, failing of their purpose; for they are four miles apart, and our captain says there is neither difficulty nor danger in passing them.

Scylla is a rock on the Italian shore, near the "Toe of Italy," and Charybdis a whirlpool formed by the current running up the Straits of Messina, near the Sicilian shore. This whirlpool exists only when the current meets counter-currents from the northern or contrary direction.

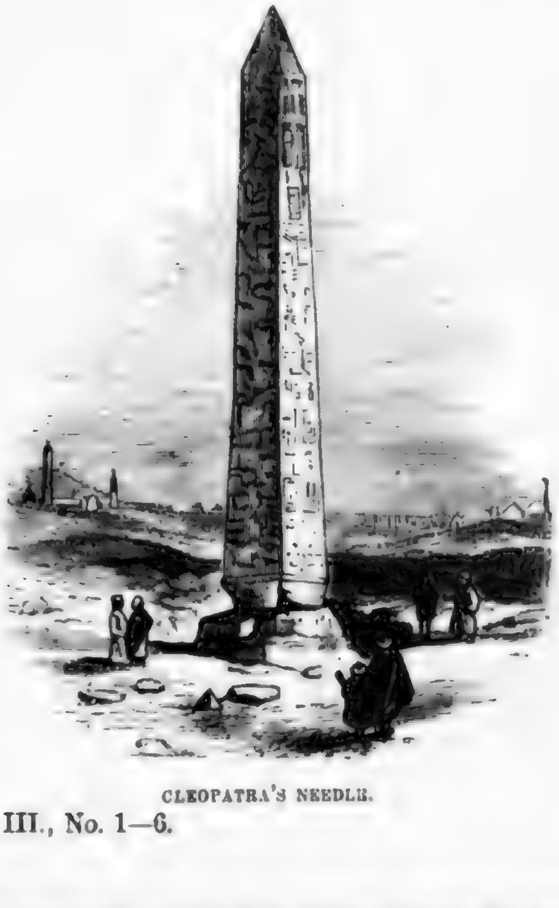
As we ran down the Straits we passed the cities of Messina and Catania on our right, and the Mountains of Calabria, now capped with snow, on our left. We were disappointed in not getting a good sight of Mount Etna, which stands near Catania, it being obscured, except a small part of its base, by the mists and clouds of the morning.

Like Vesuvius, this mountain had recently been throwing up vast quantities of lava and stones, making a display even more brilliant and terrible than that of its neighbor; but it was now quiet. It is remarkable that both mountains are never active at the same time; from which fact it is believed there is a subterranean connection between them, and that the eruption of the one relieves the pressure upon the other.

Our second day at sea became very rough, from the strong northerly winds that blow down from the Adriatic, and we were all quite sea-sick; but the remainder of the voyage was, on the whole, very pleasant. We awoke on the morning of the fifth day in sight of the lighthouse at Alexandria, and after waiting several hours for a pilot—for pilots, like every other class of Egyptians, seem never in a hurry—we proceeded to our anchorage in the harbor of this ancient city.



POMPEY'S PILLAR.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Strange sights now await us on every hand. The steamer is boarded by the health officer and his attendants, to inquire into our sanitary condition. They are dressed in the Turkish garb, the turban, the fez, or red cap, the flowing robe and trowsers, and the embroidered vest. They all speak a little English, and after performing their duties they return to their boat, and their places are soon supplied by hotel runners, stevedores, dragomans, and others, seeking customers and employment. We find them as persistent in thrusting their services upon us as similar classes in Christian countries, perhaps more so; which is certainly needless.

Selecting the runner of a hotel to which we had been recommended, we were taken to the city, a distance of about a mile, in a sail-boat, over a rough sea, where we were exposed to considerable danger. On our way we observed numerous windmills along the shore, which are a marked feature in the landscape here, also the Viceroy's palace and his late harem, now converted into a cholera hospital.

The harbor is crowded with vessels from all parts of the

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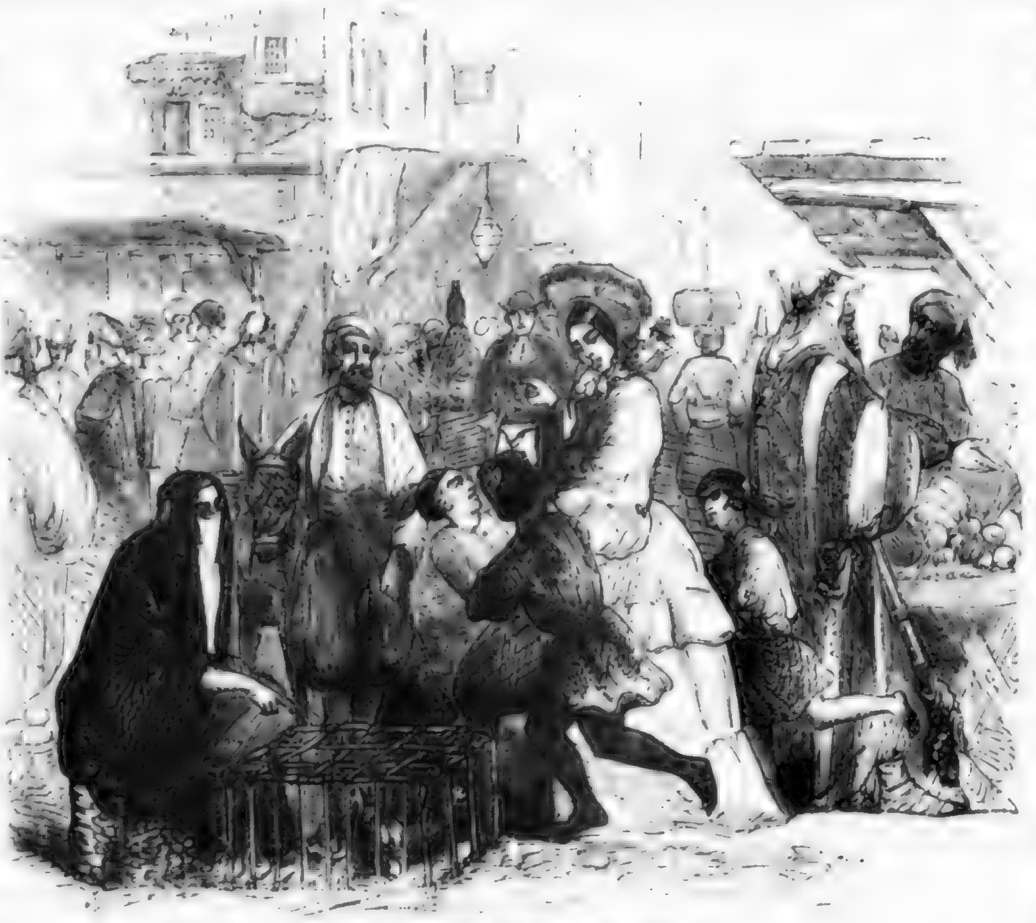
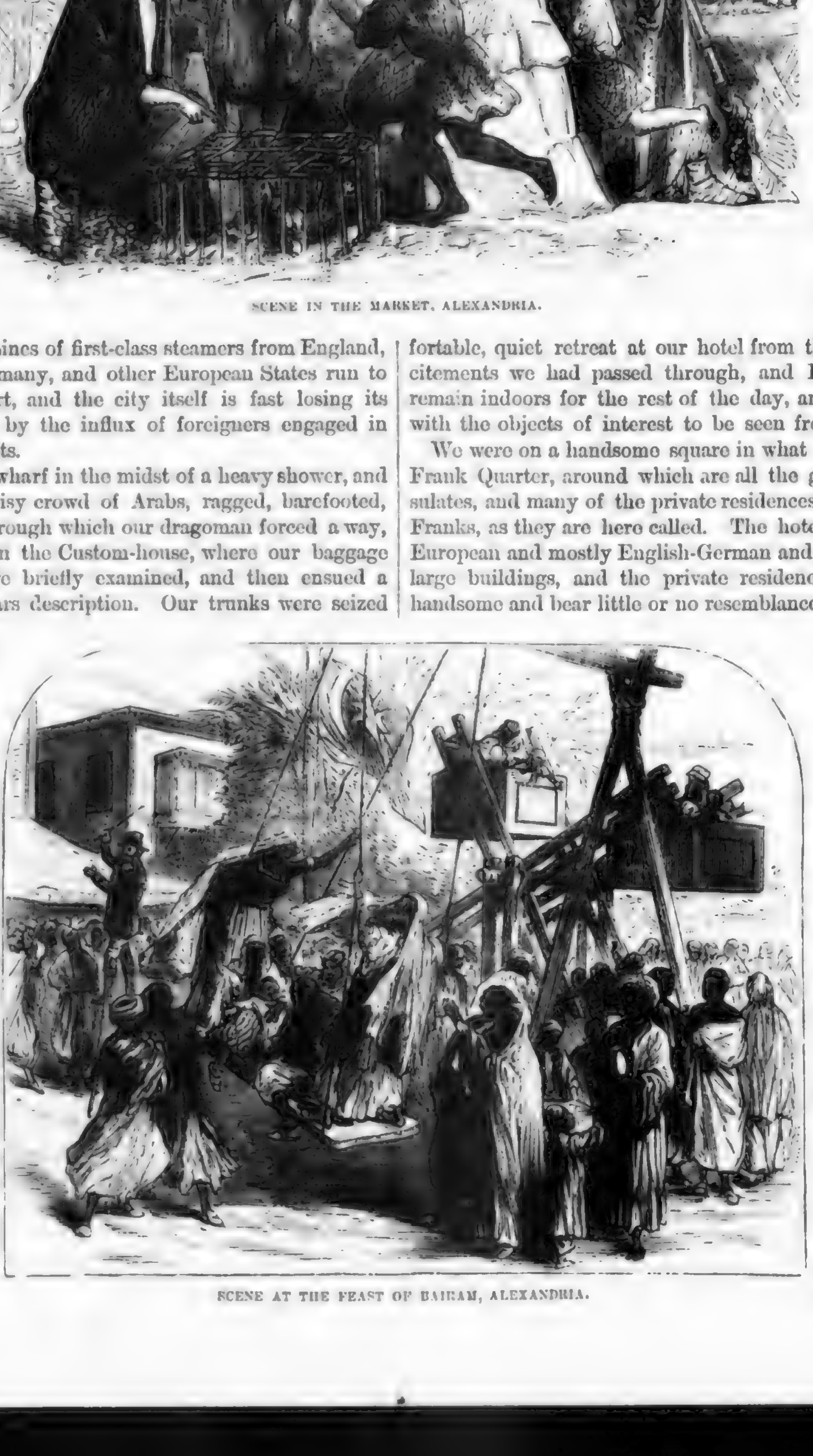


SCENE IN THE MARKET, ALEXANDRIA.

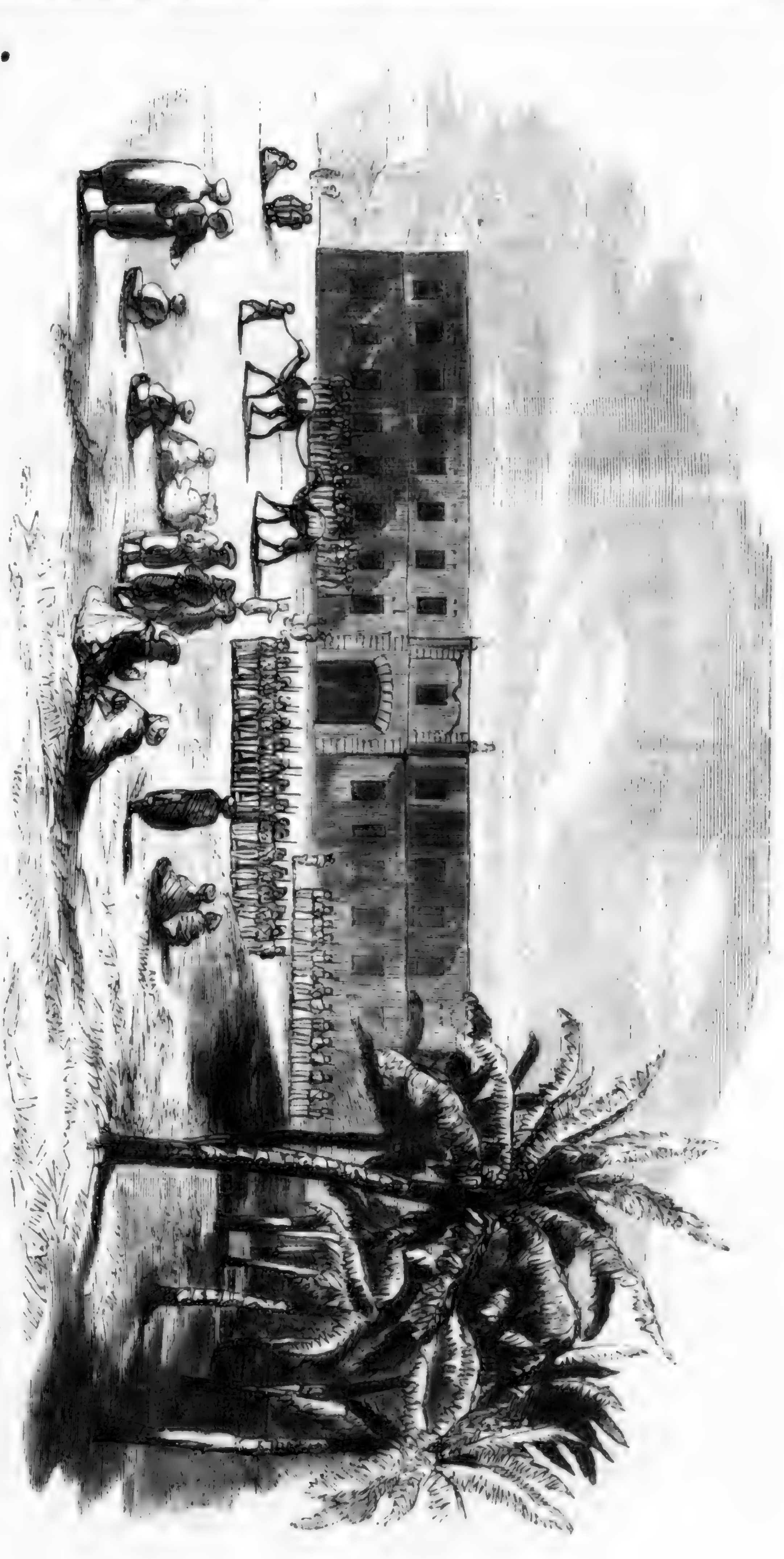
world—for Alexandria is the *one* great seaport of Egypt—and since the price of cotton has risen by the late war in the United States, that article is largely exported to the manufacturing countries of Europe. Corn, wheat, and sugar are likewise shipped in large quantities. Alexandria is also important as being in the great highway to India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, and a railway now runs direct from this city to the Red Sea. Lines of first-class steamers from England, France, Italy, Germany, and other European States run to and from this port, and the city itself is fast losing its oriental character by the influx of foreigners engaged in commercial pursuits.

We reached the wharf in the midst of a heavy shower, and were met by a noisy crowd of Arabs, ragged, barefooted, and barelegged, through which our dragoman forced a way, and were shortly in the Custom-house, where our baggage and passports were briefly examined, and then ensued a scene which beggars description. Our trunks were seized by rival porters, screaming and fighting for the right to take them to our hotel; during which we saw them several times carried backward and forward, in and out, our dragoman meanwhile shouting and swearing at the top of his voice, and beating the poor devils with a big stick, which, however, they did not seem to care for in the least; till finally the tangled mass of bare legs, turbans, trunks, and carpet-bags, somehow or other got unraveled, and we saw the baggage placed safely on a cart and started off to the hotel. We soon followed, in a dirty, old, creaking carriage, through narrow, muddy streets, lined with little, dark, dingy stores or shops, tended by lazy, sleepy, old, cross-legged Turks and Egyptians, in oriental costumes, and smoking very long pipes. We were glad to find a comfortable, quiet retreat at our hotel from the perils and excitements we had passed through, and I was content to remain indoors for the rest of the day, and amuse myself with the objects of interest to be seen from my window.



SCENE AT THE FEAST OF BAIRAM, ALEXANDRIA.

We were on a handsome square in what is known as the Frank Quarter, around which are all the great hotels, consulates, and many of the private residences of foreigners, or Franks, as they are here called. The hotels, which are all European and mostly English-German and French, are fine, large buildings, and the private residences are generally handsome and bear little or no resemblance to the dwellings of the Egyptians, which are low, mean-looking affairs, having dingy, latticed fronts, heavy balustrades and dark entrances, and with an air of cheerlessness about them which I can hardly describe. A constant stream of animated life is passing along the broad street beneath me in the shape of riders on horses, camels and donkeys riders in coaches, wagons and cartmen, women and children on foot—some with burdens on their heads and some without — the Egyptian women vailed, the Franks with their faces bare—the Arab with his hooded cloak, turban and trowsers — the Frank with his hat, coat and pants—some with black skins, some with white and some with brown—the whole forming a picture the counterpart of which I had never before looked upon. The little donkey interested me greatly. He is very small — scarcely larger than a good-sized sheep —but he goes trotting along briskly, with a big Arab on his back, whose legs, generally stirrupless, hang dangling down so as almost to touch the ground, and who beats the poor brute with a heavy stick or drives his heels against his sides to urge him to a swifter pace. Every now and then the donkey opens his mouth, and if he does not give utterance to words like her of Balaam's time, there issue from his throat the most unearthly sounds that ever met the human ear. It seems to be the donkey's mode of protesting against the cruelty of his master; but it is unheeded, or more likely brings him heavier blows. I noticed that the donkey's saddle was always placed well back over his hips, thus bringing the load mainly upon his hind legs, and leaving a long space in front uncovered; which gave both donkey and rider a very awkward look and much unnecessary discomfort. The saddle was a curiosity, being broad and nearly flat on the top, and having a huge, high pommel, so heavy as to be almost a load of itself. A breeching is used instead of a crupper, to keep the saddle in its place, and stirrups are



THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA.

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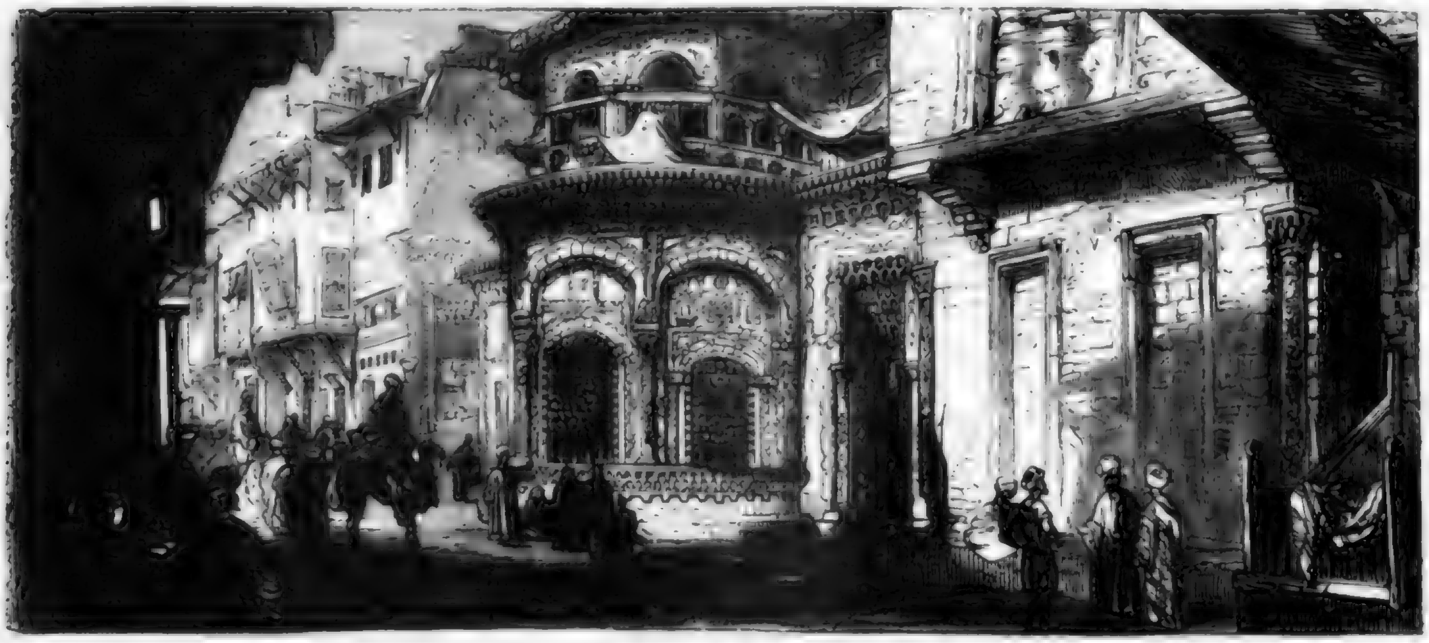
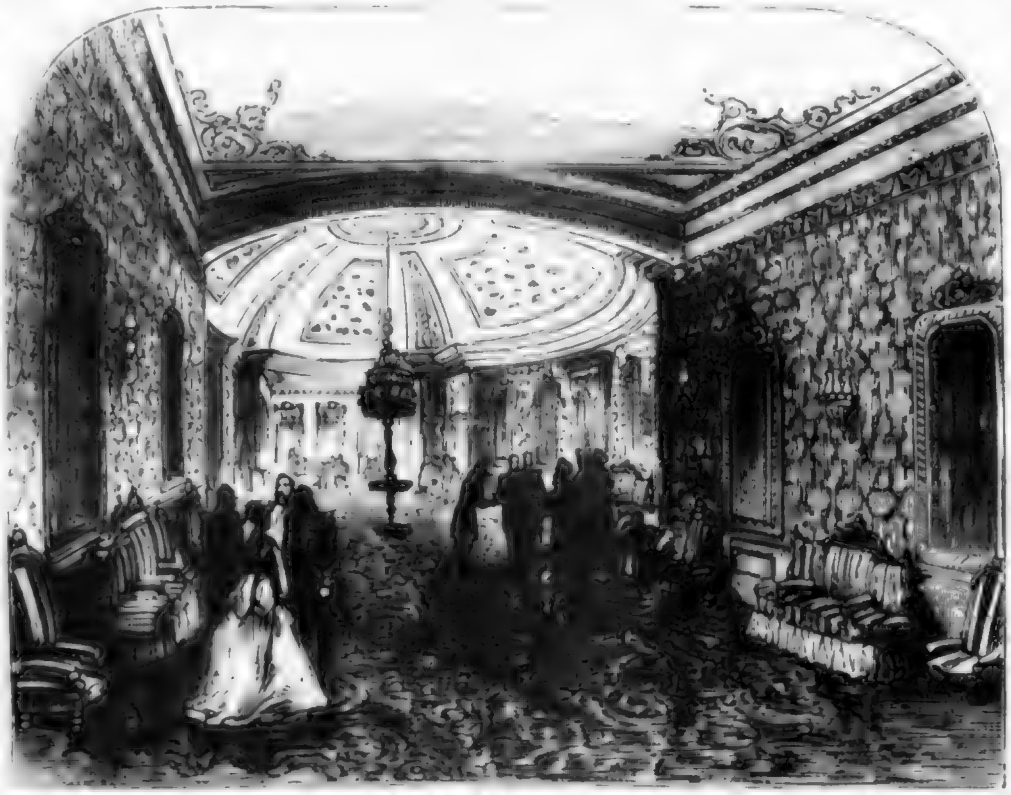


A STREET IN CAIRO.

seldom seen. My wife and daughter accepted an invitation from General Tyler to drive to the two great lions of Alexandria—"Pompey's Pillar" and "Cleopatra's Needle." They had a very pleasant drive and came home full of admiration for these wonderful works of a by-gone age. Their names are fictitious, for Pompey's Pillar has no connection with Pompey, but was erected in honor of Diocletian the Roman Emperor, about A. D. 300. Its total height, including pedestal and capital, is 98 feet 9 inches. Its circumference, 29 feet 8 inches, and the diameter at the top of the capital, 16 feet 6 inches. The shaft itself is one solid block of dark red granite, 73 feet in length. Cleopatra's Needle has really no connection with the beautiful Cleopatra. There are two of these needles or obelisks, one standing, and the other near it, prostrate and buried beneath the sand. They were originally erected at Heliopolis, some two hundred miles up the Nile, about 1500 years B. C., and were removed to their present site by one of the Cæsars, while Egypt was under the Roman power. They are of red granite, 70 feet long, with a diameter at the base of 7 feet 7 inches. I am getting used to these immense blocks of stone since visiting Upper Egypt, but at first I was awe-struck by their great size, and, even now, I do not cease to wonder at the immense labor and skill which must have been required to hew them from their rocky beds on the Upper Nile, transport them by land and water many hundreds of miles, and then raise them upon their pedestals to stand as they have stood for thousands of years past, and as they may yet stand for thousands of years to come.

We staid one night at Alexandria, and started the next morning for Cairo by rail, a distance of about 150 miles. This ancient city is situated near the Nile, above the delta formed by the numerous mouths of that river, the chief of which are the Rosetta and the Damietta: and here let me remark that Egypt above Cairo, *i. e.*, the arable portion of it, is but a very narrow strip of country, extending southwardly to Nubia, at the first cataract of the Nile, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. Its average width, including the river, which is about half a mile broad, is but four miles, and it is bounded east and west by ranges of hills or low mountains, over which the yellow sands of the Desert pour down like clouds of drifting snow. In many places these hills extend on one side to the river's bank, and sometimes they approach so closely on both sides as to leave but a rod or two of alluvial soil. Below Cairo the Delta widens like a *fan*, and on the Mediterranean shore it has a breadth of nearly two hundred miles. On our route to Cairo, we cross both the principal mouths of the Nile, and pass over a country flat and level as the sea. At first, the land is wet and swampy, and has a poverty-stricken look; but after a while we come to the rich alluvial soil, upon which we see crops of cotton, wheat, barley, sugar-cane, etc., growing luxuriantly even at this season of the year (January).

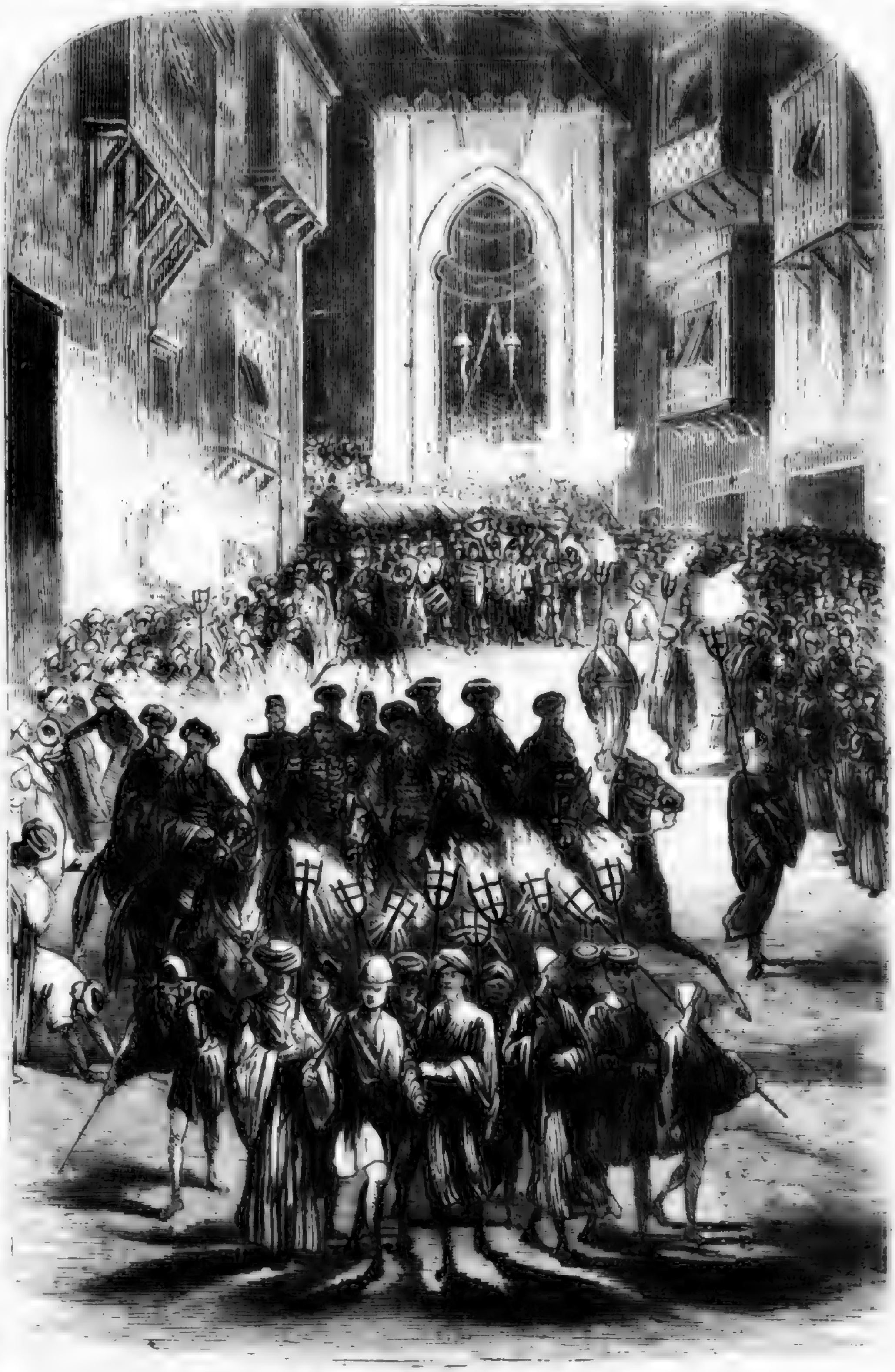
We pass many villages, all built of mud or dried bricks,



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF ESBEKIEH.

and several of them in ruins. Everything we see is of the same dirty color, except the green crops and the palm-trees and acacias which line the water-courses. The people have a muddy look, their skins are dark-brown, they live in mud and dust all their lives; their clothes are full of it, their bare feet, legs, hands, and faces are covered with it, they work in it from "morn to dewy eve," and they make their bed of it at night. How then can they look otherwise than muddy?

The country is without timber suitable for building houses, and the people are too poor to purchase it from abroad; the soil has no stones, and there is no fuel wherewith to burn bricks; their only resource, then, is *mud;* and to this they have so long been accustomed, that they seem content, and ask for nothing better. These villages are built upon little knolls or eminences standing above the ordinary level, but the annual inundation of the Nile sometimes overflows and destroys them, and the poor inhabitants have then to remove to some other place and build again, the material being always near at hand.



PROCESSION IN CAIRO ON THE EVE OF THE RAMADAN FAST.

We passed a large village or town called Tanta, situated on the side of a hill. It was a *fête* day, and all the inhabitants and thousands of strangers were outside the town, holding a fair.

These fairs are frequent here, and much licentiousness and other forms of dissipation accompany them. Twice a year there is a great gathering of the Moslems, sometimes to the extent of more than 100,000 at this place, who make a pilgrimage to the tomb of a celebrated Moslem saint. These gatherings last eight days, and are often followed by disease in some shape — plague, cholera, and the like—engendered by the filthy habits of such vast multitudes of people. Cholera, you know, very often commences in Egypt, and thence spreads itself over the world, and if its origin may be traced to these causes, the piety of the Mohammedan is purchased at a fearful cost to the rest of mankind.

There are many birds along our route—pelicans, loons, wild ducks, geese, ibises, pigeons, and smaller game. The ibis is a beautiful, white, crane-like bird, resembling closely that which was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Sportsmen all along the Nile have fine times shooting these birds, and the ducks and pigeons often supplied our table.

But now we are approaching Cairo, and from the window of our car we see, many miles off, the famous pyramids of Gizeh. They seem very near, but we are deceived by their immense size. Finally, we are at the end of our journey, and before us stands one of the best existing types of an oriental city. We drive to "Shepheard's Hotel," but it is full, and we learn that all the hotels are crowded, in consequence of the public festivities now taking place, such as parades, fireworks, horse-racing, camel-racing, etc., etc., and which are to be concluded at the end of the week by a grand ball at the royal palace, to which, through their respective consuls, all the foreigners at Cairo may obtain cards of invitation.

It is the week which follows the "Ramadan" or holy month of the Moslems, as our Easter follows Lent, and the whole city seems to be given up to pleasure.

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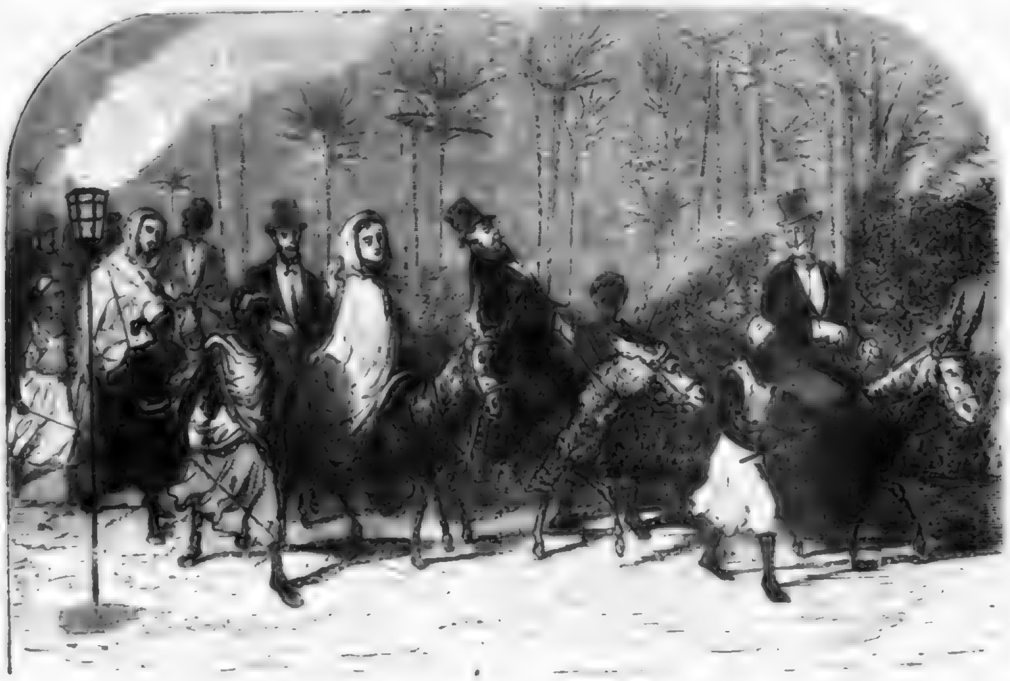
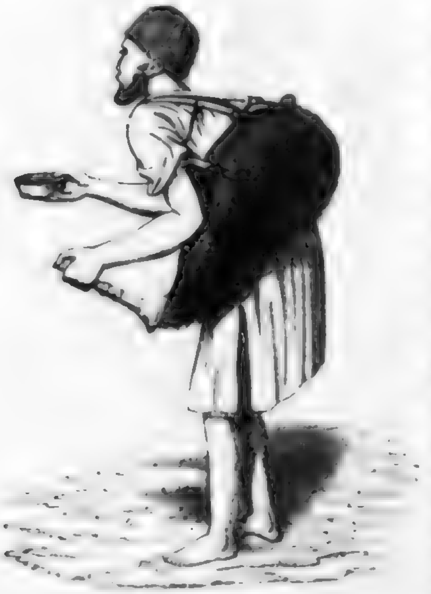


GOING TO A BALL AT THE KHÉDIVE'S PALACE, CAIRO.

With much difficulty we secured rooms at the "New Hotel," on condition of surrendering them at the end of two days, from which time they had already been engaged. My daughter was taken ill the first night, and was so sick when the two days had expired that we were suffered to remain; otherwise we should have been turned into the street.

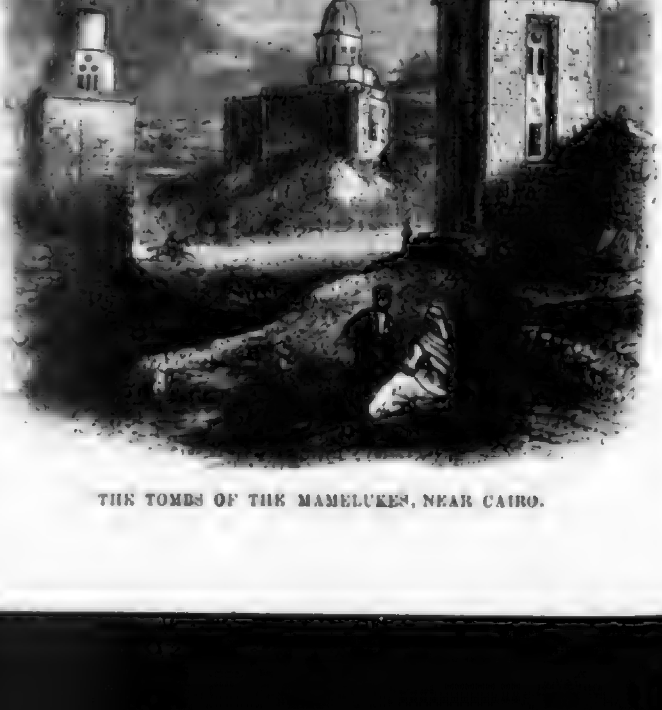
We found the hotel exceedingly cold and damp, and we were all made ill by it. Of course, we did not go to the ball, but several of our American friends went, and on their return could not find words to describe its splendor. The Viceroy, whose will is law, had built a bridge of boats across the Nile, regardless of obstructing its navigation, to enable his guests to cross to the palace in carriages, and over this bridge went thousands of people to partake of his princely hospitality. It was estimated by some that there were 3,000 persons present at the ball, of whom nearly one-half were Europeans. The Egyptians, of course, were all gentlemen, for Mohammedan ladies are never allowed to be seen by the sterner sex, and, as the gentlemen seldom dance, this amusement was mainly participated in by the Franks. There was but one American lady present—our fellow-passenger to Alexandria—but there were a good many English, French, and Italian ladies, most of whom were richly and elegantly dressed. The supper was pronounced, by all who spoke of it, superior to anything they had ever seen in Europe or America. The viands were delicious, the wines, which were in great variety and abundance, of the finest flavor, and the service was perfection itself.



WATER-CARRIER.

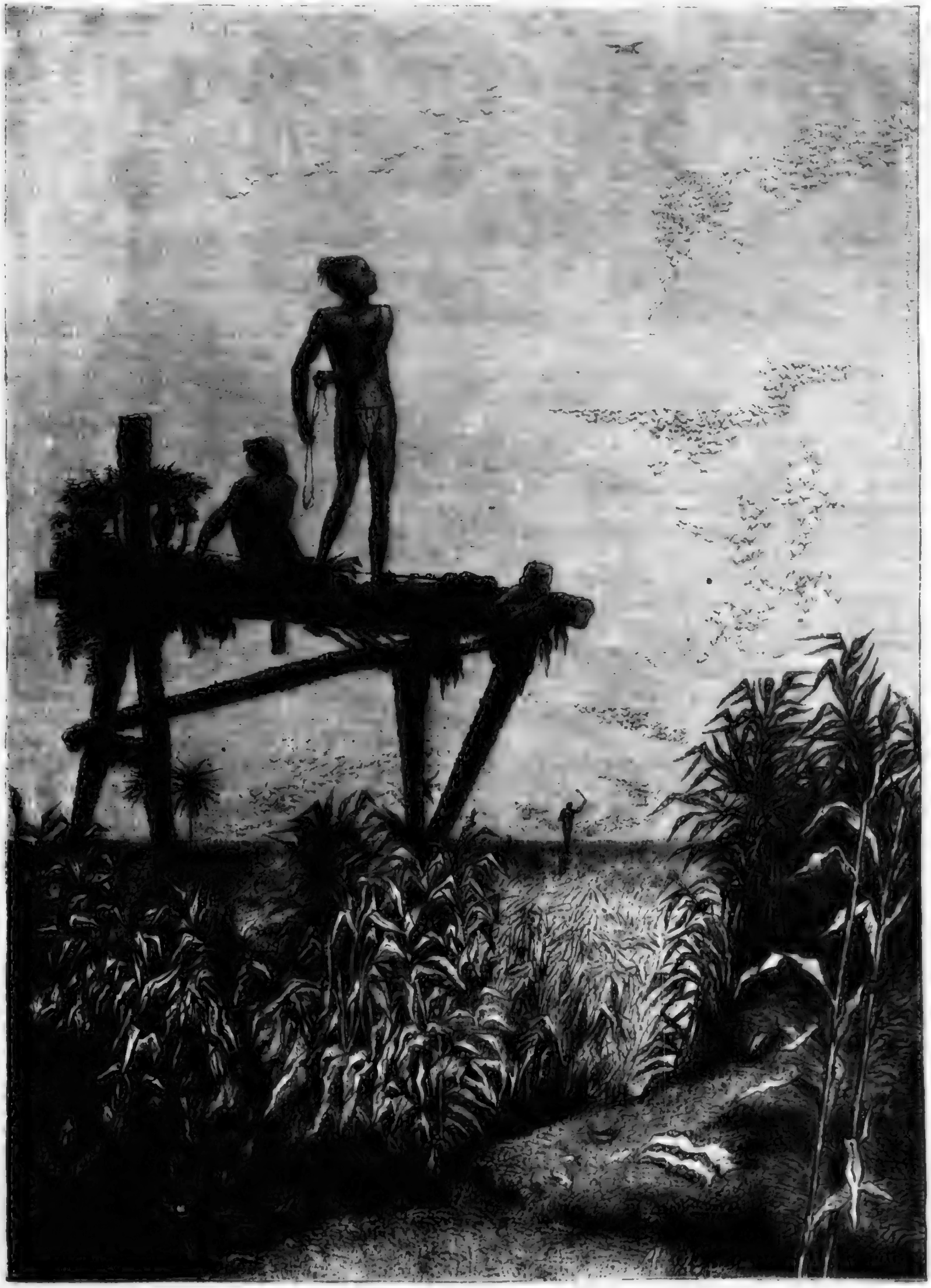
With this grand ball the festivities closed, and very soon the hotels *collapsed*, when we had no longer any difficulty in getting rooms to our liking. The most conspicuous objects that strike the stranger in Cairo are the Citadel and Mahomet Ali's Mosque, standing on a rock at the east side of the city, and overlooking it and the country for many miles around. We take a carriage and proceed to visit these and other objects of attraction. A dragoman accompanies us as guide and interpreter, an Arab drives the horses, and a boy runs before, waving a long stick, and shouting at the top of his voice to clear the way through the narrow, crowded streets.

We pass a large, open square, entirely destitute of grass, and containing only a few acacias struggling for life amidst the dust that settles in clouds upon their branches, and enter a street called the Mouski, where the foreign shopkeepers are located, and which is known also as the Frank-Bazar. It is not paved, nor has it sidewalks, and loose boards are placed across from the tops of the buildings to protect it from the sun. It is crowded to excess with a living, moving mass, such as that I saw from our hotel at Alexandria, and it needs all the warnings of the out-runners and all the skill of the drivers, to prevent constant and serious collisions. From the Mouski we pass through streets much narrower and still more crowded, in one of which we encounter a wedding-party, preceded by musicians, making discordant music with pipe and drum and tambourines. We pass through other bazars—*alias* dingy little stores—where the venders sit on divans or on the floor, within reach of their entire stock of goods, and finally we arrive at the citadel, a large military fortification, built less for protection from without than for despotic rule within. From its walls



THE TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES, NEAR CAIRO.

we get a view of the great pyramids of Gizeh and Sakhara, also the tombs of the Mameluke kings, the Desert, the Nile, the city with its numerous palaces, gardens, mosques, and minarets, the palms, acacias and sycamores within and around it, and many other objects of much interest to the stranger.



EGYPTIAN BOY WATCHING GRAIN FIELDS.

Within the walls of the citadel is "Joseph's Well," said by some writers to be as old as if it had once quenched the thirst of the chaste son of Jacob while a dweller in the land of Pharaoh, and by others to derive its name from the Caliph Yusef, to whom its origin is attributed. This well, cut through the solid rock, is 260 feet deep. Outside of it is a gallery or winding staircase, down which donkeys are led to or near the bottom to work a wheel for bringing up the water in buckets. This gallery, lighted partly from above and partly by torches, is often descended by visitors, but we

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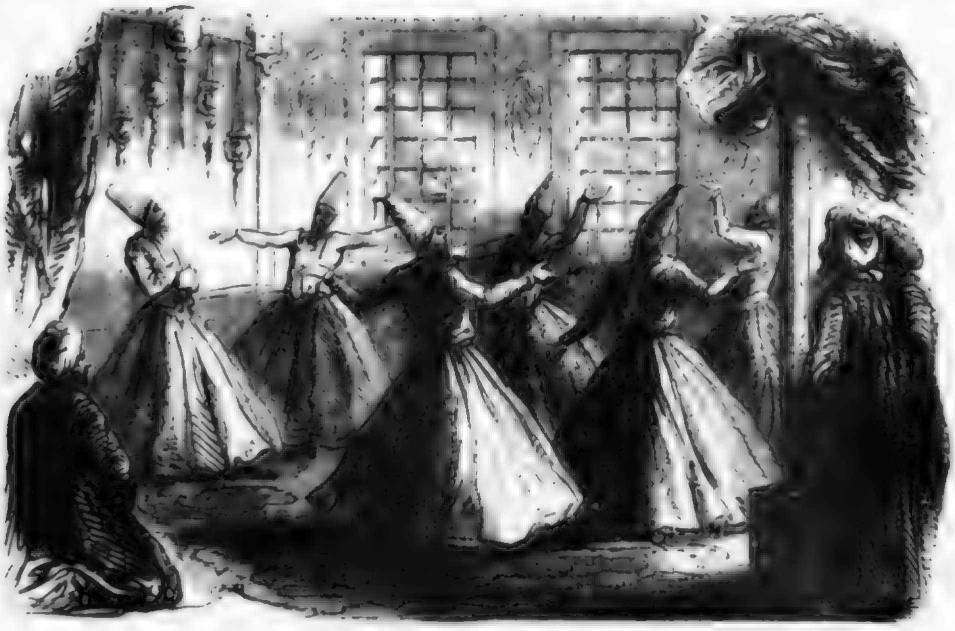


WHIRLING DERVISHES.

were content with a look from the top. We were shown the spot where Emin Bey leaped with his horse over the wall to escape the fate of his 439 Mameluke brethren, who were all murdered by order of Mahomet Ali, A. D. 1811. How he survived that fearful leap it is difficult to imagine, but he did survive it, and he lived many years after, on friendly terms with this cruel old man.

Mahomet Ali's Mosque is within the walls of the citadel. It is one of the newest mosques in the city, and is a truly magnificent building. It has two very tall minarets, too high, in fact, to be in good taste, and over the centre rises a dome, beside which several lesser ones swell up. In front of the mosque is a large court—surrounded by arcades—and in its centre is an elegant fountain where worshipers perform their preliminary ablutions.

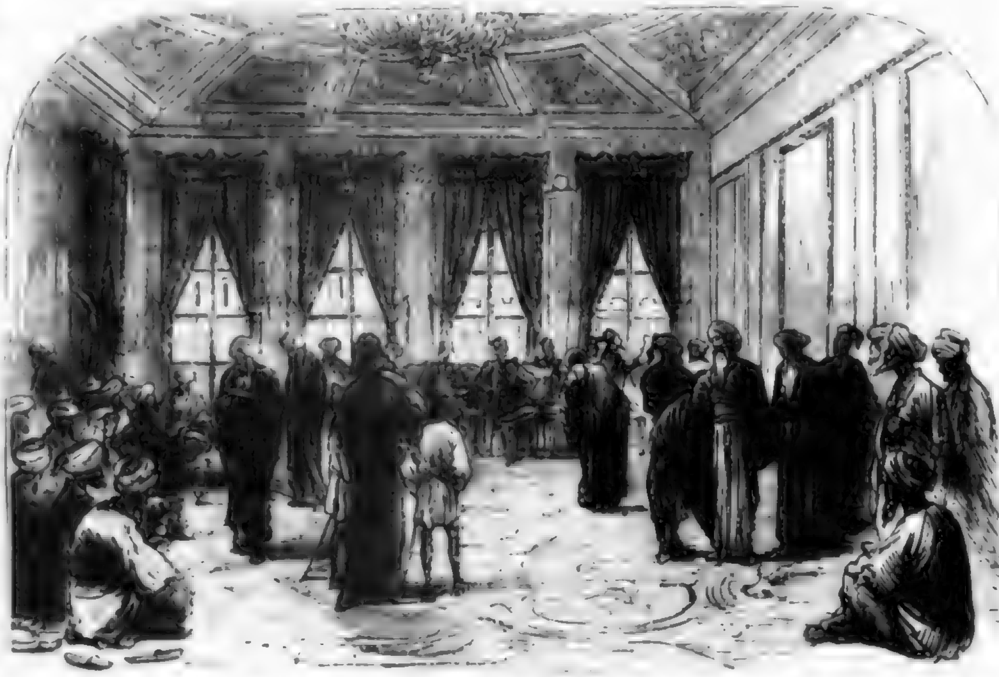
We approach the entrance to this court, but are stopped by the attendants, who admit no visitors unless they are barefooted or wear slippers; so we suffered ourselves to be shod with red slippers, which are at hand for this purpose, and then we were allowed to enter. The inner walls are faced with Egyptian alabaster, the cupolas glitter in colors of blue, red, green and gold, and a magic light seems to penetrate the colored glass windows. By counting my steps across the floor, which is richly carpeted, I make the entire length of the building about 200 feet—width 150 feet—span of the main arch or dome 70 feet. It has no pews nor seats of any kind. Moslems go there mainly to pray. Five times a day the *muezzin*, appointed for that purpose, ascends the minaret as high as the balcony, and in a loud, clear voice, calls the faithful to prayers.

All come who choose, and enter without ceremony. They turn their faces toward Mecca, a point always indicated by a niche in the wall, and either silently or aloud pray to Allah and the Prophet. Occasionally they bow and lift up their hands or prostrate themselves upon the floor. Several of these devotees went through their prayers while we were there, coming in and going out quietly, nor seeming to be at all disturbed by our presence.

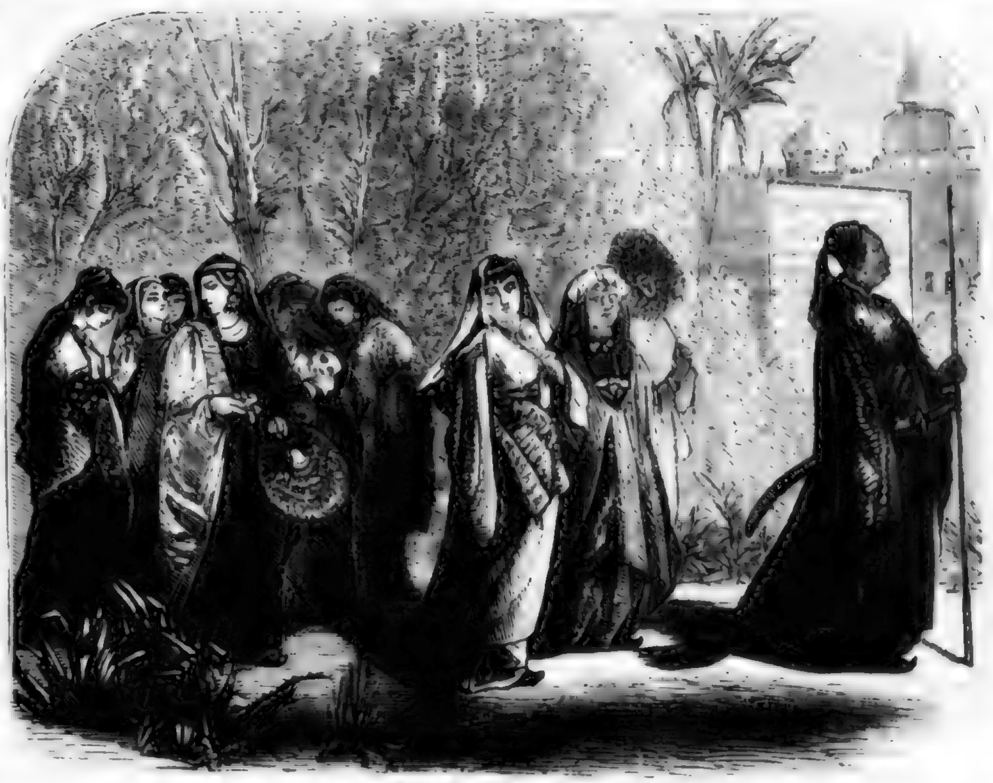
The mosque has two pulpits, a large and a small one, and a gallery runs around three sides of the building. In one corner the gallery is screened by lattice-work to prevent the ladies of the Viceroy's harem, who go there to worship, from being seen. On the right, as we enter the mosque, is Mahomet Ali's tomb, inclosed by a gilded railing. Here the old Viceroy lies, after his many cruel and many noble deeds; the open Koran resting upon the tomb, and the prayers of the faithful constantly ascending within the sanctuary erected by his munificence.

When we left the mosque the attendants at the gate clamored loudly for *backsheesh* (Arabic for money), for the use of the slippers. We paid them, though not to the extent demanded, for, from the number of claimants professing to have aided in putting them on and taking them off, this would have left us penniless.

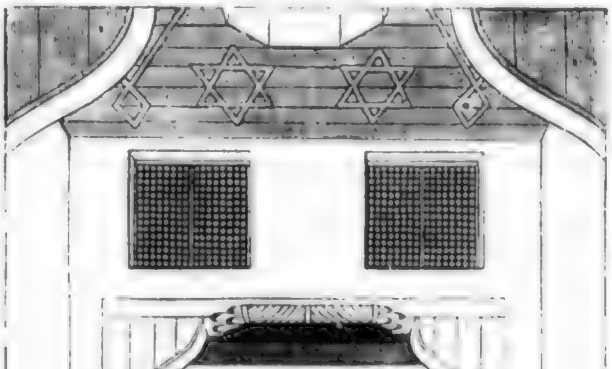
On our way back we fell in with a procession of pilgrims—a detachment of the great army of fanatics who go every year on a holy pilgrimage to Mecca. This great caravan was now gathering in Cairo from all parts of Egypt, and, on a given day, was to start on its long journey across the Desert, which, to go and return, occupies one hundred days. Those we saw were headed by an Egyptian band, discoursing most horrible music, and in the procession was a richly caparisoned camel, bearing a canopy of brocade embroidered in gold and colors, and containing two copies of the Koran; both the camel and the canopy being considered holy. Following this was another camel, bearing a man naked to the waist, with a head of hair like a huge mop, and swaying his body from side to side and twisting and turning his head in a most peculiar manner, all the while keeping his eyes closed. The man was doubtless idiotic, but by these fanatics he was regarded as holy, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca for thirty consecutive years. Following him were other camels



DISTRIBUTION OF THE HOLY ROBES, ON THE EVE OF THE RAMADAN FAST, AT THE CITADEL PALACE, CAIRO.



THE LADIES' WALK, CAIRO.



AN OPEN APARTMENT, CAIRO.

carrying the principal dignitaries of the sect, and after these again the rank and file on foot. Christians, who on all other occasions are entirely safe in Egypt, are often subjected to insult by these devout followers of the Prophet. Some of our party were spit upon and had dirt and missiles thrown at them while waiting for the procession to pass, and all the power of the Viceroy does not seem sufficient to prevent these outrages. On such occasions, too, water is often thrown from the windows by Moslem women upon spectators in the Christian garb. On Friday, which is the Moslem's Sabbath, we went to see the "Whirling Dervishes," who perform their curious ceremonies every week in a small mosque in the heart of the city. There were not more than fifteen or twenty present, and these were slowly marching round the inner circle of the mosque, each bowing as he passed toward the spot pointing in the direction of Mecca, and where sat the sheikh of the order, an old man, who seemed to be their leader. In the gallery, the choir (?) was making that miserable apology for music which everywhere seems to delight the Egyptian ear, the instruments being the pipe, or reed, the *tom-tom*, or drum, and the jingling tambourine. These were accompanied by a drawling, nasal sort of tune, uttered by the unmusical Egyptian voice, spiritless and monotonous. The dervishes all wore high, drab wool caps, and long cloaks of various colors, and they were all barefooted. When they had gone round the circle several times in this way, they stopped, and, suddenly dropping their cloaks, appeared in short, full, white linen skirts, not unlike a lady's, and immediately commenced whirling around, each by himself, and as they whirled their skirts unfolded and expanded to very broad dimensions. All turned to the right, and it seemed wonderful to us that they did not grow giddy and fall down. But round and round they went, their eyes shut and their heads leaning over to the right shoulder, arms extended, the palm of the right hand turned upward and that of the left downward. They danced around in this way, looking somewhat like ladies in a waltz, for at least ten minutes; then they stopped, folded their arms on their breasts, and bowed to the centre of the circle, and shortly after commenced going around it, some whirling as they went, till finally they stopped; and all seating themselves on the floor, bowed forward and kissed it. The old sheikh then turned his face toward Mecca, and with upraised hand delivered a brief discourse, in a drawling, sing-song tone. The worshipers again kissed the floor, and the assistant sheikh then delivered another discourse, with the voice and attitude of his chief, the congregation responded in a sort of "Amen," and thus the services closed.

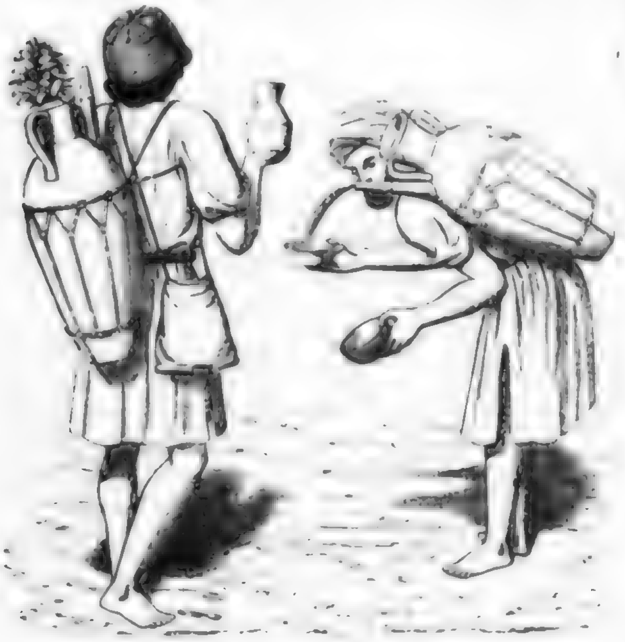
It was altogether a more quiet, not to say *stupid*, affair than I had expected; but we learned that these were not the real *Jumping* Dervishes. The latter hold forth in another mosque; and, we were told, so worked themselves up to a frenzy by their various antics as to remind one of somewhat similar scenes among religious people in America, such as foaming at the mouth, loud shouts, fainting, epilepsy, and the like. No doubt they are equally sincere, and perhaps in the sight of God their worship may be as acceptable. It is not for us to decide.

One of our drives from Cairo took us to the Island of

Roda, two or three miles up the Nile, to see a boat which a dragoman had recommended to us for our trip to the first cataract. We crossed over from the mainland near the spot where tradition has it that Moses was discovered in the bulrushes by Pharoah's daughter. The boat, however, did not suit us, but we were well repaid for the drive, for our dragoman took us to see a pasha's palace and harem. Of course, neither I, nor a gentleman friend who was with us, could be admitted to the apartments occupied by the ladies, but my wife and daughter hoped to have that privilege. To our great surprise and gratification, we were greeted at the entrance by the Pasha himself, one of the highest dignitaries in Egypt—Hassein Pasha—being Minister of the Interior, and cousin of the present Viceroy. He was apparently about thirty years of age, rather short and corpulent, with a pleasant, smiling face, dark hair and whiskers, and the complexion and features of a European. He wore a red fez, loose trowsers, and a *robe de chambre*, trimmed down the front with white fur. The dragoman introduced us as Americans, and stated the object of our visit, and the Pasha then led the way to a reception-room, and motioned us to seats upon the divan, which extended around two sides of the room; at the same time seating himself near me, without the least ostentation or parade, such as I have always supposed inseparable from a Turkish reception. The dragoman acted as our interpreter, and the Pasha said to my wife and daughter that he regretted the ladies of the harem were all away visiting, this being a *fête* day. He, nevertheless, invited us *all* to view the interior of the harem, but before leading the way, we were served with pipes and coffee in the reception-room, by his direction; and here, for the first time, I smoked the long Turkish tchibouque of which I had heard so often. The bowl was made of red clay, the stem, about three and a half feet long, of jasmine, and the mouthpiece of amber, mounted with diamonds. Of course, the pipe rested upon the floor.

The coffee was served in very small porcelain cups—not so large as a common egg-cup, which were fitted into a holder or larger cup of filigree silver, the latter only being held in the hand. It was spiced and sweetened, but it contained no milk, and was of excellent quality. The tobacco was mild, and, from the few whiffs taken, not disagreeable, even to a novice.

This ceremony over, we proceeded across an open court and into a room whose windows were latticed and barred. This was the first reception-room, and contained no furniture except the divan and a handsome straw matting on the floor. The ceiling was high, and both it and the walls were painted in stripes of yellow, red, and black, without much regard to taste.



WATER-CARRIERS.

Out of this room opened several smaller rooms, which we did not enter, and opposite the main entrance we passed through a door into the *grand* reception-room, or "salon," beautifully furnished with Turkish carpets, silk divans and curtains, large mirrors and rocking-chairs. The ceiling and walls were frescoed and gilded, and on the latter hung portraits of old Mahomet Ali (the Pasha's grandfather), his sons and grandsons, and of the Pasha's little daughter and only child. Only child! Think of it! A man with seventy-five wives and only one child!

Adjoining this large room was another, much like it, but less richly furnished. These were all we entered, the Pasha apologizing for not showing the sleeping-apartments to the ladies, as they were not in proper plight.

On our return from the harem, we were served with pipes and coffee as before, and we entered, as well as we could, into conversation with our host. He was evidently fond of a joke, and laughed and talked as freely with the dragoman as if they were socially on the same level—a practice which I have since learned is universal among the upper classes here, in their intercourse with their inferiors, including even those of the very poorest order; and which probably grows out of the fact that the actual distinction between them is so great, and so well understood, that they can afford to be gracious without compromising their dignity.

Speaking of the Pasha's household, I remarked that we, in America, found it quite enough to manage one wife, and I did not know what we should do with seventy-five. I have since learned that to speak of the ladies of his household to a Mohammedan is a breach of etiquette. The Pasha, however, took no offense at my remark, but laughed heartily, and made some answer through the dragoman, which, unfortunately, he, being but a poor linguist, was unable to translate. When the refreshments were disposed of we took our leave, much pleased with our visit, which the Pasha invited us to renew, promising the ladies an interview with his family whenever they should be at home.

We were taken through his garden, a rather shabby affair, by his head-servant, who, to our surprise, asked us for *backsheesh*, which the dragoman gave him in our behalf, saying such was the custom in Egypt, the servants of pashas being no exception.

I have spoken of the one only child of this pasha, and I have learned through Miss Martineau's work, and from other sources, that the number of children born and suffered to live in these harems is indeed very small. The Mussulman is allowed to *marry* but four wives, and only the children of these wives are legitimate, except at the pleasure of the father. The number of children, legitimate or otherwise, bears no adequate proportion to the number of women in a harem, and the question as to their life or death is often one of policy alone.

We were, without knowing it, very near the famous "Nilometer" at the head of the island, which has stood there for thousands of years, and by which the inundations of the Nile, and the height to which the water rises, are accurately determined and recorded; a matter of great importance to Egypt, as an excess or deficiency is alike injurious to the crops within its flow. A rise of 21 feet is considered *common*—24 feet, *moderate*; but if it reach 28 feet, the dams, or levees, and villages cannot withstand its power.

We drove home through a cultivated suburb of the city, with fields on either hand, of cotton, wheat, garden vegetables, etc. The road was lined with palms, acacias, sycamores, fig-trees, and very large cacti or prickly-pears, the last being cultivated in orchards. It was, taking it all in all, the pleasantest drive we had had since our arrival in Egypt.

Something new and strange presents itself whenever we go into the streets of this wonderful city. We often meet funeral processions, sometimes Mohammedan, sometimes Greek. The former carry their dead in a coffin, upon men's shoulders or a donkey's back. The coffin is curiously shaped, often having an elevation at one end resembling a horse's neck, and it is covered with a richly figured pall, and made to do duty as often as a hearse with us; for it is not buried with the corpse, the latter being deposited in the earth with its grave-clothes only. Hired mourners accompany the procession, and utter piteous wailings and sing in discordant tones; but to what end is best known to those who employ them.

The Greek procession is preceded by priests, in long, gorgeous robes, held up by train-bearers. They chant from books, and the whole company carry long candles, and move along the street almost at a snail's pace. The coffin-lid is off, and the corpse is open to view.

The streets of Cairo are the narrowest, crookedest, dirtiest, and most bewildering of any I have yet seen, and the buildings are, in some respects, very much like them. Many of the most frequented streets are utterly impassable to carriages of any kind; nothing larger than a man or a donkey can possibly squeeze through them or get around their sharp corners. One of the best hotels in the city, (Hotel du Nil), can only be approached through these narrow thoroughfares, and the stranger is surprised, when he finally reaches the house, to find it opening on a large garden, tastefully ornamented with trees, flowers, and fountains.

But, when you enter a building, you are soon lost in a labyrinth of winding passages, courts, stairways, and corridors, built without regard to order or utility. Every room differs in size and shape from every other room; now you go up a dozen steps and now down half-a-dozen; now you go to the right, now to the left, now you are in the dark, and now a gleam of light breaks in upon you from some unlooked-for opening in the wall; and in this way you at last reach the room you are seeking, utterly at a loss to know how you got there or how you will ever find your way back.

This is no overdrawn picture, but one which presents itself almost everywhere you go.

Even the wealthy banking-houses, and some of the stores where we transacted business, were to be found in such places as I have described, and might be taken as models for the buildings themselves.

Among the noticeable sights in Cairo are the royal carriages, containing the ladies of the harem. They are always preceded by runners, to clear the streets for their approach, and around them are outriders in livery. You get a glance at the ladies through the carriage-windows as they pass, for their vails are very thin, and you observe that their faces are mostly all white and generally very handsome. Black eunuchs from Abyssinia act as footmen.

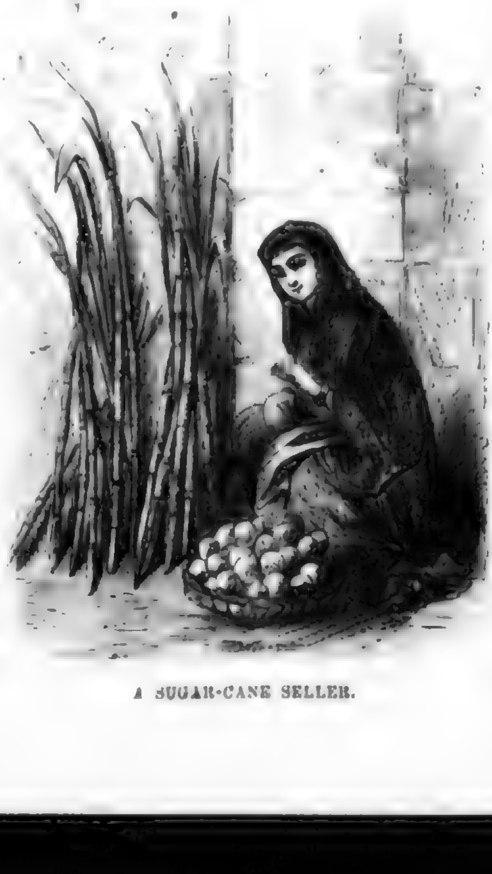
Speaking of these runners again: it is wonderful to see how rapidly they get over the ground. No matter how fast or how long the carriage is driven, they always keep their distance in advance, nor do they ever seem to get out of breath. Long in early training, together with the loose, flowing garments they wear, and the absence of shoes or stockings, must mainly account for this extraordinary endurance. They are very useful in preventing accidents, for the carriages pass so rapidly and noiselessly over the unpaved streets that constant and serious collisions would otherwise inevitably occur.

Vailed women are to be met with everywhere, and you seldom see any others. The vail or mask is generally black, and covers all the features below the eyes. Down over the nose passes a wooden stick, with rings around it, which holds the vail in its place and makes the disguise more effectual. Still, you see enough to wonder why such ugliness should be so carefully concealed, and to ask upon what philosophy the Mussulman's idea of modesty can be formed, which demands that the face shall be covered, while the feet and legs are suffered to go bare; for neither shoe nor stocking is worn by any but the wealthy classes, and their dresses are often "scandalously short." The wealthier ladies are seen walking or riding on donkeys, and so completely enveloped as to resemble animated bags or sacks.

Besides the Mohammedans, who of course constitute the bulk of the inhabitants of Cairo, and who number nearly 250,000, there are some 30,000 or 40,000 of other sects and countries; such as Copts (native Egyptian Christians), Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Franks. These are generally to be distinguished from the Mohammedans by their dress and their complexion, though of the latter there are many shades among all classes. Murray, in his "Guide to Egypt," makes the proportion of Mohammedans far less than these figures would indicate, but other authors differ from him, and to judge from the great number of mosques in the city, I think he must be incorrect.

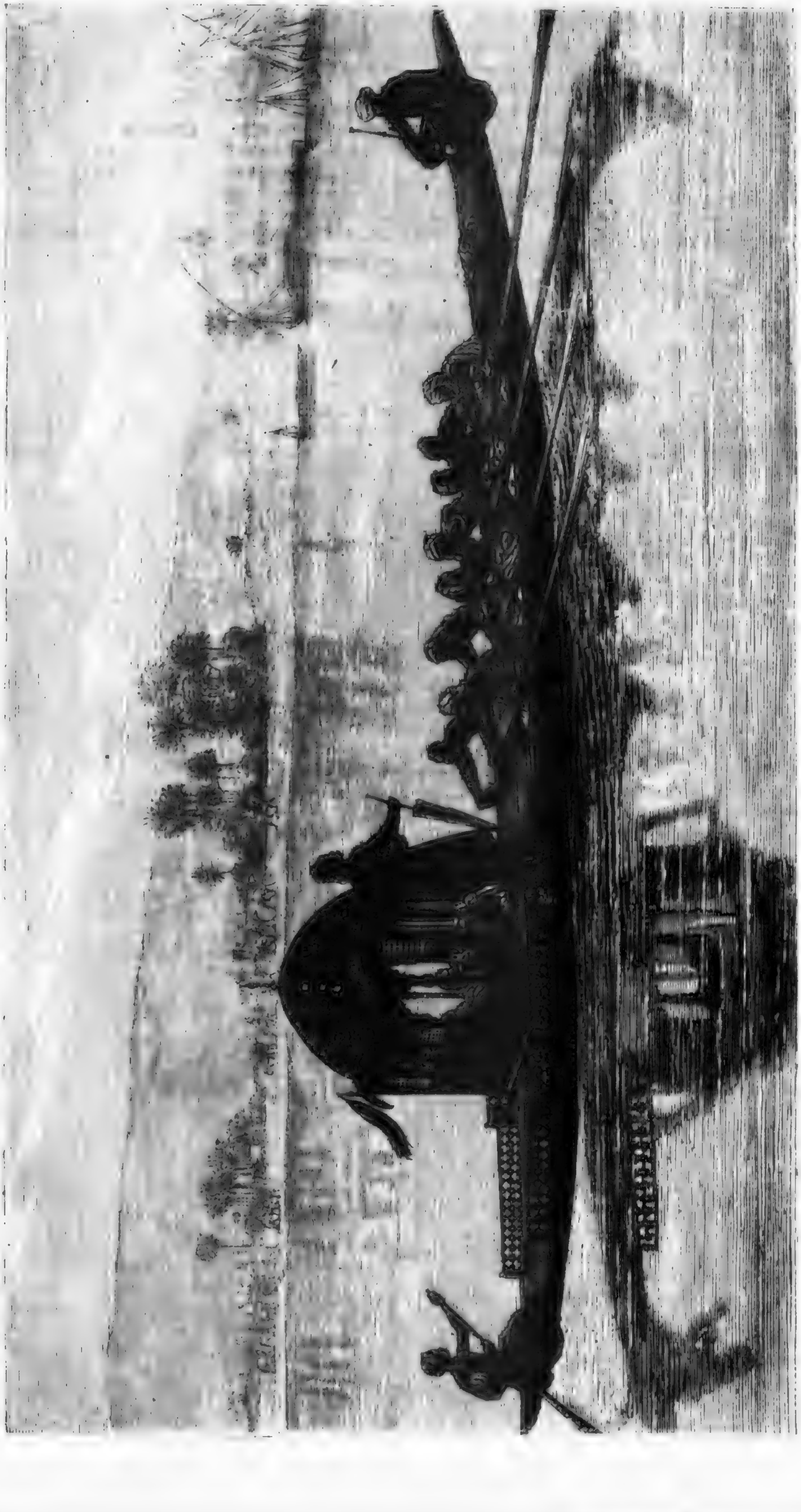
The seat of government is at or near Cairo. Here the Viceroy, Ishmael Pasha, has his palaces, and from this centre his iron rule extends to the remotest parts of Egypt. The government is a despotism—pure and simple—the Viceroy knowing no power above him except that of the Sultan of Turkey, who claims him for his vassal, and to whom he pays tribute, and who holds a check on his financial and military operations. Within the Viceroy's domain his will is law, and from his acts there is no appeal. He deals summarily with crime, and to detect it makes his local governors responsible for the good conduct of their people. We find that throughout Egypt moral suasion is considered a weakness, and seldom or never resorted to; hence the rod is in constant use among all classes, and is at once the emblem of power and the substitute for reason; and hence constant turbulence and general discontent.

I would like to describe a good many other objects of curiosity to be seen in Cairo, such as the numerous mosques, of which there are some three or four hundred, with their tall and handsome minarets; the various bazars, the costumes not already described; the Jewish money changers jingling their coins in the streets; the Bedouins from the desert; the high-backed camels and the omnipresent donkeys; the everlasting quarreling of the common Arabs; the water-carriers, with their goat-skins sprinkling the streets; the blind, in great



A SUGAR-CANE SELLER.

XUM



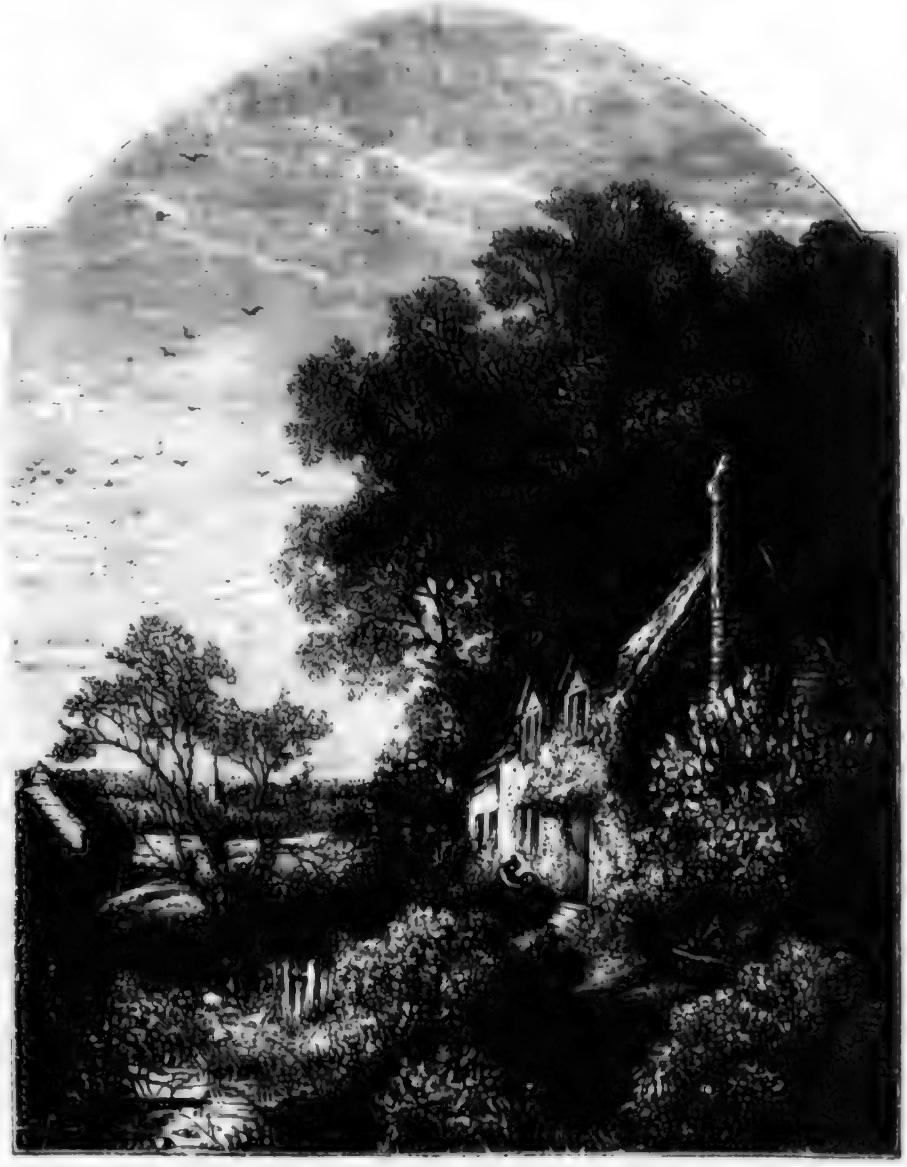
THE ROYAL NILE BOAT OR DAHABEAH.

number, being led; poverty and misery in the most sickening forms at every step jostled by the splendid horses and gilded equipages of pashas and beys; and, besides these, a host of other things which I am sure would not fail to interest you; but to do this would be *writing a book*, which is certainly not my present purpose, however much the length of my letter may lead you to think so.

We found the climate of Cairo anything but agreeable. Although in the thirtieth degree of north latitude, it was quite as cold as at Naples, which is in the forty-first degree. In fact, the nights were colder, and a large fire every evening in the drawing-room was a pleasant thing to look upon. Our sleeping-rooms were so chilly that we all caught colds that did not leave us till after we had got far up the Nile. We had also severe thunder-showers, flooding the streets, and converting them into rivers of mud; so that the dry, warm climate we had been promised at Cairo was, as usual, a myth.

Almost immediately on our arrival at Cairo we were beset by dragomans wishing us to engage them to take us up the Nile in a dahabeah, or passenger boat. This is the usual way of traveling, but there were also steamers going up every twenty days. We examined both modes of travel, and finally decided on taking the steamer, as the most expeditious, for it would make the trip to and from the first cataract in twenty days, while a dahabeah would take from forty-five to fifty. But we failed in securing tickets in time, and lost our chance. Then we "received proposals" from the dragomans, who were all provided with recommendations from former English and American travelers whom they had taken up the Nile in former years, and several of whom I happened to know.

These dragomans are a peculiar class. They are from various countries—Egyptian, Syrian, Nubian, Maltese, and others. They are generally uneducated men, yet most of them speak after a fashion the Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, English, and other languages. How they have acquired them is a great mystery to me, but they are absolutely essential to travelers in the East unacquainted with the languages here spoken. We were cautioned about their dishonesty, which it seems necessary to guard against; but this done, they prove most useful and agreeable servants.



A WISH.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 94.

After much deliberation and many consultations with three young American gentlemen who were to join us in the journey, we decided upon engaging a jolly-looking Egyptian from Alexandria, named Mahmoud Hassein. He was a good-looking fellow, stout, fleshy, about thirty-five years old, and of a light brown or copper complexion. In accordance with the usual custom, we drew up and made him sign a pretty strong contract, which contained a clause that all disputes between him and us were to be submitted to the American consul for final decision, for Turkish law and Egyptian courts are not acknowledged by foreigners, and, strange to say, treaties exist between Egypt and all Christian powers giving the respective consuls of such powers exclusive jurisdiction in all cases, civil and criminal, where the interests of their countrymen are concerned. We bound Mahmoud to furnish us with a good boat, good fare, good attendance, and a good many other good things, and to allow us at least fifteen days of the trip to visit objects of interest along the Nile, or to spend in any way we should desire. This matter arranged, Mahmoud proceeded to engage his boat, captain, sailors, etc., and to lay in his provisions, while we provided ourselves with such extra comforts as we should be likely to need, not forgetting books to while away the time by day, nor powders to keep off the vermin at night.

A WONDERFUL DRESS.

THE Empress of Brazil has presented the Queen of England with a dress, the equal of which has never been seen. It is woven of spiders' webs, and is, as may be imagined, a work of art as regards quality and beauty. The handsomest silk dress cannot compare with it, but it can only be admired, hardly imitated. There have already been many attempts to make use of the threads spun by spiders, but, up to the present, the experiments have not been satisfactory enough to encourage any further efforts in this direction. In the year 1710 it was discovered that to make a piece of silk it would require the webs of 700,000 spiders. The Spaniards had already tried to use the spiders' threads, and made gloves, stockings and other articles of the sort; but even these were so troublesome and yielded so little profit, that, in spite of the fabulous prices paid, they were obliged to abandon the trade. In certain parts of South America garments made of these threads are worn, but the spiders in these lands are unusually large. It is likely that the above-mentioned dress was made of the threads of the smaller species of American spider. There is, therefore, some hope that the time is not far distant when, thanks to the progress of modern industry, fashionable ladies may have the satisfaction of wearing elegant silks of the same delicate texture.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill:
  A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
  With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
  In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
  Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

JIM HOCKSON'S REVENGE.

Chapter I.

"Ye don't say?"

"I do, though."

"Wa'al, I never."

"Nuther did I—adzackly."

"Don't be pervokin' Ephr'm—what makes ye talk in that don'fle way?"

"Wa'al, ma, the world hain't all squeezed into this yere little town of Crankett. I've been elsewhere, some, an' I've seed some funny things, and likewise some that wusn't so funny ez they might be."

"P'r'aps ye hev, but ye needn't allus be a settin' other folks down. Mebbe Crankett ain't the whole world, but it's seed that awful case of Molly Capins, an' the shipwreck of thirty-four, when the awful nor'easter wuz, an——"

"Wa-al, wa-al, ma — don't let's fight 'bout it," said Ephr'm, with a sigh, as he tenderly scraped down a new ax-helve with a piece of glass, while his wife made the churn-dasher hurry up and down as if the innocent cream was Ephr'm's back, and she was avenging thereon Ephr'm's insult to Crankett and its people.

Deacon Ephraim Crankett was a descendant of the founder of the village, and although now a sixty-year old farmer, he had in his lifetime seen considerable of the world. He had been to the fishing-banks a dozen times, been whaling twice, had carried a cargo of wheat up the Mediterranean, and had been second officer of a ship which had picked up a miscellaneous cargo in the heathen ports of Eastern Asia.

He had picked up a great many ideas, too, wherever he had been, and his wife was immensely proud of him and them, whenever she could compare them with the men and ideas which existed at Crankett; but when Ephr'm displayed his memories and knowledge to her alone—oh, that was a very different thing.

"Anyhow," resumed Mrs. Crankett, raising the lid of the churn to see if there were any signs of butter, "it's an everlastin' shame. Jim Hockson's a young feller in good standin' in the church, an' Millie Botayne's an onbeliever—they say her father's a reg'ler infidel."

"Easy, ma, easy," gently remonstrated Ephr'm. "When he seed you lookin' at his pet rose-bush on yer way to church las' Sunday, didn't he hurry an' pull two or three an' han' 'em to ye?"

"Yes, an' what did he hev' in t'other han'?—a Bosting paper, an' not a Sunday one, nuther! Millicent ain't a Christian name, nohow ye can fix it—it amounts to jest 'bout's much ez she does, an' that's nothing. She's got a soft face, an' purty hair—ef it's all her own, which I powerfully doubt—an' after that ther's nothin' to her. She's never been to sewin' meeting, an she's off a boatin' with that New York chap every Saturday afternoon, instead of goin' to the young people's prayer-meetin's."

"She's about supported Sam Ransom's wife an' young uns since Sam's smack was lost," suggested Ephr'm.

"That's you, Deac'n Crankett," replied his wife, "always stick up for sinners. P'r'aps you'd make better use of your time ef you'd examine yer own evidences."

"Wa-'al, wife," said the deacon, "she's engaged to that New York feller, ez you call Mr. Brown, so there's no danger of Jim bein' onequally yoked with an onbeliever. An' I wish her well, from the bottom of my heart."

"*I* don't," cried Mrs. Crankett, giving the dasher a vicious push, which sent the cream flying frantically up to the top of the churn; "I hope he'll turn out bad, an' her pride 'll be tuk down ez——"

The deacon had been long enough at sea to know the signs of a long storm, and to know that prudence suggested a prompt sailing out of the course of such a storm, when possible; so he started for the door, carrying the glass and ax-helve with him. Suddenly the door opened, and a female figure ran so violently against the ax-helve, that the said figure was instantly tumbled to the floor, and seemed an irregular mass of faded pink calico, and subdued plaid shawl.

"Miss Peekin!" ejaculated Mrs. Crankett, dropping the churn-dasher and opening her eyes.

"Like to ha' not been," whined the figure, slowly arising and giving the offending ax-helve a glance which would have set it on fire had it not been of green hickory, "but—*hev* you heerd?"

"What?" asked Mrs. Crankett, hastily setting a chair for the new-comer, while Ephr'm, deacon and sixty though he was, paused in his almost-completed exit.

"*He's* gone!" exclaimed Miss Peekin.

"Oh, I heerd Jim had gone to Califor——"

"Pshaw!" said Miss Peekin, contemptuously; "that was days ago! I mean Brown—the New York chap—Millie Botayne's lover!"

"Ye don't?"

"But I do; an' what's more, he *had* to. Ther wuz men come after him in the night-time, but he must hev heard 'em, for they didn't find him in his room, an' this mornin' they found his sailboat was gone, too. An', what's more, ther's a printed notice up about him, an' he's a defaulter, an' ther's $5,000 for whoever catches him, an' he's stole *twenty-five*, an' he's all described in the notice, as p'ticular as if he was a full-blood Alderney cow."

"Poor fellow!" sighed the deacon, for which interruption he received a withering glance from Miss Peekin.

"They say Millie's a-goin' on awful, and that she sez she'll marry him now if he'll come back. But it ain't likely he'll be such a fool; now he's got so much money, he don't need hern. Reckon her an' her father won't be so high an' mighty an' stuck up now. It's powerful discouragin' to the righteous to see the ungodly flourishin' so, an' a-rollin' in ther wealth, when ther betters has to be on needles all the year fur fear the next mack'ril catch won't 'mount to much. The idee of her bein' willin' to marry a defaulter! I can't understand it."

"Poor girl!" sighed Mrs. Crankett, wiping one eye with the corner of her apron. "I'd do it myself, ef I was her."

The deacon dropped the ax-helve, and gave his wife a tender kiss on each eye.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS Mr. Darwin can tell inquirers why out of every common origin there occasionally spring beings who are very decided improvements on their progenitors; but *we* are only able to state that Jim Hockson was one of these superior beings, and was himself fully aware of the fact.

Not that he was conceited at all, for he was not; but he could not help seeing what every one else saw and acknowledged.

Every one liked him, for he was always kind in word and action, and every one was glad to be Jim Hockson's friend; but somehow Jim seemed to consider himself his best company.

His mackerel lines were worked as briskly as any others when the fish were biting, but when the fish were gone, he would lean idly on the rail, and stare at the waves and clouds; he could work a cranberry-bog so beautifully that the people for miles around came to look on and take lessons; yet, when the sun tried to hide in the evening behind a ragged row of trees on a ridge beyond Jim's cranberry-patch, he would lean on his spade, and gaze until everything about him seemed yellow.

He read the Bible incessantly, yet offended alike the pious saints and critical sinners by never preaching or exhorting.

And out of everything Jim Hockson seemed to extract what it contained of the ideal and the beautiful, and when he saw Millicent Botayne, he straightway adored the first woman he had met who was alike beautiful, intelligent, and refined.

Miss Millie, being human, was pleased by the admiration of the handsome, manly fellow who seemed so far the superior of the men of his class; but when, in his honest simplicity, he told her that he loved her, she declined his further attentions in a manner which, though very delicate and kind, opened Jim's blue eyes to some sad things he had never seen before.

He neither got drunk, nor threatened to kill himself, nor married the first silly girl he met; but he sensibly left the place where he had suffered so greatly, and, in a sort of sad daze, he hurried off to hide himself in the newly-discovered gold-fields of California.

Perhaps he had suddenly learned certain properties of gold which were heretofore unknown to him; at any rate, it was soon understood at Spanish Stake, where he had located himself, that Jim Hockson got out more gold per week than any man in camp, and that it all went to San Francisco.

"Kind of a mean cuss, I reckon," remarked a new-comer, one day at the saloon, when Jim alone, of the crowd present, declined to drink with him.

"Not any!" replied Colonel Two, so called because he had two eyes, while another colonel in camp had but one. "An' it's good fur *you*, stranger," continued the colonel, "that you ain't been long in camp, else some of the boys 'ud put a hole through you for sayin' anything 'gainst Jim; for we all swear by him, *we* do. He don't kerry shootin'-irons, but no feller in camp dares to tackle him; he don't cuss nobody, but ev'rybody does just as he asks 'em to. As to drinkin', why, I'd swear off myself, ef t'wud make me hold a candle to him. Went to old Bermuda the t'other day, when he was ravin' tight and layin' fur Butcher Pete with a shootin'-iron, an' he actilly talked Bermuda into soakin' his head an' turnin' in—ev'rybody else was afeard to go nigh old Bermuda that day."

The newcomer seemed gratified to learn that Jim was so peaceable a man—that was the natural supposition, at least—for he forthwith cultivated Jim with considerable assiduity, and being, it was evident, a man of considerable taste and experience, Jim soon found his companionship very agreeable, and he lavished upon his new acquaintance, who had been nicknamed Tarpaulin, the many kind and thoughtful attentions which had endeared Jim to the other miners.

The two men lived in the same hut, staked claims adjoining each other, and Tarpaulin, who had been thin and nervous-looking when he first came to camp, began to grow peaceable and plump under Jim's influence.

One night, as Jim and Tarpaulin lay chatting before a fire in their hut, they heard a thin, wiry voice in the next hut inquiring: "Anybody in this camp look like this?"

Tarpaulin started.

"That's a funny question," said he; "let's see who and what the fellow is."

And then Tarpaulin started for the next hut.

Jim waited some time, and, hearing low voices in earnest conversation, went next door himself.

Tarpaulin was not there, but two small, thin, sharp-eyed men were there, displaying an old-fashioned daguerreotype of a handsome-looking young man, dressed in the latest New York style; more than this Jim did not notice.

"Don't know him, mister," said Colonel Two, who happened to be the owner of the hut. "Besides, as is most likely he's growed long hair an' a beard since he left the States, his own mother wouldn't know him from George Washington. Brother o' yourn?"

"No," said one of the thin men; "he's—well, the fact is, we'll give $1,000 to any one who'll find him for us in twenty-four hours."

"Deppity sheriffs?" asked the colonel, retiring somewhat hastily under his blankets.

"About the same thing," said one of the thin men, with a sickly smile.

"Git!" roared the colonel, springing from his bed, and cocking his revolver. "I b'leeve in the Golden Rule, *I* do!"

The detectives, with the fine instinct peculiar to their profession, rightly construed the colonel's action as a hint, and withdrew, and Jim retired to his own hut, and fell asleep while waiting for his partner.

Morning came, but no Tarpaulin; dinner-time arrived, but Jim ate alone, and was rather blue.

He loved a sociable chat, and of late Tarpaulin had been almost his sole companion.

Evening came, but Tarpaulin came not.

Jim couldn't abide the saloon for a whole evening, so he lit a candle in his own hut and attempted to read.

Tarpaulin was a lover of newspapers—it seemed to Jim he received more papers than all the remaining miners put together.

Jim thought he would read some of these same papers, and unrolled Tarpaulin's blankets to find them, when out fell a picture-case, opening as it fell. Jim was about to close it again, when he suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Millicent Botayne?"

He held it under the light, and examined it closely.

There could be no doubt as to identity—there were the same exquisite features which, a few months before, had opened to Jim Hockson a new world of beauty, and had then, with a sweet yet sad smile, knocked down all his fair castles, and destroyed all his exquisite pictures.

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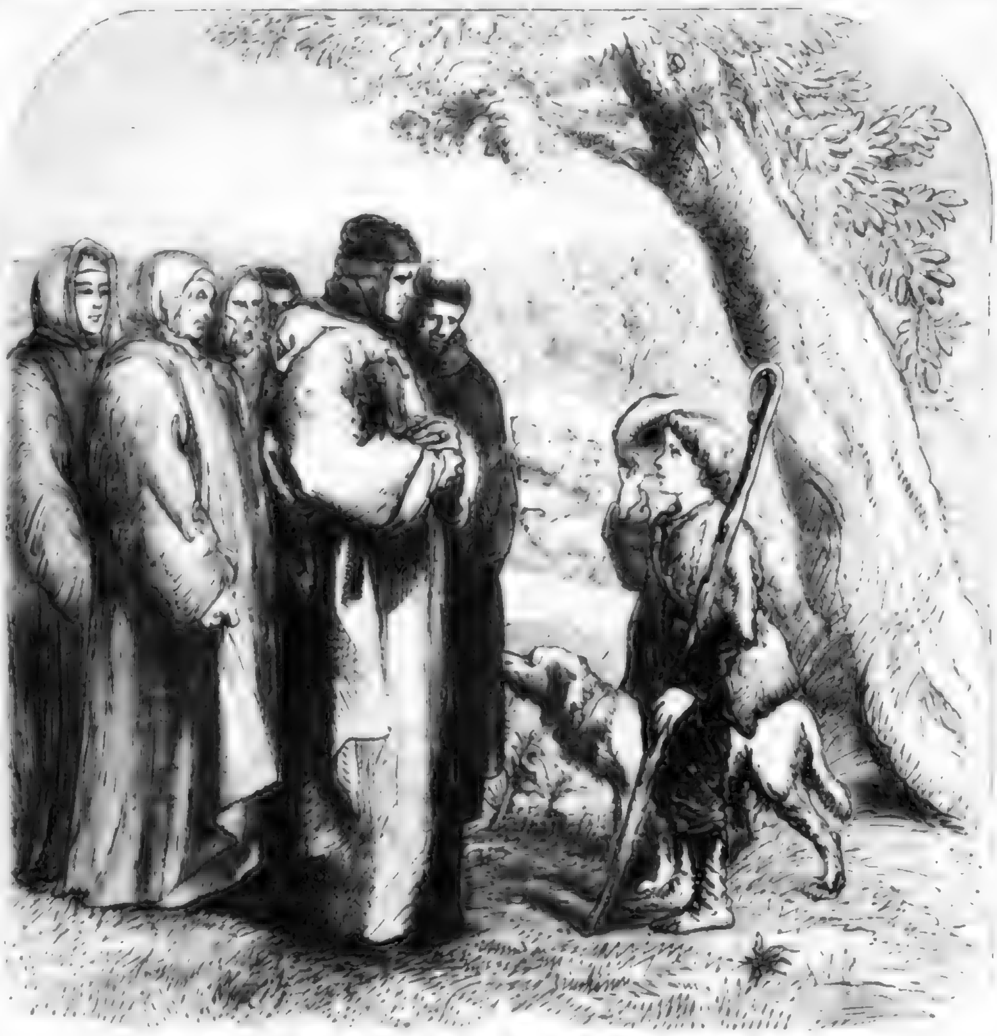


HOW A SHEPHERD-BOY BECAME AN ARCHBISHOP.—SEE PAGE 99.

Strange that it should appear to him now, and so unexpectedly; but stranger did it seem to Jim that on the opposite side of the case should be a portrait which was a duplicate of the one shown by the detectives!

"That rascal Brown!" exclaimed Jim. "So he succeeded in getting her, did he? But I shouldn't call him names, he had as much right to make love to her as I. God grant he may make her happy! And he is probably a fine fellow—*must* be, by his looks."

Suddenly Jim started, as if shocked by an electric battery. Hiding all the hair and beard of the portrait, he stared at it a moment, and exclaimed:

"*Tarpaulin!*"

CHAPTER III.

"BOTH gone!" exclaimed Colonel Two, hurrying into the saloon, at noon.

"*Both* gone?" echoed two or three men.

"Yes," said the colonel; "and the queerest thing is, they left ev'rything behind—every darned thing! I never *did* see such a stampede afore—*I* didn't! Nobody's got any idee of whar they be, nor what it's 'bout, neither."

"Don't be *too* sartain, colonel," piped Weasel, a self-contained mite of a fellow, who was still at work upon his glass, filled at the last general treat, although every one else had finished so long ago that they were growing thirsty again—"don't be *too* sartain. Them detectives bunked at my shanty last night."

"The deuce they did!" cried the colonel. "Good the rest of us didn't know it."

"Well," said Weasel, moving his glass in graceful circles, to be sure that all the sugar dissolved, "I dunno. It's a respectable business, an' I wanted to have a good look at 'em."

"What's that got to do with Jim and Tarpaulin?" demanded the colonel, fiercely.

"Wait, and I'll tell you," replied Weasel, provokingly, taking a leisurely sip at his glass. "Jim come down to see 'em —"

"What?" cried the colonel.

"An' told 'em he knew their man an' would help find him," continued Weasel. "They offered him the $1,000—"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" groaned the colonel: "who's a feller to trust in this world! The idee of Jim goin' back on a pardner fur a thousand! I wouldn't hev b'leeved he'd a-done it fur a million!"

"An' he told 'em he'd cram it down their throats if they mentioned it again."

"Bully! Hooray fur Jim!" shouted the colonel. "What'll yer take, fellers! Fill high! Here's Jim! the feller that b'leeves his friend's innercent!"

The colonel looked thoughtfully into his own glass, and remarked, as if to his own reflection therein, "Hain't many sich men here nur nowhars else," after which he drank the toast himself.

"But that don't explain what Tarpaulin went fur," said the colonel, suddenly.

"Yes, it does," said the exasperating Weasel, shutting his thin lips so tightly that it was hard to see where his mouth was.

"What?" cried the colonel. "'Twould take a four-horse corkscrew to get anything out o' you, you dried-up little scoundrel!"

"Why!" replied Weasel, greatly pleased by the colonel's compliment, "after what you said about hair and beard hidin' a man, one of 'em fellers cut a card an' held it over the picture, so as to hide hair an' chin. The forehead an' face an' nose an' ears wuz Tarpaulin's, an' nobody else's."

"Lightn'ng's blazes!" roared the colonel. "Ha, ha, ha! why Tarpaulin hisself came into my shanty, an' looked at the pictur' an' talked to them 'bout it! Trot out yer glassware, barkeeper—*got* to drink to a feller that's ez cool ez all that!"

The boys drank with the colonel, but they were too severely astonished to enjoy the liquor particularly. In fact, old Bermuda, who had never taken anything but plain rye, drank three fingers of claret that day, and did not know of it until told.

The colonel's mind was unusually excited. It seemed to him there were a number of probabilities upon which to hang bets.

He walked outside, that his meditation might be undisturbed, but in an instant he was back, crying:

"Lady comin'!"

Shirt-sleeves and trowsers-legs were hurriedly rolled down, shirt-collars were buttoned, hats were dusted, and then each man went leisurely out, with the air of having merely happened to leave the saloon—an air which imposed upon no disinterested observer.

Coming up the trail beside the creek were a middle-aged gentleman and a young lady, both on horseback.

The gentleman's dress and general style plainly indicated that he was not a miner, nor a storekeeper, nor a barkeeper, while it was equally evident that the lady was neither a washerwoman, a cook, nor a member of either of the very few professions which were open to ladies on the Pacific Coast in those days.

This much every miner quickly decided for himself; but after so deciding, each miner reached the uttermost extremity of his wits, and devoted himself to staring.

The couple reined up before the saloon, and the gentleman drew something small and black and square from his pocket.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we are looking for an old friend of ours, and have traced him to this camp. We scarcely know whether it would be any use to give his name, but here is his picture. Can any one remember having seen the person here?"

Every one looked toward Colonel Two, he being the man who had the most practical tongue in camp.

The colonel took the picture, and Weasel slipped up behind him and looked over his shoulder. The colonel looked at the picture, abruptly handed it back, looked at the young lady, and then gazed vacantly into space, and seemed very uncomfortable.

"Been here, but gone," said the colonel, at length.

"Where did he go, do you know?" asked the gentleman.

"Nobody knows—only been gone a day or two," replied the colonel.

The colonel had a well-developed heart, and, relying on what he considered the correct idea of Jim Hockson's mission, ventured to say:

"He'll be back in a day or two—left all his things."

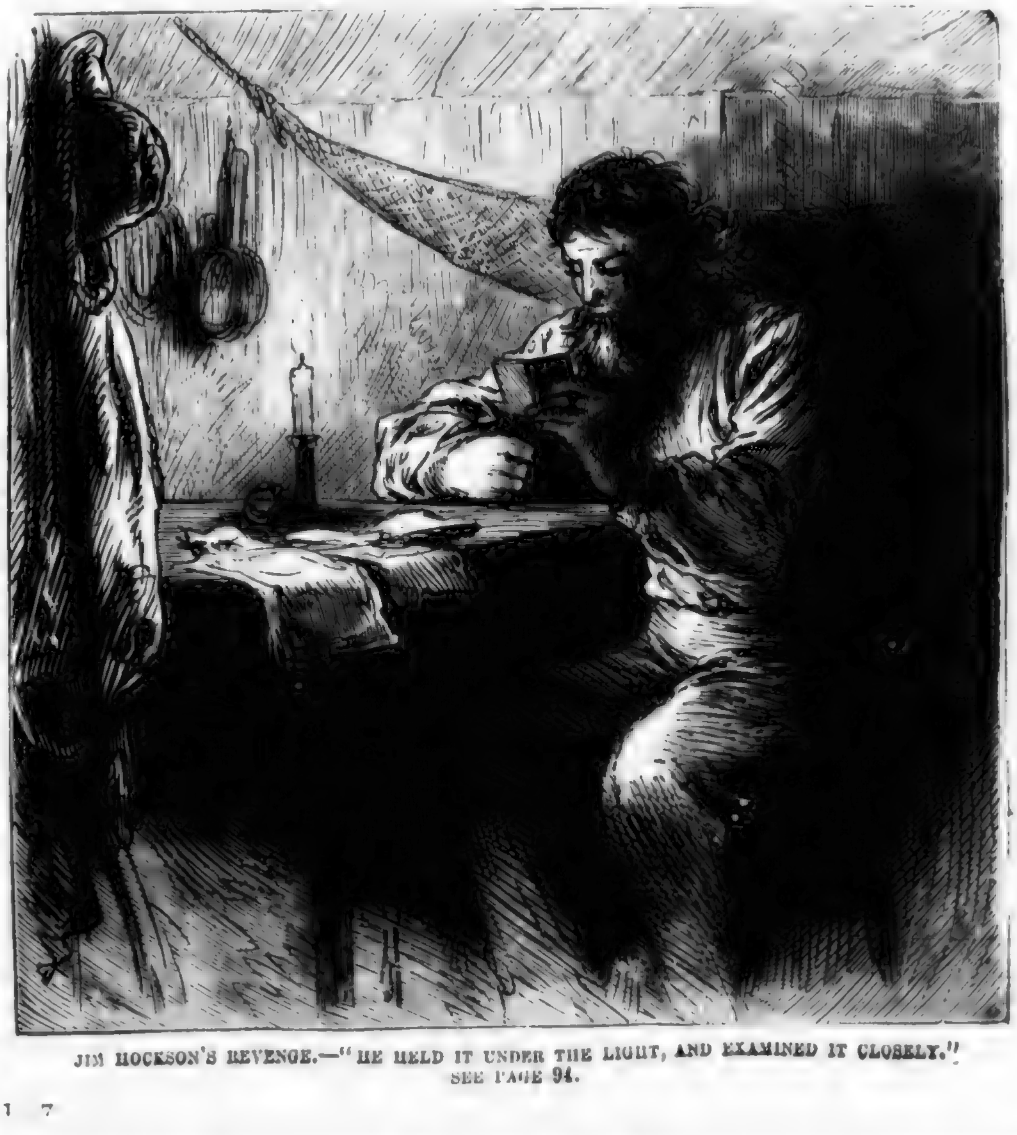
Suddenly Weasel raised his diminutive voice, and said:

"The detec——"

The determined grip of the colonel's hand interrupted the communication which Weasel attempted to make, and the colonel hastily remarked:

"Ther's a feller gone fur him that's sure to find and fetch him back."

"Who—who is it?" asked the young lady, hesitatingly.



JIM HOCKSON'S REVENGE.—"HE HELD IT UNDER THE LIGHT, AND EXAMINED IT CLOSELY." SEE PAGE 94.

"Well, ma'am," said the colonel, "as yer father—I s'pose, leastways—said, 'tain't much use to give names in this part of the world, but the name he's goin' by is Jim Hockson."

The young lady screamed and fell.

Chapter IV.

"Whether to do it or not, is what bothers me," soliloquized Mr. Weasel, pacing meditatively in front of the saloon. "The old man offers me $2,000 to get Tarpaulin away from them fellers, and let him know where to meet him an' his daughter. And $2,000 is a pretty penny, an' bein' picked out by so smart a lookin' man is an honor big enough to set off agin' a few hundred dollars more. But, on t'other hand, if they catch him, they'll come back here, an' who knows but what they'll want the old man an' the girl as bad as they wanted Tarpaulin? A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush—better keep near the ones I got, I reckon. Here they come now!"

As Mr. Weasel concluded his dialogue with himself, Mr. Botayne and Millicent approached, in company with the colonel.

The colonel stopped just beyond the saloon, and said:

"Now, here's your best p'int—you kin see the hill-trail fur better'n five mile, an' the crick fur a mile an' a half. I'll jest hev a shed knocked together to keep the lady from the sun. An' keep a stiff upper lip, both of yer—trust Jim Hockson; nobody in the mines ever knowed him to fail."

Millicent shivered at the mention of Jim's name, and the colonel, unhappily ignorant of the cause of her agitation, tried to divert her mind from the chances of harm to Tarpaulin by growing eloquent in praise of Jim Hockson.

Suddenly the colonel himself started and grew pale. He quickly recovered himself, however, and, with the delicacy of a gentleman, walked rapidly away, as Millicent and her father looked in the direction from which the colonel's surprise came.

There, handcuffed, with beard and hair singed close, clothes torn, and face bleeding, walked Ethelbert Brown between the two detectives, while Jim Hockson, with head bowed and hands behind his back, followed a few yards behind.

Some one gave the word

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at the saloon, and the boys hurried out, but the colonel pointed significantly toward the sorrowful couple, while with the other hand he pointed an ugly pistol, cocked, toward the saloon.

Millicent hurried from her father's side, and flung her arms about the sorry figure of her lover; and Jim Hockson, finding his pathway impeded, raised his eyes, and then blushed violently.

"Sorry for you, sir," said one of the detectives, touching his hat to Mr. Botayne, "but can't help being glad we got a day ahead of you."

"What amount of money will buy your prisoner?" demanded the unhappy father.

"Beg pardon, sir—very sorry, but—we'd be compounding felony in that case, you know," replied one of the officers, gazing with genuine pity on the weeping girl.

"Don't worry," whispered the colonel in Mr. Botayne's ear; "we'll clean out them two fellers, and let Tarpaulin loose again. *Ev'ry* fellow come here fur *somethin'*, durn it!" with which sympathizing expression the colonel again retired.

"I'll give you as much as the bank offers," said Mr. Botayne.

"Very sorry, sir; but can't," replied the detective. "We'd be just as bad then in the eyes of the law as before. Reward, $5,000, bank lose 25,000—30,000, in odd figures, is the least we could take. Even *that* wouldn't be reg'lar; but 'twould be a safe risk, seeing all the bank cares for's to get its money back."

Mr. Botayne groaned

"We'll make it as pleasant as we can for you, sir," continued the detective, "if you and the lady'll go back on the ship with us. We'll give him the liberty of the ship as soon as we're well away from land. We'd consider it our duty to watch him, of course; but we'd try to do it so's not to give offense—we've *got* hearts, though we *are* in this business. Hope you can buy him clear when you get home, sir?"

"I've sacrificed everything to get here—I can never clear him," sighed Mr. Boytayne.

"*I* can!" exclaimed a clear, manly voice.

Millicent raised her eyes, and for the first time saw Jim Hockson.

She gave him a look in which astonishment, gratitude, and fear strove for the mastery, and he gave her a straightforward, honest, respectful look in return.

The two detectives dropped their lower jaws alarmingly, and raised their eyebrows to their hat-rims.

"The bank at San Francisco has an agent here," said Jim. "Colonel, won't you fetch him?"

The colonel took a lively double-quick, and soon returned with a business-looking man.

"Mr. Green," said Jim, "please tell me how much I have in your bank?"

The clerk looked over a small book he extracted from his pocket, and replied, briefly:

"Over 2,000 ounces."

"Please give these gentlemen a check, made whatever way they like it, for the equivalent of $30,000. I'll sign it," said Jim.

The clerk and one of the detectives retired to an adjacent hut, and soon called Jim. Jim joined them, and immediately he and the officer returned to the prisoner.

"It's all right, Maxley," said the officer; "let him go."

The officer removed the handcuffs, and Ethelbert Brown was free. His first motion was to seize Jim's hand.

"Hockson, tell me why you helped those detectives," said he.

"Revenge!" replied Jim.

"For what?" cried Brown, changing color.

"Gaining Millie Botayne's love," replied Jim.

Brown looked at Millicent, and read the story from her face.

He turned toward Jim a wondering look, and asked: "Then, why did you free me?"

"Because she loved you," said Jim, and then he walked quietly away.

CHAPTER V.

"WHY, Miss Peekin!"

"It's a fact: Eben Javash, that went out better'n a year ago, hez got back, and he wuz at the next diggins an' heerd all about it. 'T seems the officers ketched Brown, an' Jim Hockson gave 'em $30,000 to pay them an' the bank too, and then they let him go. Might's well ha' kept his money, though, seein' Brown washed overboard on the way back."

"I ain't a bettin' man," said the deacon, "but I'd resk our white-faced cow that them $30,000 preached the greatest sermon ever heerd in Californy—ur in Crankett either."

Miss Peekin threw a withering glance at the deacon; it was good he was not on trial for heresy, with Miss Peekin for judge and jury. She continued:

"Eben says there was a fellow named Weasel that hid close by, an' heerd all 'twas said, and when he went to the rum-shop an' told the miners, they hooray'd for Jim ez ef they wuz mad. Just like them crazy fellers—they hain't no idee when money's wasted."

"The Lord waste all the money in the world that way!" devoutly exclaimed the deacon.

"An' that feller Weasel," continued Miss Peekin, giving the deacon's pet cat a vicious kick, "though he'd always ben economical, an' never set a bad example before by persuadin' folk to be intemprit, actilly drored a pistil, and fit with a feller they called Colonel Two—fit for the chance of askin' the crowd to drink to Jim Hockson, an' then went aroun' to all the diggings, tellin' about Jim, an' wastin' his money treatin' folks to drink good luck to Jim. Dis—graceful!"

"It's what *I'd* call a powerful conversion," remarked the deacon.

"But ther's more," said Miss Peekin, with a sigh, and yet with an air of importance befitting the bearer of wonderful tidings.

"What?" eagerly asked Mrs. Crankett.

"Jim's back," said Miss Peekin.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Crankett.

"The Lord bless and prosper him!" earnestly exclaimed the deacon.

"Well," said Miss Peekin, with a disgusted look, "I s'pose He will, from the looks o' things, fur Eben sez that when Weasel told the fellers how it all wuz, they went to work an' put gold-dust in a box fur Jim till ther wuz more than he giv fur Brown, an' fellers from all round's been sendin' him dust ever since. He's a mighty sight the richest man anywhere near this town."

"Good—bless the Lord!" said the deacon, with delight.

"Ye hain't heerd all of it, though," continued Miss Peekin, with a funereal countenance. "They're goin' to be married."

"Sakes alive!" gasped Mrs. Crankett.

"It's so," said Miss Peekin; "an' they say she sent for him, by way of the Isthmus, an' he come back that way. Bad enough to marry him, when poor Brown hain't been dead six months, but to *send* for him——"

"Wuz a real, noble, big-hearted, womanly thing to do," declared Mrs. Crankett, snatching off her spectacles; "an' I'd hev done it myself ef I'd been her."

The deacon gave his old wife an enthusiastic hug, upon seeing which Miss Peekin hastily departed with a severely-shocked expression of countenance, and a nose aspiring heavenward.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Among the instances of self-made men, whom it is the delight of Englishmen to honor, is William of Wykeham, the poor boy who rose by his merit in the church, then the only field where plebeian merit could rise, till he became Bishop of Winchester, and who merited the honor paid him, during the last five centuries, by his foundation of Winchester College, Oxford, a perfect nursery of distinguished men.

But our affair is less now with him and his labors than with the interesting meeting between this self-made man and a peasant boy, whose clear eye and intelligent face attracted his attention. Henry Chicheley, born in 1362, at Higham Ferrers, was one day tending his father's sheep, when the good bishop met him, and, attracted by his brightness, became his patron, taught him the sciences, especially architecture, of which he was so fond, and made him rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. From this position he rose by talent and merit, that justified the choice of William of Wykeham, till he at last became Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England. The University of Oxford styles him "the golden candlestick of the English Church, the darling of the people, and the good father of his clergy."

CURIOUS FORMS OF OATH-TAKING.

Macmillan's *Magazine* gives an account of some curious forms of judicial oaths:

"When a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word, or when in our police courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness-box, signifying, as the interpreter then puts it in words, 'If you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like this saucer,' we have here two full oaths, of which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in the pantomime before us.

"The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a weapon, that the sun may burn them if they lie. The savages of the Brazilian forests raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons.

"As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness, swearing to speak the truth, takes in his hands a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remained so common in Christendom that it was expressly forbidden by a synod. Even in the seventeenth century, to swear on a sword (like *Hamlet's* friend in the ghost scene) was still a legal oath at Holstein. As for holding up the hand to invoke the personal divine sky, the successor of this primitive gesture remains to this day among the chief acts in the solemn oaths of European nations.

"One of the accounts from New Guinea is, that the swearer, holding up an arrow, calls on Heaven to punish him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way the oath can be neutralized.

"An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make it, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath; or he puts his left hand on his side to neutralize what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our 'over the left'; but, so far as I know, this has come down with us to mere schoolboy shuffling. Probably to this day there may be seen in Russian law courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostayak is to be sworn, a bear's head is brought into court, and the man makes believe bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth.

"Among the hill tribes of India a tiger's skin is sworn on in the same sense as the bear's head among the Ostayaks. Rivers again, which to the savage and barbarian are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn by, in strong belief that their waters will punish him who takes their names in vain."

A QUEER FAMILY.

Lord Tweeddale, whose death was recently announced by cable, was born in 1787, and was thus thirteen when the Parliamentary union with Ireland took place, which now seems such a long time ago.

He succeeded his father when only seventeen, and entering the army, saw much service. He was aide-de-camp to Wellington, always fond of having young men of rank about him, in the Peninsula, and was wounded at Busaco in 1810.

It is only by such books as "Vanity Fair" that we realize what a link such a protracted life is between past and present. The man who died so recently got his wound five years before Becky "chaffed" Lady Bareacres at Brussels. In after years Lord Tweeddale was made a field marshal, and colonel of the Second Life Guards. He was not in private life a man of any particular merit. His temper was arbitrary, and as a father he did not shine.

He had a very large family—no less than thirteen children. The fourth daughter married the present Duke of Wellington, and was in former years well-known as the beautiful Lady Douro, to whom her father-in-law was so devoted. The youngest is the wife of Sir Robert Peel. Lord Tweeddale's eldest son, George, Earl of Gifford, married, in October, 1862, the mother of Lord Dufferin, and died within ten weeks of his marriage. This marriage was of the most romantic character. One of Lord Tweeddale's theories, which he carried into practice, was that a peer's eldest son could almost dispense with education, and thus it came about that Lord Gifford grew up most imperfectly educated. Becoming acquainted with Lord Dufferin, he was introduced to his mother, one of the gifted granddaughters of Sheridan, and began, in the accomplished society which surrounded her, to feel painfully conscious of his deficiencies. Aided and encouraged by her, the young man went to work, and soon made up for lost time; but meanwhile he conceived for his instructress the deepest devotion. Lady Dufferin, however, being many years his senior, persistently declined his repeated offers of marriage, but at length he fell into ill-health, and it became evident that his days on earth would be few. At his urgent entreaty, therefore, that he might see her bearing his name, Lady Dufferin at last consented to become Countess of Gifford. Ten weeks after Lady Gifford was again a widow.

From time to time rumors have been rife of a very unpleasant contingency threatening the present Marquis of Tweeddale. It has been stated that his father, when a very young man, formed a connection which amounted, under Scotch law, to a legal marriage, although at the time he was not in the least aware of the fact, and that at his death proceedings would be taken to prove that the children of this marriage are the rightful heirs, and, consequently, the present peer, and some, at least, of his brothers and sisters illegitimate—in fact, a case precisely similar to that on which Trollope has built his story of "Castle Richmond."

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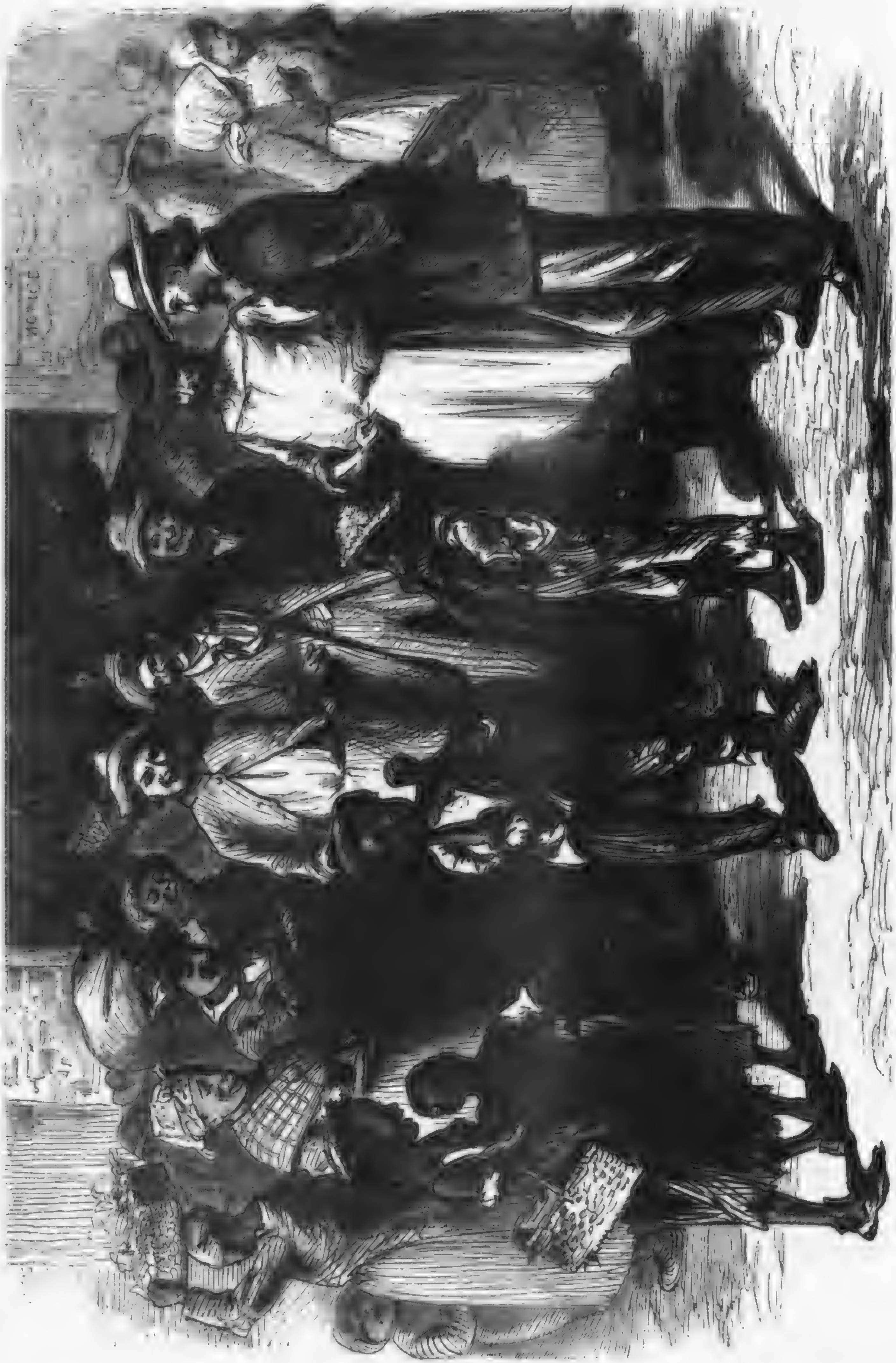


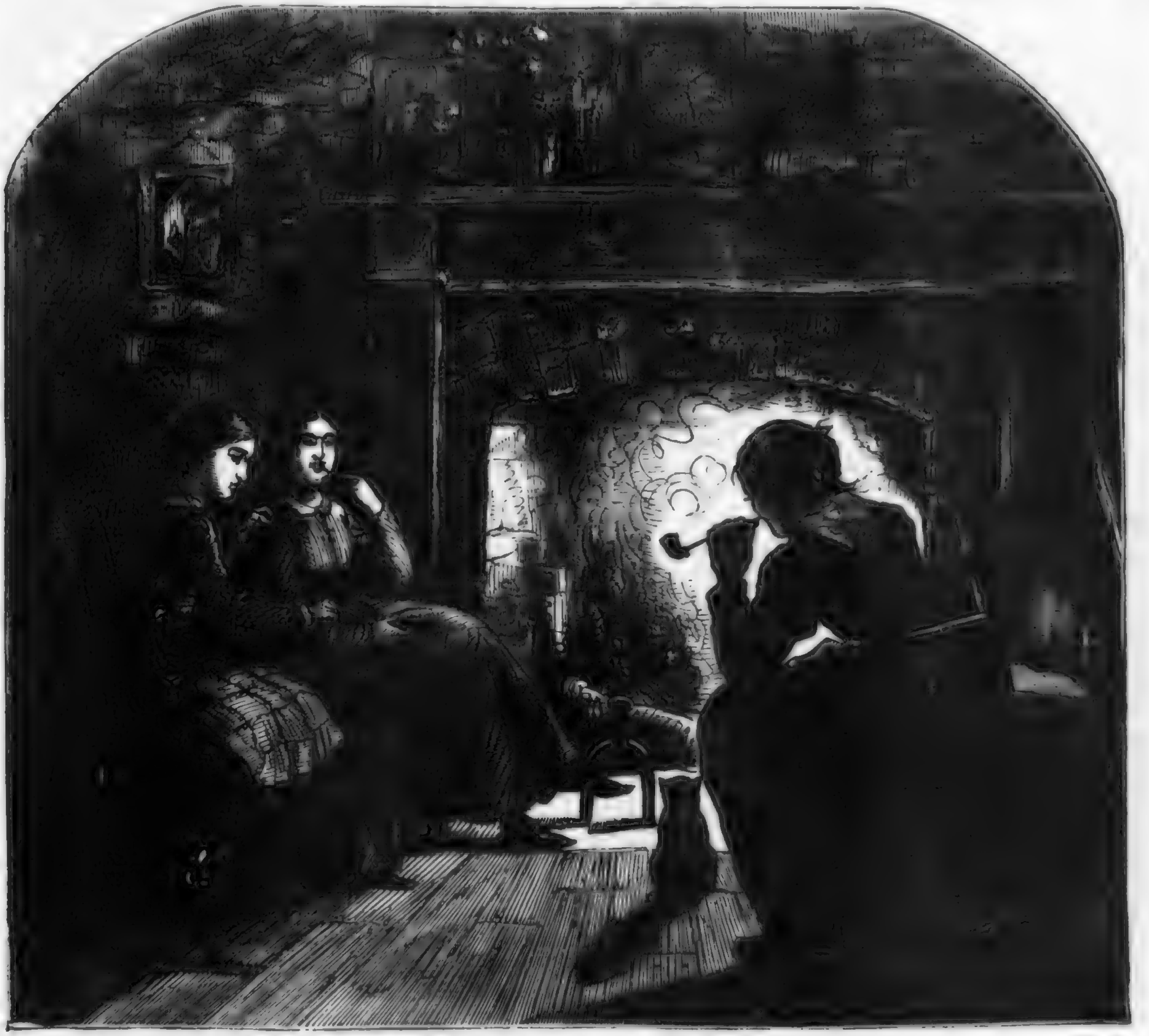
SOUTHERN SCENES.—PROFESSORS OF CHIN-MUSIC.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

PROFESSORS OF CHIN-MUSIC—THE SNUFF-DIPPERS.

OF making many musical instruments—even as, in good old Solomon's time, of the making of multitudinous papyri—there is no end. Not a year passes in this inventive nation of ours without its brood of improved organs and pianos, reed and string machines, claiming indubitable advantages, and swelling the nomenclature of art with names curious, novel, and often of a quality to tax to the uttermost the vocalization of those disciples of music who will have to pronounce them.

Our engraving, however, indicates a sort of return to the primitive elements of sound. The art of "chin-music," as our artist found it practiced by the little black Gavroche of the South, requires no elaborate cultivation, no costly application of stops, pedals or keyboards. Nature herself, in her barest and humblest condition, supplies everything that is necessary.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—SNUFF-DIPPERS.

While passing the markets or other crowded resorts of Jacksonville, in Florida, Mr. Becker was often beguiled to stop and listen to the execution of the professors of "chin-music." These are little, half-nude animals of the African race, and their music is of a sort that would be difficult for our less supple jaws to imitate. Doubtless it comes through tradition or inheritance, and has been previously used to enhance the rites and ceremonies of wild barbarians on the Gold Coast.

The small performer, after collecting his audience of gaping idlers, will open his mouth, at the same time causing the air to pass vocally over the cords of the larynx, and by striking the cheek and maxillary joint in a peculiar way, will emit a sound half explosive and half resonant. The note given by this natural drum is compared, for quality, to the cracking of a filbert under a hammer. At the same time it partakes of a vocal character, and has a perfect gamut of expression; so that a skilled professor can play with ease the popular and patriotic airs of the day.

Nothing can be more *naïf* than this music of the cheeks, which is as dry and crepitant in quality as the not dissimilarly made cry of the locust or the katydid. Sometimes two or more performers will travel as a chorus, outraging silence with their rolling fusillade of sputtering sound, in which the ear is half surprised to catch the likeness of some homely and well-known tune.

The young musician generally adds to his choir the "pat-foot" of the plantations, which comes down at every note in the dull stroke of the naked sole, as true to time as the *baton* of Strauss or Pasdeloup. The simplicity and energy of this unsophisticated orchestra are sure to win the good-will of the audience; and the musicians may rely upon taking up a collection sufficient to enable them to retire from the market with their black heads buried, according to their favorite sybaritism, in the juicy depths of a huge watermelon.

The pictures of Southern life drawn by Northern pens and pencils were generally treated by the lovers of the Rebellion as exaggerations. We give in this number a picture of the Snuff-dippers, drawn by a German officer on the staff of General Bragg.

Nothing can be more surprising than to see young women whose position would lead one to expect refinement, descending to so disgusting a practice as this snuff-dipping, in which the plea of cleansing the teeth is the sorry pretext for the desired use of the narcotic plant. This mode of using tobacco, in preference to chewing or smoking, seems peculiar to our Southern States, but might occasionally be cured by a full account of the mode in which snuff is prepared.

THE MALAY PIRATES AND THE HORNET.

We had been cruising for a fortnight off the Island of Sumatra, and one evening, the wind having lulled, and the current setting in strongly toward the shore, the captain determined to anchor with the "kedge." Accordingly the hands were turned up to shorten sail and bring the ship to an anchor. This was all effected in a few minutes, and the sloop of war *Hornet* swung round to her cable. All sail was then furled, and the watch called.

The *Hornet* carried eighteen guns, thirty-two pounders, and was manned with a crew of one hundred and twenty men, including officers, marines, and seamen, all told. When eight bells were struck at the end of the second dog-watch, my watch commenced, and I accordingly relieved the midshipman on duty. I paced the deck on the starboard side alone for some time, ruminating on things in general, till at length my mind, reverting to home matters, took a melancholy turn, which I could not succeed in shaking off.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Walking up and down on the port side of the quarter-deck, only separated from me by the gunroom and steerage hatchways, was the quartermaster of the watch, an old salt who had seen many climes and hard service in most of them. Besides, it was well known on board that Jack Bobstay had on board this ship, many, very many years ago, seen some rough work with pirates.

Bobstay was a character in many respects. He was about fifty-six years of age, and had been a petty officer for twenty-two years. In build he was short but very muscular, and with well-knit and hardened frame. His face was remarkably brown and bronzed by long exposure, and adorned with a fine, flowing beard. He was remarkable for his taciturnity, and seldom spoke to any one, even to his messmates, unless previously addressed.

"Quartermaster," said I, "is it true you were on board the *Hornet* when she was once nearly taken by pirates?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I was; but it was many years ago, and so many things have happened since that I almost forget the particulars; though for the matter o' that, some chaps aboard knows the year better nor I can tell it," he added, with a touch of irony.

I saw that he was in his usual uncommunicative humor; but I knew that, like all us poor mortals, Jack Bobstay had his weak point. This was a particular affection for a glass of grog without any water in it, and so I said:

"Do you think a glass of 'old Jamaica' would revive your recollection of the affair?"

He looked up quickly to see if I was joking, but finding I had spoken in earnest, a broad grin passed over his dark and regular features; he drew his hand across his mouth as if wiping his lips after a dram, and replied:

"Well, sir, since you are so very kind, I shouldn't wonder if it did rouse me up a bit, for this weather makes a man dry." Then, as if to prove satisfactorily to my mind that my offer had not bribed him, he added, "I don't mind telling you, sir, what took place, although it warn't much, but I hates spinning a long-winded 'cuffer.'"

"Will you have it now, or after the yarn?" said I.

"I thank you, sir," he rejoined quite affably, "if it's all the same to you, I shouldn't mind wetting my whistle at once."

Jack Bobstay, previously touching the rim of his hat with his forefinger and thumb, and with a polite "Here's luck," swallowed at a gulp a glass of Jamaica rum many degrees above proof without winking an eye, and returned me the glass, saying:

"Ah! that reminds me of old times in the West Indies, when we were after Gibbs."

I had evidently got the key to the old man's loquacity, and told him if he would let me have the benefit of his reminiscences in those waters another night, he should renew his acquaintance with the "old Jamaica."

We adjourned to the break of the poop, where we commanded a view of all around, and then I sat down, with the quartermaster standing by me till I desired him to be seated. He then began the following story, which is the recital of an incident that actually happened in the manner set forth:

Near this very Island of Sumatra, off which we are now lying, more than twenty-five years ago, the *Hornet* was making the best of her way to Canton. The sloop had never been there before, and it was determined by the wily old captain to make use of that circumstance. The pirates, whose depredations had been to a great extent suppressed by the ships of war, were again giving signs of renewed vigor, and fearful stories became current, and were published occasionally in the papers, of atrocities committed by these wretches on harmless native traders. A few months previous to our arrival they had actually dared to attack in open day, and carry by boarding, an American ship, whose crew they murdered, and then, after "looting" the vessel, scuttled and sank her.

Some friendly natives gave notice of the occurrence, and our cruisers had been striving to catch some of the marauders, but somehow were unsuccessful in their efforts, always arriving when too late. This impunity had increased the boldness of the pirates, and was calculated, if continued, to seriously impair our prestige. Their success in capturing the merchant ship was destined to be the ruin of two of the most formidable of these buccaneers.

Our captain, whom we will call "Tartar," was an old seadog of a fellow, just the man, without pity or mercy, to extirpate piracy and pirates. He was emphatically the right man in the right place. He determined to strike terror into the hearts of those villains, and to that end adopted a rather novel expedient. His ingenuity decided him on disguising the *Hornet* as a merchant ship, and thereby laying a plot to destroy the unsuspecting sea-robber. On leaving Bombay, where we stopped, the ship was painted black all over, gunports and all, and some alterations made in the leading of the stays and braces, which it would be needless to particularize. Suffice it to say that in a man-of-war they are not "led" as they are in the merchant service, and to a nautical eye would at once indicate the character of a ship. However, what was the most repellent to the feelings of an old naval officer bred to the smartness and celerity of manœuvring habitual to the crew of a vessel of war, the men were instructed, on their arrival on the scene of action, to "make" and "shorten" sail, and to do all the duties in the manner of an under-manned merchant ship, or, as it is styled contemptuously, "Jordey fashion."

As my readers will doubtless perceive, this was all done to invite attack, and the commodore was eventually rewarded, although it cost him his peace of mind to see his command looking so unship-shape during the time he was thus dissembling the real character of the sloop. He made up for it afterward, however, as was attested by the well-worn condition of the cat-o'-nine-tails, frayed with flogging the crew into shape again.

The ship was kept under reefed topsails all night, so that she made but little progress; and he handled her purposely in so unseamanlike a way, that she was several weeks in making the Straits. There was one thing, however, the men were not allowed to forget, and that was their gunnery drill and musket and cutlass exercise. These drills were the order of the day. The great guns were not fired, but were kept run in and with the ports all lowered, so as more completely to carry out the deception practiced.

The old ship was like a muzzled bulldog, and could show her teeth at a moment's notice, for, the guns being loaded and double-shotted, all that had to be done when clearing for action was to trice up the ports, cast loose and run them out, and then show the metal the *Hornet* was made of. When pulling round the ship, it was almost painful to see the woebegone appearance presented by her, reminding one of an old coaster, or, as they are called out there, "country ships," with a crew of Lascars on board, rather than a trim and slashing man-of-war "buckra," manned with as fine a set of devil-may-care seamen as ever took the bounty and spent the money in a twenty-four hours' spree on shore.

When the ship began to run short of water, we sent the boats' crews to some wells on the coast where there was no chance of encountering any natives, and brought sufficient off in "breakers" and casks for our use. This was very tiresome work, and it took a long time to fill the water-tanks, but the old captain was not the man to give up anything in despair, and he determined to bag some pirates, if he waited, as he said, till half the crew were ill with scurvy for want of fresh meat. No boats from the shore were allowed to have any communication with the ship, so that our warlike character might not be suspected. Captain Tartar began to grow very savage, and used to walk up and down the decks at nights, sometimes for hours together, growling "like a bear with a sore head."

At length his perseverance was rewarded with success. One afternoon, about one o'clock, the men had just been "turned to" their usual employment, one division drilling at the cutlass exercise under the gunner's tuition, when the lookout-man reported two large crafts ahead. We were, as usual, under easy sail, and with the top-gallant-masts "housed" to prevent our going on too fast, although the weather was very fine, with a nice breeze blowing. The *Hornet* was lying close to the wind, and sailing at the rate of five knots an hour. We had seen several of these native craft before, and so at first nothing was thought of the matter. When their hulls were distinctly visible above the horizon, however, two points about them became apparent, showing that they were not ordinary traders. One was their unusual size and great spread of canvas, and the other the fact that they were sailing in company, and, as it seemed, with a certain regulated distance between them that gave evidence of a concerted plan.

The captain, who was taking his afternoon "siesta," was roused up and informed of these peculiarities.

"Eh, what?" growled he, on being awaked; "a pack of humbug!"

He came on deck, however, diving his arms into the sleeves of his old uniform frock-coat, and with the waist somewhere between his shoulders, and after scrutinizing the vessels for some time, exclaimed, with a preliminary grunt:

"Suspicious-looking craft. Mr. Ratline," calling the first lieutenant, "call the hands to quarters. No beat of drum, mind. Do the thing quietly." And turning to the gunner, "Mr. Quoin, open the magazines."

He then went on with his observation of the strangers, which were coming down before the wind with their huge mainsails spreading out on both sides to catch the favoring breeze. The same distance—about a cable's length, or one hundred and twenty fathoms—still separated them as when first sighted. Our men came crowding on deck and asking in whispers what it was all about. They were cautioned not to allow their heads to be seen above the rail, but the word was quickly passed among them that something likely to vary the tedious monotony of the cruise was about to take place.

The guns were now cast loose, the hatchways covered with gratings and tarpaulins, the men all assembled at their quarters, armed with cutlasses sharp as razors girt round their waists, balanced by bayonets on the other side, the muskets being piled up close at hand in rear of the ordnance; the captains and second captains of the guns had pistols in lieu of bayonets, while the powder-boys stood by with two leather hand-magazines, each containing two cartridges. A stillness that could be felt prevailed around after the first bustle of preparation was over; you might have heard a pin drop on the deck, for the most perfect discipline was there, coupled with the proverbial gallantry of the American sailor.

Of all grand sights, and the one to make a man's blood course with a more rapid flow through his veins, commend me to the gun-deck of a man-of-war when both broadsides are charged and all is ready for a salvo. It is a wonderful thing to think that at the one word "Fire!" given by the commanding officer, every one of those quiet, dull blocks of metal ranged along the deck on both sides with such precision, will belch forth a perfect storm of fire, and with their iron hail deal death and destruction to everything within range, even filling the ship itself from which they are discharged with the smoke caused by the ignition of the "villainous saltpetre."

So stood the crew of the *Hornet* at their quarters, every man meanwhile on the tip-toe of expectation and eager for the fray, if fray there was to be. The captain, who had not taken the glass from his eye for about five minutes, at length removed that instrument with a long-drawn sigh, or rather snort of exultation, and exclaimed, "Thought so, Ratline—got the vermin at last! Prime!" he shouted out, and in a second the vents of the cannon were "primed" with their "detonating tubes," and the respective captains of the guns retired to the full length of the trigger-lines, "leaning well over on the right side, and keeping the left foot clear of the recoil," as the drill-book says.

It was now evident what had satisfied old Tartar's mind as to the character of the approaching craft. In a few minutes was visible to the naked eye a stout hawser made fast between the two ships, which they proposed to bind, as it were, round our ship's bows, by this means bringing themselves one on each of our broadsides, and then boarding and capturing us, with the after intention, no doubt, of cutting all our throats. There was no doubt that they were really pirates, and at length the long-wished-for hour had arrived. Deluded wretches! they had fallen into the trap set for them, and taken us for a peaceful merchantman.

The captain now retired aft and stood on the ladder leading up to the poop, with his arm resting on the rail and holding his glass. He glared savagely at the vessels so quickly approaching their doom with his one eye, and deigned to glance along his noble ship and the well-trained crew with a stern grin, intended for a smile of approval.

The enemy was close to us now, and the sable crews were swarming along their black sides, exulting over their anticipated prey; but their exultation was destined to be short-lived, and their shouts of triumph choked in their very throats by the death-rattle.

The hawser, which had been made "taut," skimmed the water like a line, and all attempt at deception on their part ceased. As it almost touched our bows, the two piratical craft closed in, swinging their sterns round so as to grapple with us, their bows by the manœuvre being brought round so as to head the same way as ourselves. They had gone now too far to recede, and as they were lowering away their vast sails, our opportunity, if we wished to avoid a hand-to-hand struggle with four times our number on our own decks, had arrived. Their yells and clashing of arms filled the air with clamor, and were, doubtless, intended to strike terror into our hearts.

But they had counted without their host. The commodore marked the conjuncture, and thundered out in his deep voice, that rose above all the din, clear as a trumpet-call·

"Trice up—run out!"

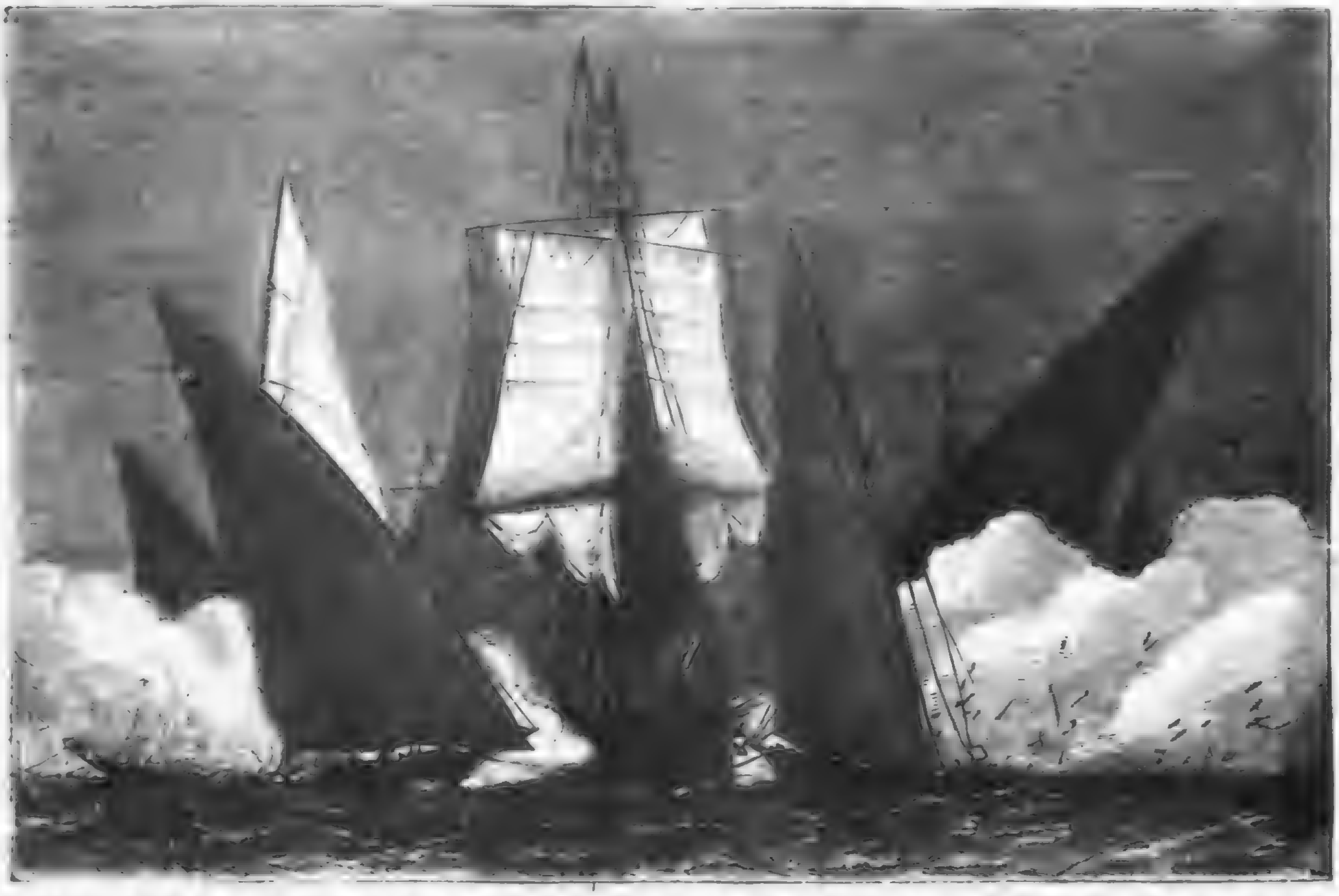
The former order applied to the ports, which had been fitted purposely so as to trice up with a single lanyard, the latter to the guns, which now, quick as lightning, showed their grim muzzles protruding ominously from the open casements. So sudden and unexpected was the movement, that our would-be murderers were struck dumb.

For a second of time there was a death-like stillness, all the more awful from the contrast with the uproar previously prevailing—but only for a second. The guns had been all laid "point blank," and as the big hulls of the pirate ships, crowded as they were with their murderous freight, came within about a dozen yards of the sloop-of-war, the old captain raised his right hand high in the air, and with a stentorian voice gave the order:

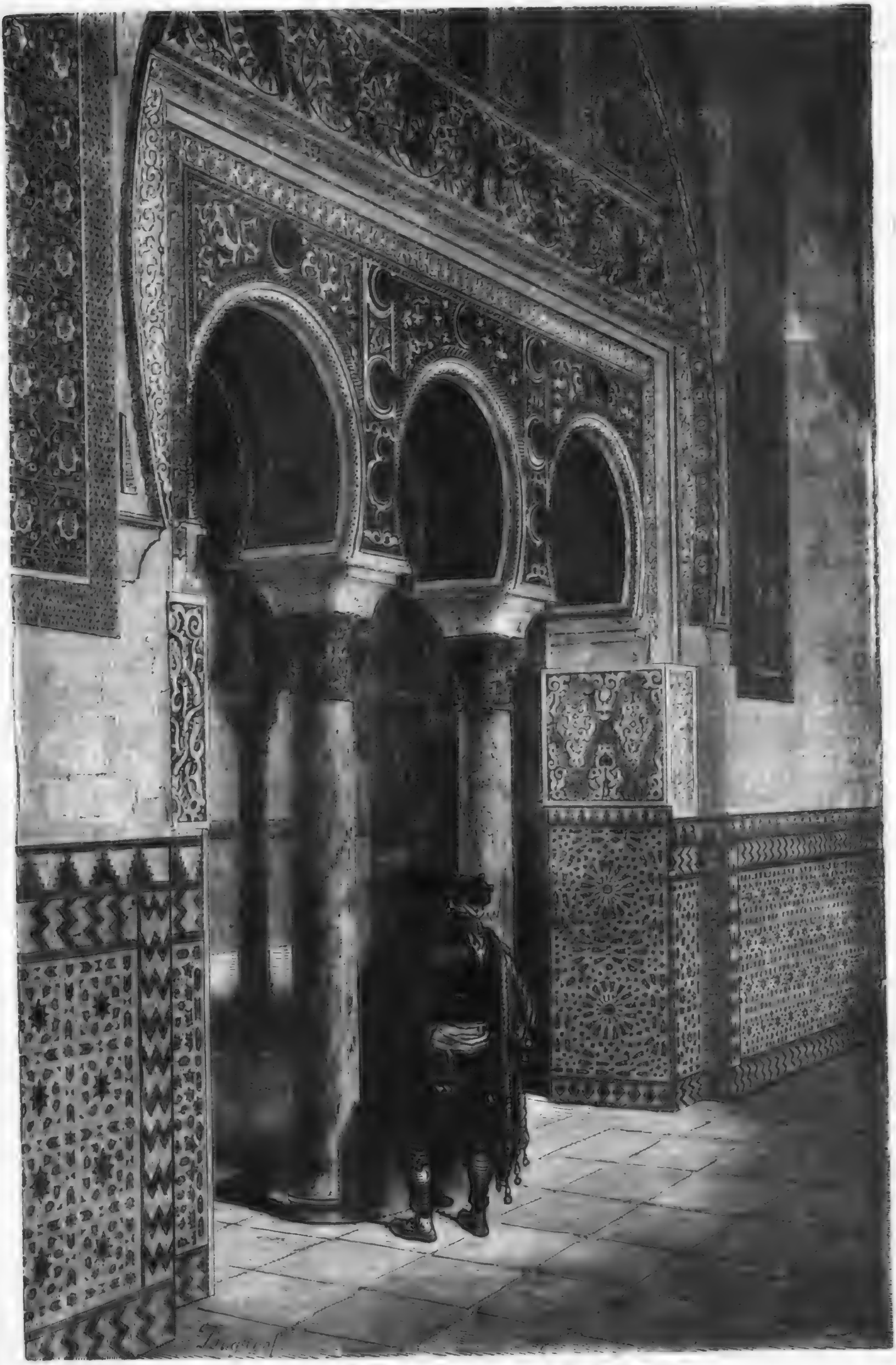
"Fire!"

As that word left his lips a deafening roar was heard, a row of brilliant flashes leaped simultaneously from out the black throats of the cannon, and a canopy of sulphurous smoke hung over the scene like a pall, shrouding the tall spars, and even the guns' crews from each other. The *Hornet* shook and trembled in the water with the mighty concussion like a tower when rocked to its base by an earthquake, and then we all peered anxiously and curiously through the portholes to ascertain the effect of the concentrated fire of our broadside.

For a brief space of time the smoke prevented our seeing clearly, but at length it sufficiently cleared off to enable us to see—what? Why, nothing! Nothing was visible. But I mistake. When I say nothing was to be seen, I mean no ship was there. On the port side a masthead was just disappearing beneath the smooth surface of the quiet sea, and a little pennon, descending lower and lower, was fluttering gently in the breeze. As this touched the water's edge, it gave one feeble flicker like a spent oil-lamp, and then, with a farewell quiver upward, was gone. Both these "terrors of the sea" foundered in deep water, but where were the pirates who whilom manned them? Crowds of these wretches were struggling and striking out in all directions, and as many as could be saved from drowning we picked up with our boats, which were quickly lowered away for the purpose. But of six hundred men who composed their total number, as we afterward found out, forty-three only were saved. Some few of these rescued were wounded, but the majority of them, mangled by shot and splinters, went down in the ill-fated vessels, and their bones are, doubtless, now whitening some ocean cavern.



THE MALAY PIRATES.—"A DEAFENING ROAR WAS HEARD, AND A ROW OF BRILLIANT FLASHES LEAPED SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM OUT THE BLACK THROATS OF THE CANNON."—SEE PAGE 102.



A MOORISH ARCADE IN THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE, SPAIN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

Our success had been complete, even more so than the most sanguine of us had expected, and the "dodge" of the hawser had effectually consummated their destruction. The guns had been all double-shotted, hence the fearful efficacy of our fire; and as they recoiled after the discharge, notwithstanding the compressors had been "hove taut," half the breechings were carried away. The seamen, at first awed at such wholesale slaughter, cheered lustily, the first time they had given vent to their feelings, the commodore leading the hurrahs. "Splice the mainbrace!" was the welcome boatswain's pipe, and all hands had an extra glass of grog. The guns were then secured, new breechings fitted, and all sail made on the ship, and the course altered for our destination.

The pirates were subsequently executed, but one of the chiefs, who died of his wounds on the passage, ere death closed his eyes, told the whole history of the capture of the unfortunate crew, disclosing a shocking tale of barbarity.

"That's all the yarn, sir," said Jack Bobstay.

"Well, quartermaster, I think they rather found a Hornet's nest."

A MOORISH ARCADE IN THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE, SPAIN.

The Alcazar of Seville is a palace, built in the eleventh century, but which has undergone many changes. It was completely restored by Don Pedro El Cruel, by whom the beautiful frontage was built, as an inscription in Spanish bears record—this is written in Gothic letters, and round the upper portion of the façade. The workmen employed were Moorish, having been borrowed from King Yusuf I., of Granada, who had just completed the Alhambra. The principal *patio* is splendid; one feels it almost impossible to realize the scene that surrounds one—the brilliant coloring, the delicate lace-like work; the minute patterns, all so perfectly executed; the immense time it has remained, many portions untouched for five centuries—all render it marvelous to behold.

The apartments, as in all modern as well as ancient Spanish palaces, surround the *patios*. In the one leading from that called the Hall of the Ambassadors, we were shown the spot, stained, it is said, with blood, where Don Pedro is said to have murdered his half-brother, Don Fadrique, from jealousy, because he suspected him of being in love with his queen, Blanche of Bourbon; and he caused her to be cruelly murdered at Chiclana, not far from Cadiz, in 1361. Fadrique's death was amply avenged by his own brother, Henry of Transtamare; these two brothers were the sons of Alonzo XI. and Leonora de Guzman—but all this is history, and too well known to need recording here.

The Patio de las Doncellas is very magnificent; it is so called from having been the court where the Moorish kings caused the virgins, always a hundred in number, to pass before them, being the yearly tribute imposed on their vassals, till Alphonso, surnamed the Chaste, delivered them from this thralldom.

The Patio de los Muñecas, or Court of the Dolls, is exquisitely delicate in its decorations; the slender marble columns, the lacework arches, are so fine and pure-looking, it seems impossible to believe that all this fairy-looking building is of a substance as hard and durable as stone. Above the first is a second tier of pillars, and again another range of arches. The lower part is very ancient; the upper part was added in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

But it is impossible to give a description of this Moorish architecture and do it justice; it is so elegant in its design, so intricate in its patterns, and so minute, that it is unlike anything we ever saw before. The lower portion of the vestibules and floorings are of azulejos, the difference between the ancient and modern tiles being that the former were worked out with their patterns in mosaic and raised work, whilst the latter are in square or long pieces, and the pattern and coloring stamped on them; thus the one is very easily distinguished from the other.

On the upper story is a little chapel, erected by the desire of Isabella the Catholic. The altar is entirely of azulejos, representing the Annunciation and Visitation of the Virgin, and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella with the Tanto Monta, meaning *Tanto Monta Isabel como Fernando;* that is, the queen was equal to the king, and they shared all honors alike.

Beyond this chapel is the Cuarto del Principe, a magnificent Moorish apartment; further on, after passing several ordinary rooms, is the bedroom of Don Pedro, from whence, through a private door, he had access to the apartment of Maria Padilla, the only being who ever exercised the smallest influence over him, so far as making him occasionally human (one can scarcely say humane). Her gentle nature, her real love for this brutal man, enabled her to mold him at times to her will, and that will was always exerted for some good purpose. It is said that she knew of, and by offering no opposition tacitly sanctioned, the murder of the unfortunate and innocent queen; but that is not so, and none deplored the horrible deed more than the king's mistress.

In the gardens—magnificent as they are, still only the reflection of bygone grandeur and beauty—is the long bath used by Maria Padilla; formerly it was that of the sultanas. It is now walled up on either side; then it was bordered with orange-trees. Here the real queen of the Alcazar received her king and court, whilst in the enjoyment of her bath. There are some orange-trees of enormous size and age in the gardens, one which existed in Maria's time, and which is now laden with its golden fruit. Myrtle-trees abound; they line the paths, and in some places are formed into hedges, and so trained and at such a height that a perfect maze exists of them.

There are fountains in all directions; one plays along the terrace fronting the bath, and up two side walks, causing an extremely pretty effect. Summer-houses are studded about; one is built entirely of magnificent azulejos, by Charles V., and is the principal one in the gardens. Charles V. was married, at the Alcazar, to Isabel of Portugal, in 1526, and it was on this occasion that the emperor granted freedom to his royal prisoner, Francis I. of France, who, since the battle of Pavia, had been kept at Madrid.

One of the large basins here has an anecdote attached to it in connection with Don Pedro. He was one day in great perplexity as to the choice of a judge who should decide a very important matter then in agitation; and, walking up and down near this water, he picked up an orange, cut it in two, and, throwing half away, threw the other half into it, the cut side downward. Then the king sent for one of the judges, and asked him what was in the water. He replied it was an orange. The king, vexed, dismissed him, and sent for another, and so on for several more, each having given the same answer. At last one, before answering, took the branch of a tree and drew the orange toward him, took it out, and said it was "half an orange," upon which the king at once appointed him judge over the pending matter.

Nothing is more delightful than sitting, during the heat of the day, beneath the shade of these almost forest-trees. We made friends with the old man who keeps the rusty keys of the rusty lock that prevents the mob from intruding, and many an hour have we passed, lazily dreaming of those great, grand old bygone times we may read of, but which will never come again. We have surely lived two or three centuries too late for real enjoyment of life, or—too soon.

CLEOPATRA DYING.

By General Lytle.

Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile;
Purple flame crowns spring and temple,
Lights up every ancient pile
Where the old gods now are sleeping.
Isis, and Osiris great,
Guard me, help me, give me courage
Like a queen to meet my fate!

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"
Let the Cæsar's army come—
I will cheat him of his glory,
Though beyond the Styx I roam.
Shall he drag this beauty with him
While the crowd his triumph sings?
No, no, never! I will show him
What lies in the blood of kings.

Though he hold the golden sceptre,
Rule the Pharaoh's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless,
Through the sweeps of silvery sand—
He shall never say I met him
Fawning, abject, like a slave;
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping, sleeping—
Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? Shall we
In death meet and love once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps,
Scorn the Cæsar and his might;
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking
Fades Apollo's brilliant car,
And from out the distant azure,
Breaks the bright gleam of a star;
Venus, queen of love and beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace;
Dying free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying! dying! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms;
You will welcome me, I know it—
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark! I hear the legions coming,
Hear their cries of triumph swell;
Yet, proud Cæsar, dead I scorn you,
Egypt—Antony—farewell!

JOHN, Sr., AND JOHN, Jr.

"Pack your traps, and go aboard, boy. That will bring you round, if anything will. Excitement and change will do the work. I'll be bound."

This practical bit of advice fell from the lips of John Harrington, Sr., as he walked home arm-in-arm with his son, John, Jr.

"I'd go with you myself," he continued. "Should really enjoy the trip, under other circumstances; and if you send me word you're better—that is to say, have got back some of your old spirits and enthusiasm—why, I'll meet you on the other side, and we'll have a little spree on our own hook. Father and son on a spree—eh? Well, 'twon't be the first one, by a good many, will it? There ain't so much difference in our ages as folks seem to think."

"But why won't you go with me, father? I should like it, above all things," urged John, Jr. "There's nothing in the world to hinder. We are poor dogs, father, that's a fact; no home, no families, no——"

"Stop right where you are, my son—right where you are! I have listened lately to all you have had to say, because, under the shadow of a great grief, my heart aches for you, and because I know that equilibrium would be soonest restored by such means. Call *yourself* a poor dog, Jack, if the comparison pleases you; but don't poor cur me. I should like to have a nice little woman to sit at the head of my table, and come down to the door to meet me when I return from business, as well as the next man. Why, bless your soul, stupid! I have only just turned into the forties, and a fellow don't know what he does want much before that time."

John smiled—it was a dubious, ghastly sort of an affair—and said:

"But what has all this to do with our going abroad? I should like to start at once, if you can make arrangements to do so."

"There is no reason why you shouldn't sail to-morrow at twelve, if it so suits you, and I wish you would. But my reasons for not accompanying you are obvious. You need *entire* change, and if you have me constantly at your elbow, you will scarcely be able to forget, or bridge over"—as the young man winced perceptibly at mention of the word *forget*—"the past. When you begin to feel real jolly—unmistakably jolly—send me a cable dispatch, and I'll agree to start the same day, if I can find a steamer."

"Jolly?" repeated John, Jr., in a tone of sad unbelief. "Why, father, you don't know what you are talking about. It is now almost two years since Ella and my darling babies were taken away from me, and I have never known a moment of peace since, to say nothing of happiness."

"And yet, John," interrupted his father—"excuse me if I touch a sore spot—it seems to me the circumstances warrant it—as I review your short domestic life, it does not appear to me that a man fond of home, and the comforts of home, could find much in yours he would desire to perpetuate. My thoughts of Ella are most kindly; but the mere fact of her passing into another state of existence has not made a saint of her in my eyes. I was glad when the end came—for her sake as well as yours. She'll have a better chance now, poor girl."

John, Jr.'s eyes were wide open with amazement, while his father continued:

"I should have spoken in this manner at the time, John. I have been aware of my error all along. As for the babies, poor, dear little, suffering darlings, you have abundant reason for rejoicing that they were taken away. If ever I said, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord' with my whole heart, it was on that occasion. If you ever marry again, John, be sure——"

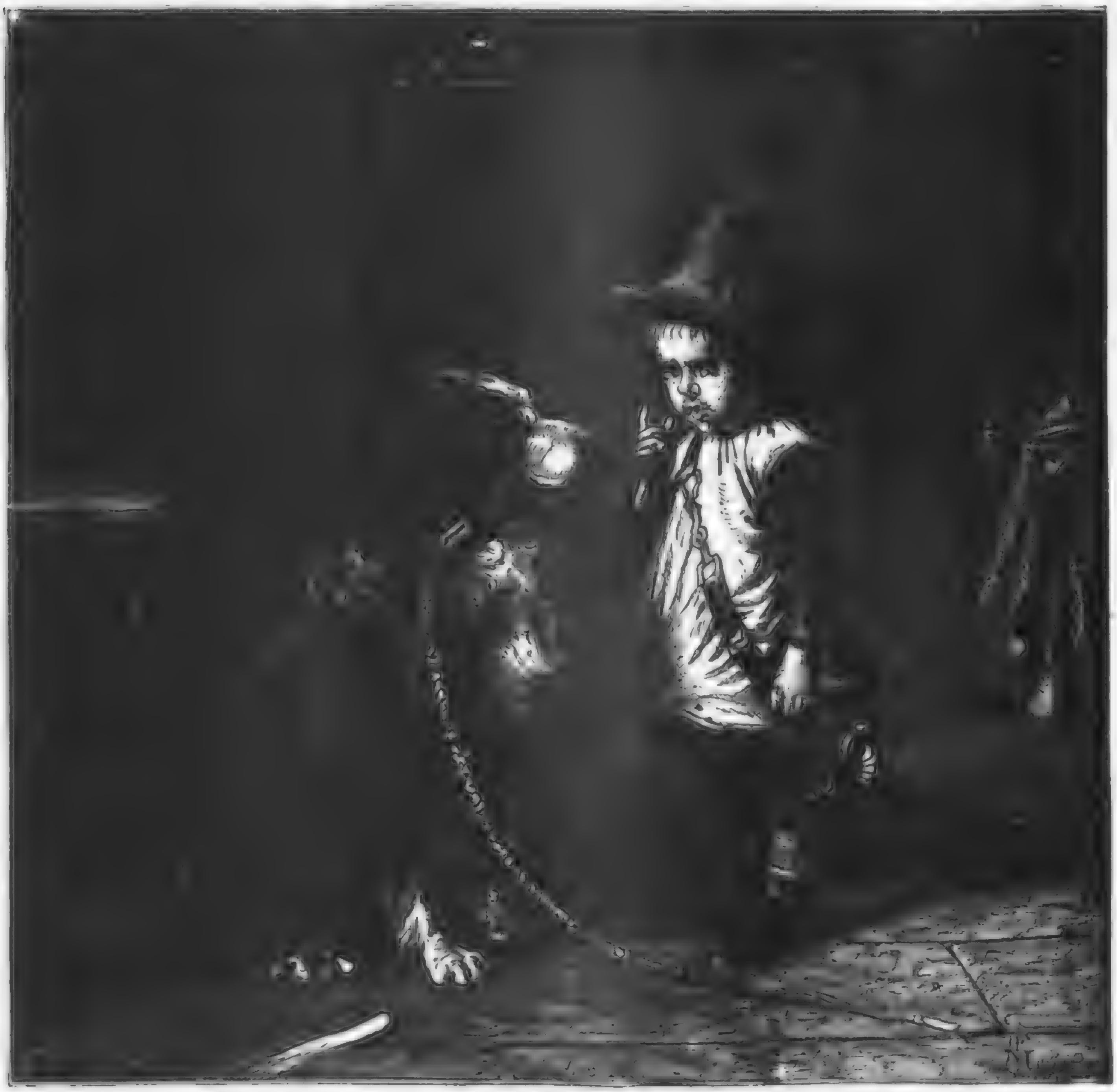
"Marry again!" interrupted his companion—this time with considerable disdain apparent in his voice and manner, which evidently afforded John, Sr., unfeigned delight, for he threw his head back, and laughed heartily.

"I wouldn't marry—I wouldn't marry——" John, Jr. was floundering about for language strong enough to express his utter contempt for the marriage relation.

"You won't marry," put in his companion, "till you find somebody that just fills your bill! Neither shall I; and I'll venture to predict, my dear boy, that the next time you won't make a fool of yourself."

This was strong language, and both Johns knew it; and yet both were thoroughly aware that nothing but the literal truth had been spoken.

"Look upon the past as your school, in which you were compelled to learn a mighty tough lesson, and upon the present as your opportunity," continued the elder. "Now,



"NOW, PONTO, IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I TELL YOU, YOU'LL TASTE THAT WHIP ANOTHER WAY."

pack up your traps, and be off with you, and make up your mind that a little common sense is better than all the morbid sentiment in the world."

The above conversation explains itself.

These two Johns were widowers, without family, rich, well connected, and much sought after. The younger had married a very young and very vain girl—of delicate and aristocratic parentage—who had but one thought, and that one—dress. This inordinate vanity, strangely enough, did not show itself to John until after marriage, and the waking up from his dream of love and perfect congeniality was a terrible one. Her husband's comfort was nothing to her. How she could best secure the admiration of others was her only study.

Two children were born to them, and poor John tried to believe that the motherhood of the woman would be her salvation.

Not so. Disregarding all advice, she finally put a stop to her earthly career by the effect of a series of colds brought on by dissipation. The little ones soon followed.

John had mourned them bitterly, and, with the sensitiveness of a noble nature, had never ceased to reproach himself that he had not pursued a different course in the management of his domestic affairs.

Two years had almost passed, and for the first time since the sad events, John, Sr., had honestly spoken his thoughts, with what effect the reader is aware.

A few days after, John, Jr., took passage in a French steamer, to the great delight of his father, who knew that he would return to his native shores a wiser and a better man.

Six months elapsed, during which time John, Sr., was very lonely, and had almost decided a number of times to join his son abroad, without waiting for the intelligence he had insisted on at parting. One day he received the following communication:

ROME, ——— —, ———.

"DEAR FATHER—The best thing you can do is to make arrangements to join me here as soon as you can. I cannot say that I am really jolly; but I am *content*. Won't that do? I remain

"Your loving son, JOHN."

"Yes, sir," said John, Sr., as he folded the letter, and tucked it in his pocket. "That will do. If that scamp isn't in love, then I'm not familiar with the symptoms. Content!

There's an indescribable romance about that word to me, and there always was."

The very next steamer outward-bound had for one of its passengers John Harrington, Sr. and, after a few weeks of propitious travel, the two gentlemen joined hands in Rome.

"How do you manage to amuse yourself, John?" the elder inquired, the next morning at breakfast. "I suppose you have done all the cathedrals, statuary, paintings, etc., etc., etc. How do you spend your evenings?"

"Oh, I have found a few friends, of course," replied John, Jr., nonchalantly. "The society is very good here at present."

That evening Harrington the elder was formally introduced to Mrs. and Miss Claxton, artists, born and bred New Yorkers, who had been studying in Rome for more than a year.

Mrs. Claxton was a widow of thirty-six or seven, who really did not look a day over thirty, unusually prepossessing in manner and appearance, vivacious, and, at the same time, thoroughly polished and dignified. She had been left in poverty by a reckless husband, and had managed by the sale of a few articles of value — hers before her marriage — to thus make the most of her own and her daughter's artistic talent. Fanny Claxton was eighteen, and the very image of her mother. Everybody called her beautiful, and for once everybody was correct. Fanny was an enthusiastic lover of her art, and had made astonishing progress in her studies, and to this little haven of rest and recreation, John, Jr., was accustomed to come whenever he felt so disposed, which was not infrequently.

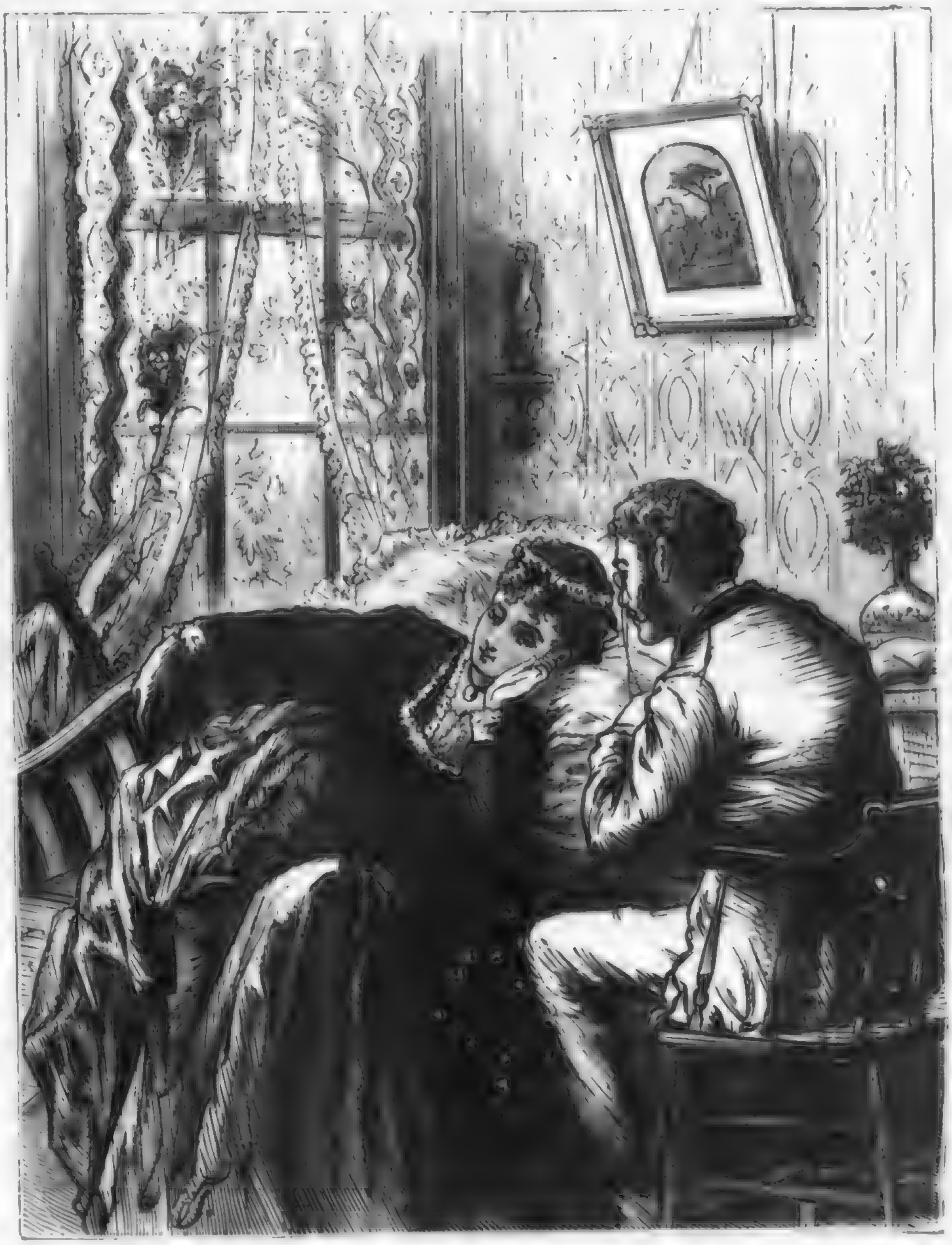
"Here is the charm," thought the elder. "It's a queer thing, though, how things are managed in this world. That boy had to have an awful domestic experience, had to come out of it almost crushed, and, finally, was obliged to come to Rome to find a woman suited to him. He's a lucky dog, this time, anyway."

Miss Claxton seemed strangely attracted to John, Sr. From the moment of their introduction, she had metaphorically snuggled right down under this gentleman's wing; indeed, after two or three weeks had passed, the young lady spent most of her leisure with him, Mrs. Claxton looking on with silent pleasure.

John, Jr., grew moody and sometimes refused to accompany his father on his visits, and affairs became so inextricably muddled, that both father and son were in a state of great perplexity. John, Sr., wished from the very bottom of his loyal heart that Fanny would not show him so much attention, for he had decided to offer himself to the widow, and he was perfectly aware that the girl had no feeling for him but that of friendship.

In this way a strange and unpleasant barrier was erected between father and son. The situation had become almost unbearable, when, one evening, John, Sr. found an opportunity of conversing alone with the young widow.

She had been for some time in delicate health, and the kind heart of the man had been sorely troubled in consequence.



JOHN, SR., AND JOHN, JR.—"'I AM SOMETHING OF A PHYSICIAN, MRS. CLAXTON,' SAID HE, AS HE SAT IN A CHAIR BESIDE THE LOUNGE ON WHICH SHE RECLINED.'"—SEE PAGE 107.

"I am something of a physician, Mrs. Claxton," said he, on this occasion, as he sat in a chair beside the lounge on which she reclined. "I suppose you were not aware of that?"

"No, I was not," she replied, with a smile. "Would you like to prescribe for me?"

"A diagnosis is first in order," he answered. "In the first place, you are worrying yourself constantly with details—your responsibilities are more than you can bear."

"Well?" said she, sadly.

"Well," he repeated, after a moment's silence, "why will you not give me the power to act as your business manager and attorney ?"

"You, Mr. Harrington ?" she asked, without looking up. "What do you mean ?"

"This only, my dear little woman : I want you to be my wife. I have wanted you ever since the first moment I entered your presence. I'm a pretty good sort of a fellow, and have all the money that we shall need."

Her answer was a burst of tears ; but they were tears of joy, for the next moment her head— But, what nonsense ; never mind the rest.

That night, as he entered his son's room, he was thus accosted by John, Jr. :

"Father, I start for home to-morrow."

"The deuce you do !" said John, Sr., with a shrug of his handsome shoulders. "What's that for ?"

"Oh, nothing ; only I'm tired of this."

"But I say, John, stay to the wedding, won't you ?"

"Whose wedding, father ?"

And John Jr.'s face hadn't a particle of color in it.

"Mine, you gander ! The nicest little woman in the world has promised to make me the happiest man in the world next week."

"I needn't ask who the little woman is !" said his son, walking to the window.

"No ; I will tell you without asking, you donkey. It is —Mrs. Claxton !"

Of course there was a scene, and you can guess the rest.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND HIS SON IN THE REVOLUTION.

Some twenty years since, Rev. Dr. Hawks, rector of Calvary Church, New York, was appointed historian to the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country by the General Convention of the Church. In his official capacity Dr. Hawks had access to the papers of the deceased Bishops of the Church ; and in the journal or diary of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, he found the following bit of curious private history, which the Hartford *Courant* publishes, he having imparted it to a resident of that city :

The good Bishop, while on a visitation, not long after the close of the Revolutionarw War, stopped at a tavern in a remote country parish. About midnight he was awakened by a loud and excited conversation in the next room, which was separated from his by a thin board partition. Not wishing to overhear a private conversation, the Bishop contrived to inform his neighbors of his presence.

The voices sank into a whisper, but soon broke out again under violent excitement. The Bishop coughed again, but was obliged to listen to a family quarrel, the cause and substance of which was in effect as follows :

The parties in dispute were father and son, and both were large real estate holders. It appeared that on the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the two had deeded each other all the property standing in his name, with the understanding that the deeds were to be surrendered at the close of the war. The son was to go to England as a royalist, the father to remain and support the popular cause ; in this way, each hoping to escape loss. The war had now been closed for some time. The son had returned from England, where he had received a royal grant of land for his loyalty, and had met his father by appointment to demand the restitution of the property as agreed. The father, who was a prudent man, concluded to keep the property, and hence the quarrel. The next morning Bishop White asked the landlord of the hotel the names of the two gentlemen, and was informed that they were Benjamin Franklin and his son !

MY LION HUNTS.

I have twice in my life been lion-hunting.

The first time I was encamped among the Beni Menasseur. At nightfall the Caid of the tribe and some Kabyles came to sit by our bivouac-fire, to talk and chat.

The moon was going down, and the black mass of the neighboring mountain loomed darkly in the gathering gloom, when we heard a terrible roar. The horses shivered as they stood ; our dogs dropped their tails and crouched down. "God defend us !" said the Caid.

After a moment's silence, while every ear was strained to hear, the Caid motioned to throw on more fuel.

"The lion dreads fire."

"What is he doing ?" I asked.

"He is reconnoitring. If the prospect pleases him, and he finds a lair to suit, he will roar three times."

Then came another roar, louder than the first, and as it died away, a terrible mewing followed.

"It is an old lion, with a young lioness," said the Caid.

"How do you know ?"

"If scarcely full-grown, his roar is in E ; but the full-grown roars, OO ; while an old lioness is silent, the young one has that fearful feline mew.

The third roar soon came. They were quartered for the night. We resolved to give them chase in the morning. At daybreak the old Kabyle, with some men, struck the trail, showing a monstrous beast, indeed, with a young, frisky comrade.

The trail led us down a ravine. Here we divided into two parties, one to attack each beast—some of the lion-hunters taking high ground, as a lion never will take flight downward, and will always endeavor to escape, if there is a chance ; while a lioness always flies at her assailants, and is really more feared than her lord. The lioness-hunters were in advance, crouched down ; the others behind. Then, at a signal from the Caid, they raised the haïhaïa, a concert such as human ears never met before—each Kabyle yelling his own remarks to the pair :

"Oh, the Jew !" "The coward ; he dare not come out." "You're no lion ; you're an ox." "Bring out your strumpet." "Thief !" "Highwayman !" "Dog !"

But not a bush moved, and it was now eleven o'clock, and the sun was roasting us. All despaired at last of seeing the lion, supposing that he had slunk off, despising man, the Arabs say, because, from Adam down, men are liars, and our first father lied to God.

The haïhaïa was, however, kept up, and suddenly a terrible roar resounded above us. We raised our heads, and beheld the lion, erect on a rock, standing out like a statue from the blue sky beyond.

El Sid (the Lord), as the Arabs called him, looked calmly down on us, asking himself, perhaps, what we were making such a noise about.

All was now silent, and each Kabyle took aim. Their wretched guns were not true, and the balls crashed against the rock, or cut away bushes. Amid all this rattle of musketry, the lion did not move a muscle.

I had an excellent rifle.

"Look," said I to the Caid ; "look where my ball goes."

Crack ! went my rifle, but he did not budge.

"You grazed the rock, and the lion must have been struck by splinters."

While I was reloading, the lordly animal, with another roar, turned, as if to bid us adieu, and, with his usual slow step, disappeared. We climbed up to continue the chase, but he was gone.

"He despises us," said I to the old Caid.

"Yes," he replied ; "and all for Adam's fault."

THE PRINCE OF LEAVES.

A FAIRY STORY.

IN one of those parts of the world, commonly called Fairyland, there formerly reigned a king, so renowned for his rare qualities that he attracted the esteem and admiration of all the princes of his time. He had many years past lost his wife, the queen, who had never brought him a son; but he had ceased to desire one since the birth of a daughter of such marvelous beauty that, from the moment she was born, he lavished all his affection and tenderness upon her. She was named Ravissante by a fairy, a near relative of the queen, who predicted that the wit and the charms of the young princess would surpass all that had ever before been known or even could be expected from her present beauty; but she added to this agreeable prediction that the perfect felicity of the princess would depend entirely on her heart remaining faithful to its first love. In such a case, who can feel assured of a happy destiny?

The king, who desired nothing so much as the happiness of Ravissante, heartily wished that it had been attached to any other condition—but we cannot command our own fates. He begged the fairy a thousand times to bestow on the young Ravissante the gift of constancy, as he had seen her give to others the gift of intelligence and beauty. But the fairy, who was sufficiently wise not to deceive him respecting the extent of her power, frankly informed the king that it did not extend to the qualities of the heart. She, however, promised to use her utmost endeavor to impress the young princess with the sentiments that would be likely to insure her happiness.

Upon the faith of this promise, the king confided Ravissante to her care from the time she attained her fifth year, preferring to deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing her rather than run any risk of marring her fortune.

The fairy therefore carried off the little princess, who was very soon consoled for leaving the court of her father by the delight and novelty of passing through the air in a brilliant little car.

On the fourth day after her departure, the flying car stopped in the middle of the sea upon a rock of prodigious size; it was one entire shining stone, the color of which was exactly that of the sky. The fairy remarked with pleasure that the young Ravissante was enchanted with this color, and she drew from it a happy omen for the future, as it was the color which signifies fidelity.

Shortly after they had landed on it, the fairy touched the rock with a golden wand which she held in her hand. The rock immediately opened, and Ravissante found herself with the fairy in the most beautiful palace in the world; the walls were of the same material as the rock, and the same color prevailed in all the paintings and furniture, but it was so ingeniously mixed with gold and precious stones, that, far from wearying the eye, it equally pleased in all.

The young Ravissante dwelt in this agreeable palace with several beautiful maidens, whom the fairy had transported from various countries to attend on and amuse the princess, and she passed her infancy in the enjoyment of every pleasure suited to her age.

When she had attained her fourteenth year, the fairy again consulted the stars, in order to learn precisely when the heart of Ravissante would be touched with a passion which pleases even more than it alarms, however formidable it may appear to some; and she read distinctly in the stars that the fatal time approached when the destiny of the young princess would be fulfilled.

The fairy had a nephew who was indescribably dear to her; he was of the same age as Ravissante, born on the same day and at the same hour. She had found, in consulting the stars also for him, that they promised him the same fate as the princess—that is to say, perfect happiness, provided he possessed a fidelity which nothing could vanquish.

The fairy, therefore, transported the prince, who was named Ariston, to the same rock which served both as palace and prison for the beautiful Ravissante. He there found her amusing herself with the young maidens of her court, by weaving garlands of flowers in a forest of blue hyacinths, where they were then walking; for the fairy, in bestowing on the rock the power of producing plants and trees, had limited the color of them to that of the rock itself.

She had already, some time since, apprised the princess that the Prince Ariston would soon visit the island, and she had added, in speaking of the prince, everything that she thought likely to prejudice her in his favor; but she deceived herself this time; and on the arrival of Ariston she observed nothing of that emotion or surprise which is the usual presage of a tender passion.

As for the prince, his sentiments were in perfect accordance with the wishes of the fairy; he became passionately in love from the moment he first set eyes on Ravissante. The princess received his attentions with indifference, and did not appear in the least touched by them. The fairy remarked it; and felt a grief which was only surpassed by that of the prince.

Ariston began to despair of the success of his passion; but he was too speedily obliged to confess that this very time, which he complained of so justly, and in which he felt so keenly the hopelessness of his love, had, notwithstanding, been the most happy period of his life.

A year after his arrival on the island, he celebrated the return of that memorable day on which he had first beheld Ravissante.

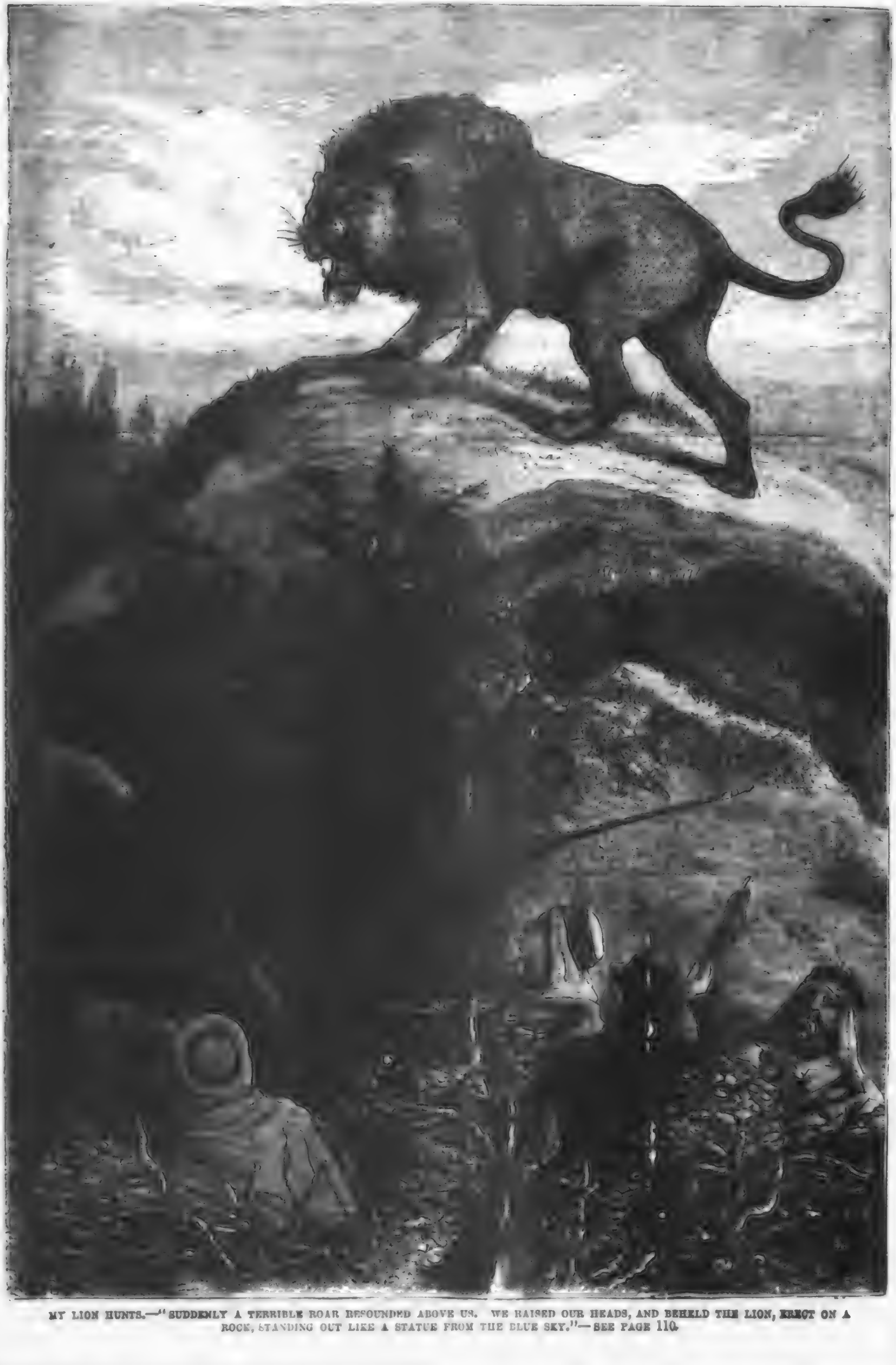
The *fête* continued, and Prince Ariston had at least the pleasure of engrossing the leisure of the princess, if he could not occupy her heart. But he was deprived even of this gratification by a surprising spectacle which appeared far out at sea, and attracted the curiosity and attention of Ravissante and of all the court.

The object approached, and they distinguished that it was an arbor formed of interlaced myrtle and laurel branches, closed on all sides, and propelled with great rapidity by an infinite number of winged fish. This sight was the more novel to Ravissante as she had never before seen anything of the color of this arbor.

The fairy, having foreseen that it would cause some misfortune to her nephew, had absolutely banished it from her island.

The princess watched for the approach of the strange object with an impatience which appeared to Ariston a bad omen for his love. She had not long to wait, for the winged fish brought the arbor in a few moments to the foot of the rock, and the attention of the princess and of all the court was redoubled.

The arbor opened, and out of it came a young man of marvelous beauty, who appeared about sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was clothed in branches of myrtle, curiously interlaced, with a scarf composed of various-colored roses. This handsome stranger experienced as much astonishment as he occasioned. The beauty of Ravissante did not leave him at liberty to amuse himself by observing the rest of the splendid scene, the brilliancy of which had attracted him from a distance. He approached the princess with a grace which she had never observed but in herself.

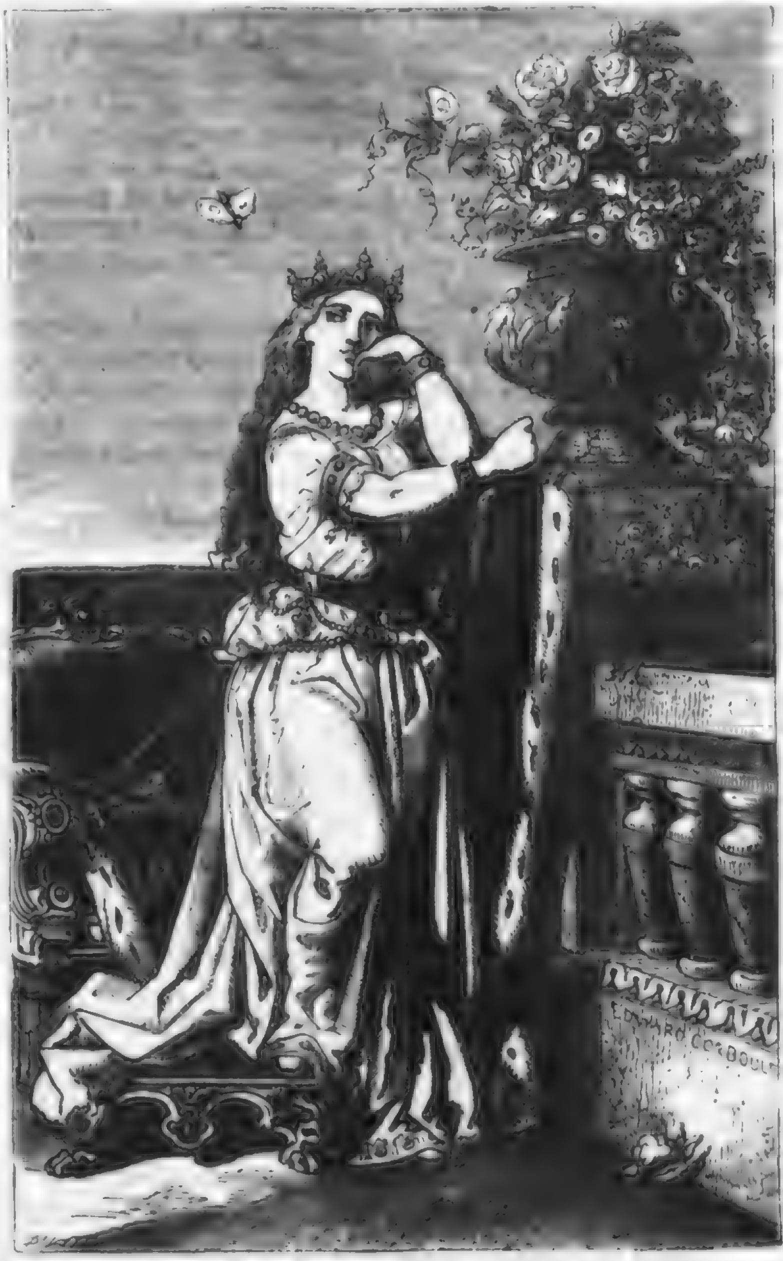


MY LION HUNTS.—"SUDDENLY A TERRIBLE ROAR RESOUNDED ABOVE US. WE RAISED OUR HEADS, AND BEHELD THE LION, ERECT ON A ROCK, STANDING OUT LIKE A STATUE FROM THE BLUE SKY."—SEE PAGE 110.

"I am so surprised," said he to her, "at all I find on these shores, that I have lost the power of expressing my astonishment. Is it possible," continued he, "that such a goddess (for goddess you surely must be) has not temples throughout the universe?"

"I am not a goddess," said Ravissante, coloring; "I am an unfortunate princess, banished from the states of the king, my father, to avoid I know not what misfortune, which they assure me has been predicted from the moment of my birth."

"You appear to me much more formidable," replied the handsome stranger, "than those stars which may have some evil influence on your fate, and over what misfortune could not such beauty triumph! I feel that it can vanquish every thing," he added, sighing, "since it has conquered in a moment a heart which I had always flattered myself should remain insensible; but, madam," continued he, without giving her time to reply, "I must, against my will, withdraw from this charming place, where I see you only, and where I have lost my peace of mind; I will return soon, if Cupid prove favorable to me."



THE PRINCE OF LEAVES.—A FAIRY STORY.—SEE PAGE 111.

After these words he re-entered the arbor, and in a few moments he was lost to sight.

One day that she was occupied in various reflections whilst walking along on the sea-shore, she arrived at the same spot which the adventure with the unknown visitor had rendered so remarkable, and was struck by the appearance of a tree of extraordinary beauty floating toward the rock. The color, which was the same as that of the myrtle arbor of the stranger, gave her a sensation of joy.

The tree approached the rock, and the monsters attempted to defend the entrance, but a little breeze agitated the leaves of the tree, and having blown off a few and driven them against the monsters, they yielded to these light and harmless weapons, and even ranged themselves with a show of respect in a circle around the tree, which approached the rock without further impediment, and opened, disclosing to view the stranger seated on a throne of verdure. He rose precipitately at the sight of Ravissante, and spoke to her with so much eloquence and so much love, that after she had in a few words acquainted him with her history, she could not conceal from him that she was touched by his devotion, and rejoiced at his return.

"But," said she, "is it fair that you should know th sentiments with which you have inspired me before I am informed of the name even of him who has called them forth?"

"I had no intention of concealing it from you," replied the charming unknown; "but when near you, one can speak of nothing but you. However, as you wish to know, I obey you, and beg to acquaint you that I am called the Prince of Leaves. I am the son of Spring and of a sea-nymph, a relation of Amphitrite, which is the cause of my power extending over the sea. My empire comprises all parts of the earth which recognize the influence of Spring; but I chiefly inhabit a happy island where the gentle season which my father bestows reigns perpetually. There the air is always pure, the fields ever covered with flowers; the sun never scorches, but only approaches sufficiently near to illuminate it; night is banished, and it is therefore called the Island of Day. It is inhabited by a people as amiable as the climate is agreeable. It is in this place that I offer you an empire, sweet and calm, and where my heart, above all things, will acknowledge your sovereignty. You must, however, beautiful princess, consent to be carried off from this rock, where you are retained in veritable bondage, notwithstanding the honors they pay you with a view to disguise the real state of the case."

Ravissante could not, however, make up her mind to follow the Prince of Leaves into his empire, in spite of the fear which she had of the power of the fairy, and the suggestions of her love; she hoped that her perseverance in rejecting the vows of Ariston would at length cause him to resolve to conquer his passion, and that the fairy would then restore her to her father, from whom the Prince of Leaves might demand her hand. "I will leave you here," said the prince, "the subjects of a friend of mine, who is also a prince. They will constantly attend on you, and by them you can often send me intelligence; but remember, beautiful princess, with what impatience I shall wait for it!"

After these words he approached the tree which had conveyed him, and having touched some of the leaves, two butterflies appeared, the one white and flame-colored, the other yellow and light-gray. As he spoke, Ravissante perceived in the distance some of her nymphs, who came to seek her in her solitude, and she begged the Prince of Leaves to re-embark. He obeyed, notwithstanding the infinite regard he felt at quitting her, but he did not depart quickly enough to avoid observation.

They informed Ariston and the fairy of his return to the island, and from that moment, in order to take away from the beautiful Ravissante the power and even the hope of seeing him again, they erected a tower on the summit of the rock formed of the same stone; and in order to render it more entirely secure, as the guard of living monsters had proved insufficient, they caused the tower and rock to be invisible to all those who should come to seek her, not daring again to trust to ordinary enchantments.

Ravissante was in despair at being immured in so cruel and impregnable a prison. Prince Ariston had not concealed from her that he had rendered it invisible; he had even attempted to make her accept this care for her safety as a proof of his tender devotion; but Ravissante felt her hatred and contempt for him increase daily, and he dared no longer enter her presence.

The butterflies, however, had not quitted her, and she often regarded them with pleasure, as having come from the Prince of Leaves.

One day that she was still more sad than usual, and musing, on a terrace at the top of the tower, the flame-colored butterfly flew on to one of the vases filled with flowers, which ornamented the balustrade.

"Why," said he, all of a sudden to the princess, "do you not send me to the Prince of Leaves? He will undoubtedly come to your relief."

Ravissante was at first so astonished at hearing the butterfly speak, that she was for some minutes unable to answer. However, the name of the Prince of Leaves assisted to dissipate her surprise.

"I was so astonished," said she, at length, "to hear a butterfly speak like ourselves, that I could not sooner reply to you. I can well believe that you could go to apprise the Prince of Leaves of my misfortune; but what can he do? only distress himself uselessly. He cannot find me in a place which the cruelty of my enemies has taken care to render invisible."

"It is less so than you think," replied the yellow butterfly, flying round the princess in order to join in the conversation. "A little while ago I surveyed your prison; I flew, and even swam round it. It disappears when one is in the water, but when one is elevated in the air it ceases to be invisible. No doubt the fairy did not consider that road so easy as to require to require the same defense as that by the sea. I was about to give you this hint," continued the butterfly, "when my brother broke the silence which we have hitherto preserved."

This agreeable piece of news restored hope to the princess.

"Is it possible," said she, "that Ariston can have neglected any precaution which could gratify his cruelty and his love? No doubt his power, like that of the fairy, which is unbounded over earth and sea, does not extend to the regions of air."

This was precisely the reason which had prevented the prince and the fairy from rendering the tower and the rock invisible from the sky.

"But," added Ravissante, after some minutes' reflection, "can the Prince of Leaves have any power in the air?"

"No, madam," replied the flame-colored butterfly, "he can do nothing, and your prison would be invisible to him, though he be a demigod, as it would be to a mortal; but——"

"The prince will then be as miserable as myself," interrupted the sorrowful Ravissante, bursting into a flood of tears which added to her beauty, and which affected extremely the two butterflies; "and I feel I shall be more distressed at his sorrows than at my own! What ought I, then, to do?"

"Send me off at once," replied the flame-colored butterfly, briskly; "I will go and apprise the Prince of Leaves of your misfortunes, and he will come to the rescue. Although his power does not extend to the air, he has a prince amongst his friends who can do anything in it, and of whom he can dispose as of himself; but my brother can inform you of all this during my absence. Adieu, beautiful princess," continued the butterfly, flying over the balustrade; "cease to weep, and count on my diligence. I will fly as rapidly as your wishes."

After these words the butterfly was lost in the air; and the princess felt that charming and lively sensation of joy which the hope of soon beholding a loved one inspires. She returned to her apartment, and the yellow butterfly followed her. She was extremely impatient to know from what prince her lover hoped for assistance. To end her doubts, she begged the yellow butterfly to tell her all that could contribute to augment or flatter her hopes. She placed him on a little basket of flowers, which she carried to a table near her, and the butterfly, who considered it an honor to please her, commenced to tell her all about the Prince of Leaves.

Ravissante listened with extreme attention to the butterfly, when she saw Prince Ariston enter her chamber with such fury in his countenance that she dreaded its effects.

"Fate threatens me!" he cried, on entering; "and as it is with some great misfortune, it must, no doubt, be that of losing you; none other would affect my heart, or be worthy of being so predicted. See, madam," he continued, addressing Ravissante, "the color which the walls of this tower are assuming; it is a certain sign of approaching misfortune!"

As the misfortunes of Ariston were a happiness to Ravissante, she looked without distress at that which he pointed out to her notice, and perceived, indeed, that the blue stones were losing their original color, and beginning to turn green. She was delighted to see this, as she augured from it the certain approach of the Prince of Leaves.

The joy which the unhappy Ariston remarked in her eyes redoubled his despair. What did he not then say to Ravissante? And rendered sincere by the excess of his grief, he told her that his love was so great as not to allow of his ceasing to adore her, although he was sure of being miserable all his life.

"I cannot doubt it," said he to the princess, "for the fates foretold to me as to you—that I should always be miserable if I were not always faithful to the first impressions love made on my heart. And by what means could I ever obey this cruel mandate? After one has seen you, however he may have loved before, he must forget everything, even the preservation of his own happiness, in loving and seeking to please you. A young princess of the court of the king, my father, once appeared to me worthy of my regard. I thought fully that I should be sighing to return to her after remaining here for a short time; but the first sight of you subverted all my plans. My reason and my heart were equally inclined for the change, and I thought nothing impossible to the tender love with which you inspired me. I flattered myself even that it might overcome fate; but your austerity, which never relaxed, has taught me that I was deceived, and that there remains for me no hope but that of dying speedily for your sake."

The Prince Ariston finished speaking these words, which made Ravissante even think him worthy of some pity, when they saw in the air a throne of foliage, supported by an immense number of butterflies. One amongst them, which was entirely blue, and by whose color Ravissante recognized the son of the Sun, flew to her, and said: "Come, beautiful princess; to-day you shall resume your liberty, and make the most amiable prince in the world happy."

The butterflies placed the throne near Ravissante; she seated herself on it, and they bore her away.

Ariston, distracted at the loss of the princess, in a paroxysm of despair, flung himself into the sea. The fairy immediately abandoned the rock which this suicide had rendered so fatal and melancholy; and, to mark her fury, she shivered both it and the tower into a thousand pieces by a clap of thunder, and the fragments were carried by the wind and waves to different seacoasts.

It is of this species of stone that they now make rings which they call turquoise. Those which are still called "de la Vielle Roche" are made of the remains of this shattered rock, and the others are only stones which resemble them.

The remembrance of the misfortune predicted to Prince Ariston by the change of color in the walls of the tower has descended to our time. They say still that these rings become green when any misfortune is about to happen to the wearers, and that these misfortunes are generally connected with love affairs.

Whilst the fairy gave vent to her grief by the destruction of the island, the Prince of the Butterflies conducted the beautiful Ravissante, flying before her, to a boat of rushes, ornamented with garlands of flowers, in which the Prince of Leaves awaited her with all the impatience which the violence of his love inspired. It is impossible to convey an idea of the pleasure he felt at the arrival of the princess; never were joy and love so apparent as in the heart and language of this prince. He sailed immediately to the Island of Day. The Prince of the Butterflies flew off to join the amiable Princess of the Linnets as speedily as possible.

Ravissante sent two butterflies to the king, her father, to inform him of her good fortune. The king thanked the fates, and set out as soon as he could for the Island of Day, where the Prince of Leaves and Ravissante reigned with all imaginable felicity, and were always happy, because they never ceased to be fond and faithful.

The lot of Ravissante with envy view—
Born to be blest could she prove only true!
How many hapless lovers had succeeded,
Had constancy been all their idols needed!

SALT MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco *Alta*, writing from Prescott, Arizona, gives the following description of the wonderful salt formations on the Virginia River, in Nevada:

"Stone's Ferry is about 650 miles above the mouth of the Colorado, having an altitude of 1,250 feet above tide-water. The river at this point is 650 feet wide, and has generally a swift-running current of from four to six miles an hour. Virginia River, which rises in the mountains of Nevada over 100 miles to the north, enters the Colorado a short mile above Stone's Ferry. At low water it is a swift-running stream of over 50 feet in width, with an average depth of about one foot.

"The salt formations are, in fact, mountains of salt, and extend for 30 miles or more up the Virginia River, and the Muddy, one of its branches. It was discovered some twelve or fifteen years since by the Mormons, who built up several very flourishing colonies in the valleys of Virgin and Muddy, put out fine orchards and vineyards, and brought large tracts of land under successful cultivation.

"For reasons unknown to me, they were recalled to Utah some years since by the Prophet Brigham, leaving their fields and improvements, or selling them for what they could get. During their stay they worked the salt mines to some extent, and supplied the country for long distances with what they needed. Since that time the mines have been worked at intervals by different parties. The different openings made are in the face of the mountain bluffs which run down from the north and south ranges of mountains, both on the east and west side of the river.

"The first one visited by me was about six miles up the Virgin River from Stone's Ferry, and about one-half of a mile to the east. The second one is seven miles up the river, and one-fourth of a mile east. The surface of this and the other salt bluffs and mountains is covered with dark, orange-colored clay and earth, in which are strewn large quantities of impure mica. This clay and earth is some two feet deep, and underneath this is from two to four feet of impure, sedimentary granite, and then at a depth of from three to six feet from the surface, the salt is found in a solid and compact form. It is mined by blasting, in the same manner as granite or other stone would be. Five miles further up, or twelve miles from the ferry, is another opening of similar character to the first two.

"The salt from the three mines mentioned is of a dark-gray color, somewhat resembling granite, and is 92 per cent. pure. Small veins, of from two to six inches wide, of pure crystallized salt, are met with every few feet in these formations. At a point twenty-one miles from the ferry is a larger mountain than the others, and this is all pure, clear, and transparent."

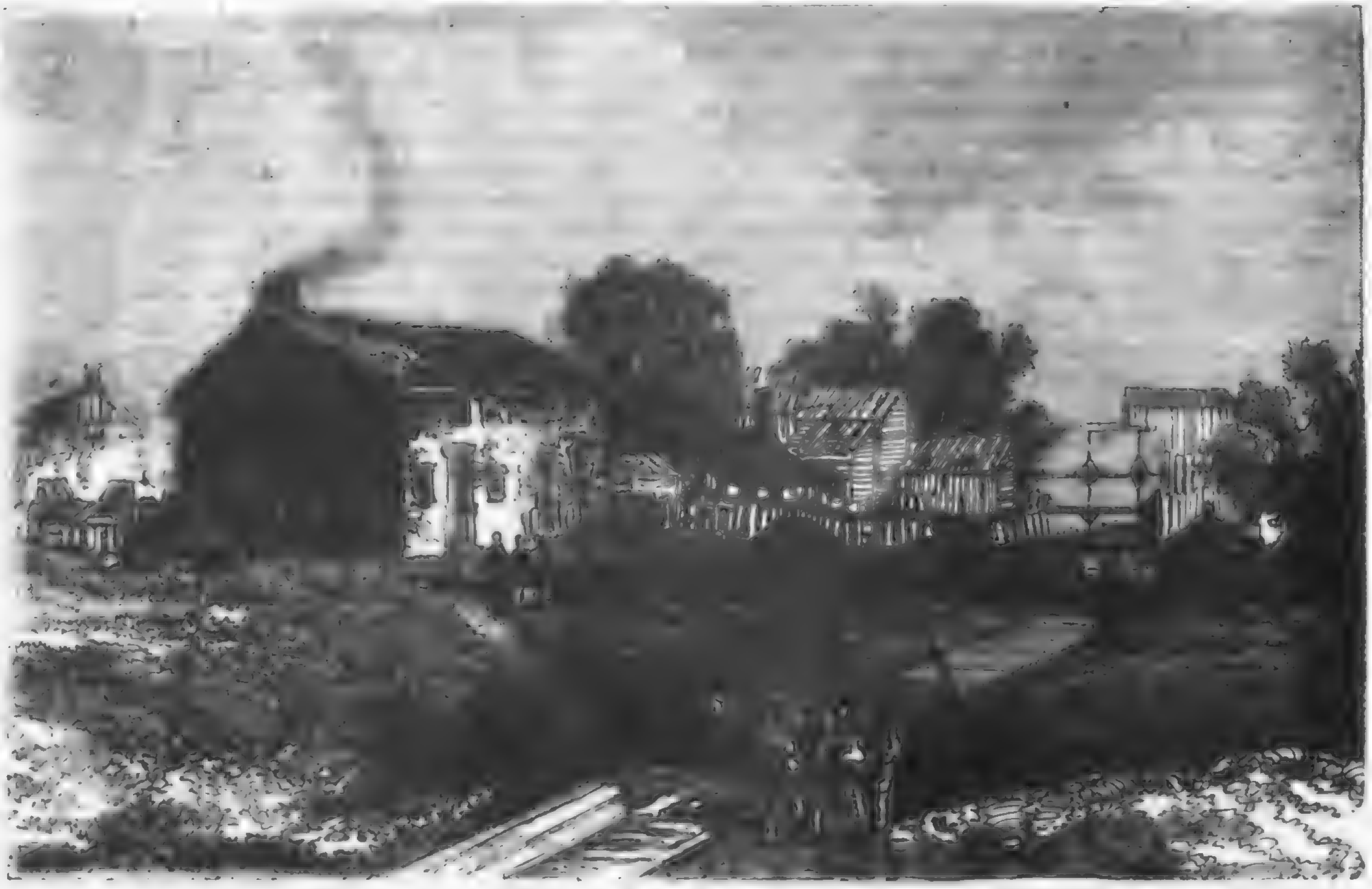
THE GLASSMAKER'S FATE.

IN a "Book of Curiosities" we read: There was an artificer in Rome who made vessels of glass of so tenacious a temper that they were as little liable to be broken as those that are made of gold and silver. When, therefore, he made a vial of the purer sort, and such as he thought a present worthy of Cæsar alone, he was admitted into the presence of the then Emperor Tiberius. The gift was praised, the skillful hand of the artist applauded, and the donation of the giver accepted.

The artist, that he might enhance the wonder of the spectators, and promote himself yet further in the favor of the emperor, desired the vial out of Cæsar's hand, and threw it with such force against the floor that the most solid metal would have received some damage or bruise thereby. Cæsar was not only amazed, but affrighted by the act; but the artist, taking up the vial from the ground (which was not broken, but only bruised together, as if the substance of the glass had put on the temper of brass), drew out an instrument from his bosom and beat it to its former figure. This done, he imagined that he had conquered the world, as believing that he had merited an acquaintance with Cæsar and raised the admiration of all the beholders; but it fell out otherwise, for the emperor inquired if any other person besides himself was privy to the like tempering of glass. When he told him "No," he commanded his attendants to strike off his head, saying: "That should this artifice come once to be known, gold and silver would be of as little value as the dirt of the streets."

Long after this—viz., in 1610—we read that, among other rare presents then sent from the Shah of Persia to the King of Spain, were six mirrors of malleable glass, so exquisitely tempered that they could not be broken.

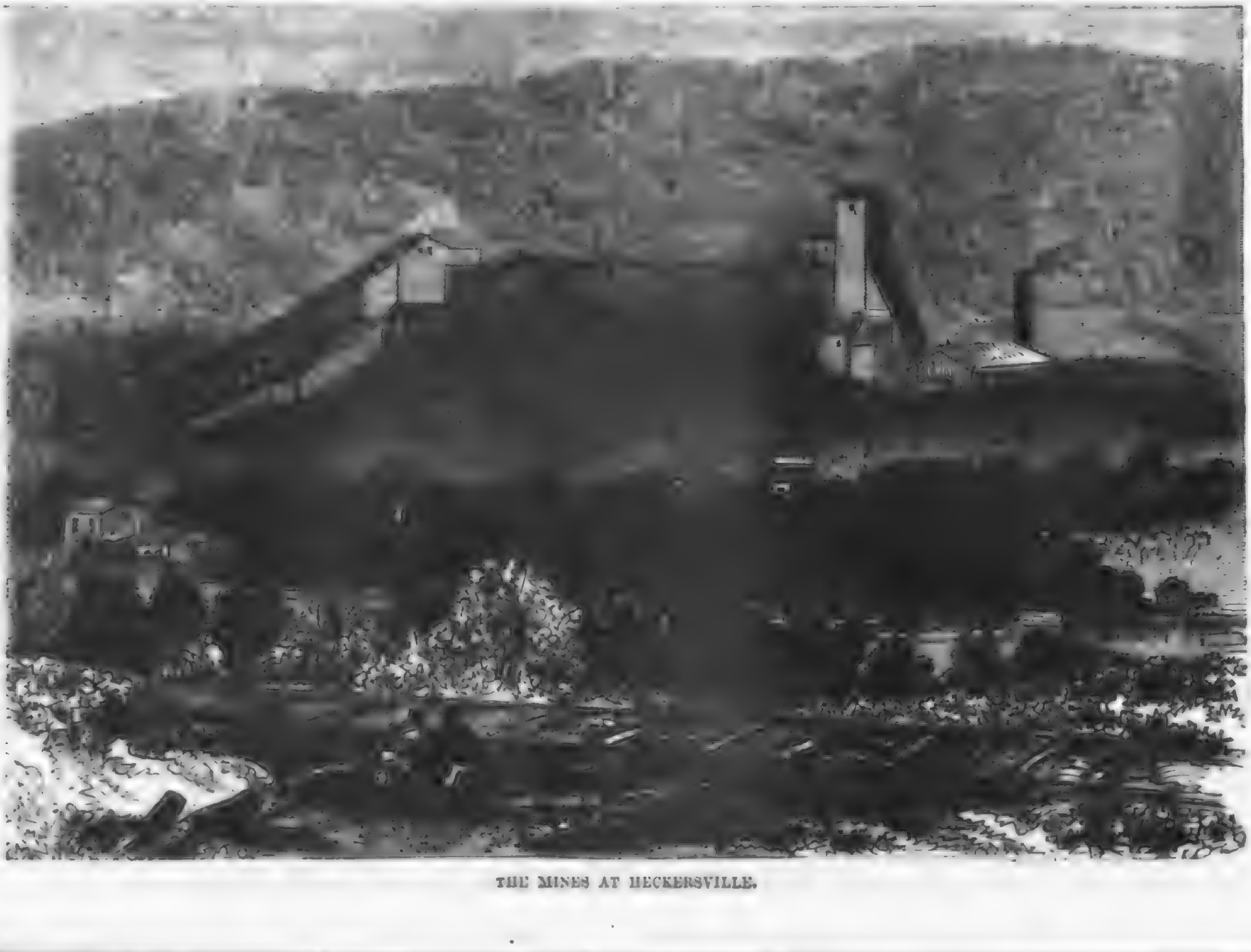
HE is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.



HECKERSVILLE.

AMONG THE COAL MINES.

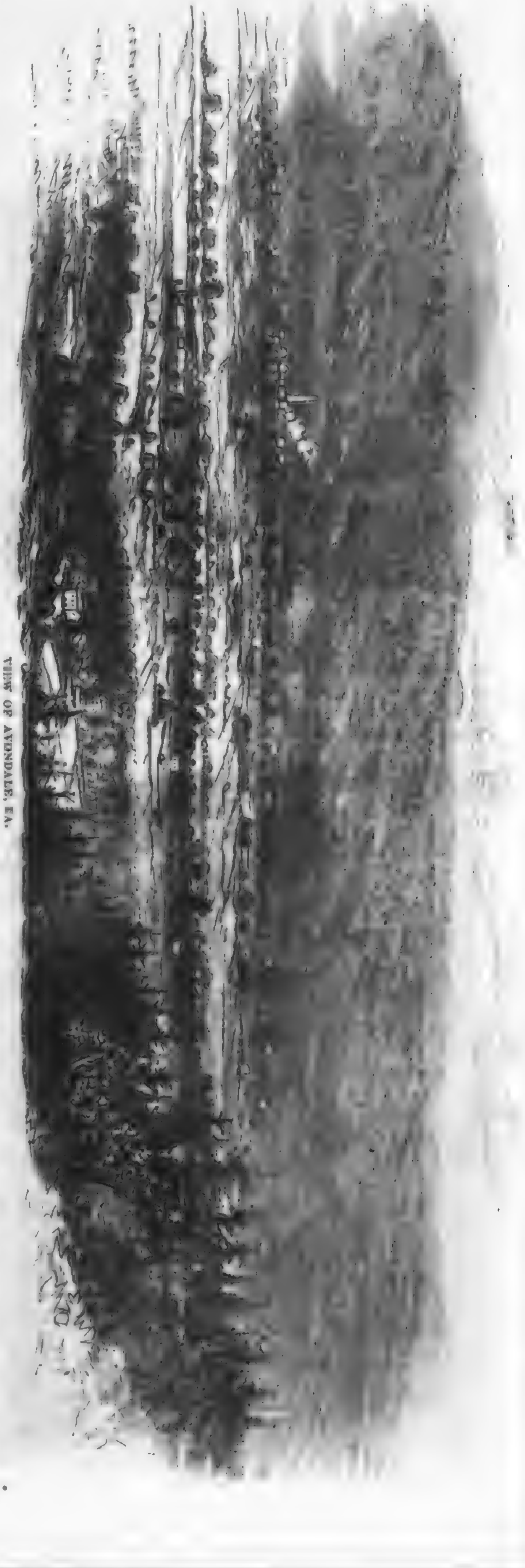
THERE are few, if any, portions of the earth more picturesque or more interesting than the region of country in the United States in which are found the anthracite coal-beds of Pennsylvania. The finest parts of Tyrol, the most romantic nooks of the Adirondacks, or the wildest portions of the White Mountains, can scarcely be said to vie with it. What adds to the interest of travel in this section is the consciousness of the immense wealth stored underneath the surface

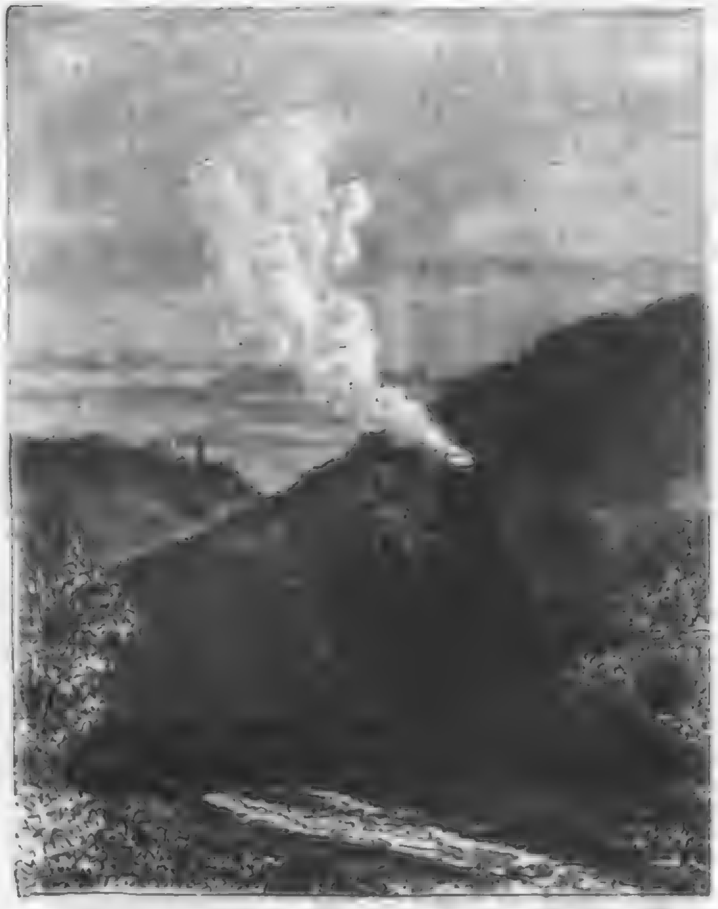


THE MINES AT HECKERSVILLE.

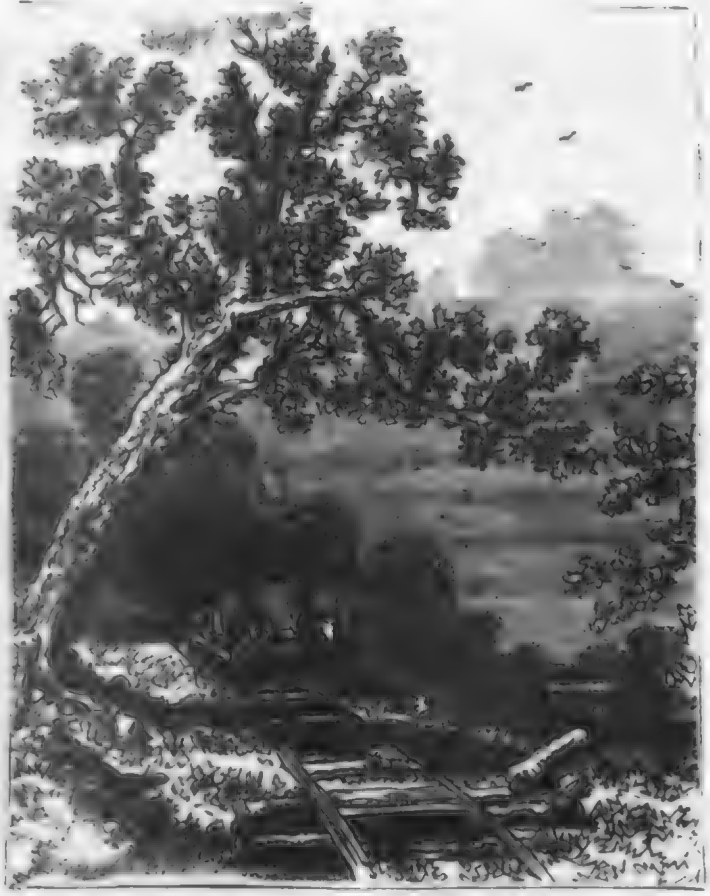
of the earth and the descent which the traveler can take into the mines from which so much treasure has been brought out during the last fifty years. This combination of grand natural scenery with the practical affairs of life gives a new zest to the visitor, and produces an effect altogether startling in the experience of an intelligent traveler. The necessity of having a cheap and convenient way for removing the coal from this mountainous country has led to the introduction of numerous railroads, which intersect the valleys and climb the hills in every direction; thus making the region easily accessible to the pleasure-seeker as well as to the capitalist.

Upon entering this section from New York by way of the New Jersey Central Railroad, the first remarkable point reached is the town of Mauch Chunk, said to be the Indian name applied to a lofty peak ascending from the valley, meaning "Bear Mountain." The town lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills or mountains. As this gorge is quite narrow, and the sides of the mountain often very precipitous, the scenery is wild and grand in the extreme. If it were not for the whistle of the locomotive, the din of the passing cars, and the clouds of coal-dust, this would be just such a retreat as the weary traveler would gladly seek, and in which he could soon forget the cares of the turbulent world. The little Lehigh River, arrested in its course by dams, canal locks, and overhanging rocks, foams and frets on its way through the defile, and is made to work while it babbles. The scream of steam whistles, the rumbling of innumerable trains of cars, and the shouts of boatmen and the pass-words of miners make up a chorus of noises, day and night, altogether foreign to the usual experience of the traveler. The town is so wedged in by the hills that only the narrow street is practicable, and the whole space is taken up by the walled river, the canal, railroad, street, and line of houses. Every inch of ground is utilized as much as is the case among the vineyards on the Rhine or in the kitchen gardens of parts of Switzerland. This is the central point of the coal interest, and from the balcony of the hotel a profound impression can be formed of the enormous wealth, the invincible energy and the engineering skill of the pioneers who have developed an industry which has proved of such great importance to the progress of our country. Standing in the streets of the town and looking up to the mountains, they seem be alive with long trains of coal-cars. The trains are not confined to the valley, but are seen far up the sides of the mountains, and upon their very tops, at an altitude of 1,200 and 1,500 feet. They glide along like huge serpents, winding around among the rocks and trees, through deep chasms, over trestlework bridges, until they disgorge their heavy loads to the waiting cars and boats below. The loaded trains are given the right of way over the more horizontal and easy grades, but the empty cars are drawn by stationary engines up the mountains on inclines which appear from below as if they were perpendicular. There is thus no interruption in the passage of loaded cars in one direction, and of the empty cars in another. The endless round never ceases, and the simile of the serpent indicative of eternity would again apply if we were not conscious that at some time the supply must be exhausted and the rumbling of the trains brought to a close. The starting-point of what is known as the "Switch Back," or "Gravity Road," is at Mauch Chunk. This is a most unique and wonderful road, and was not designed for passenger travel, but solely for the conveyance of coal from the mountain mines, about nine miles from the town. The urgent demand of visitors to be permitted to travel on this road, even in the dirty coal-cars, finally led to an arrangement by which excursion trains for passengers were run twice a day. Parties are now


VIEW OF AVONDALE, PA.



AN AIR FUNNEL.

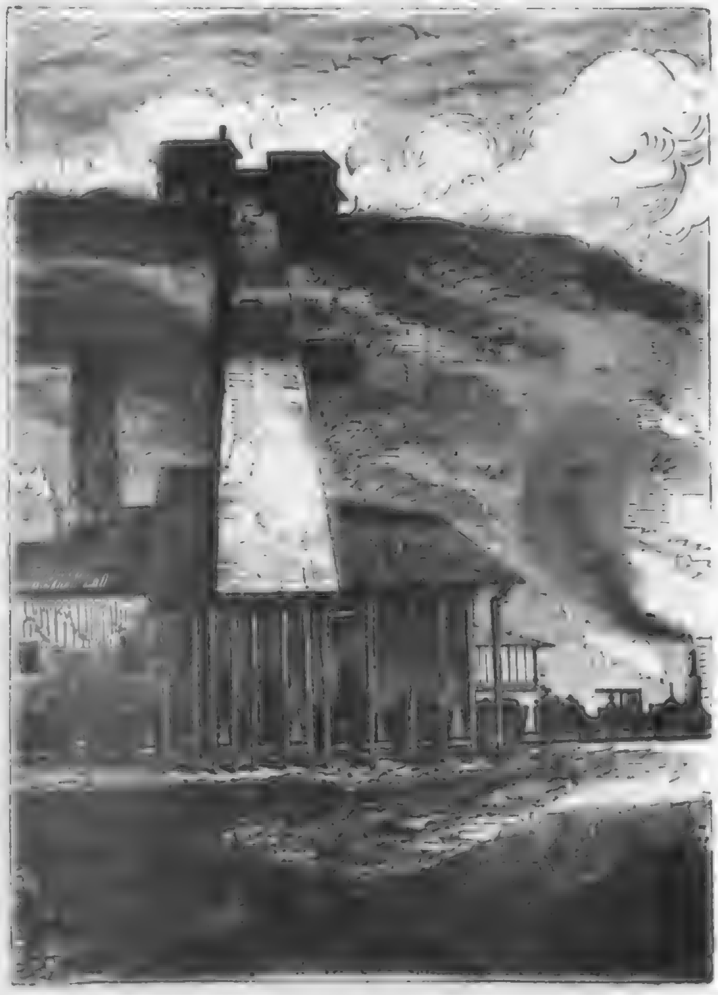


THE GRAVITY ROAD.

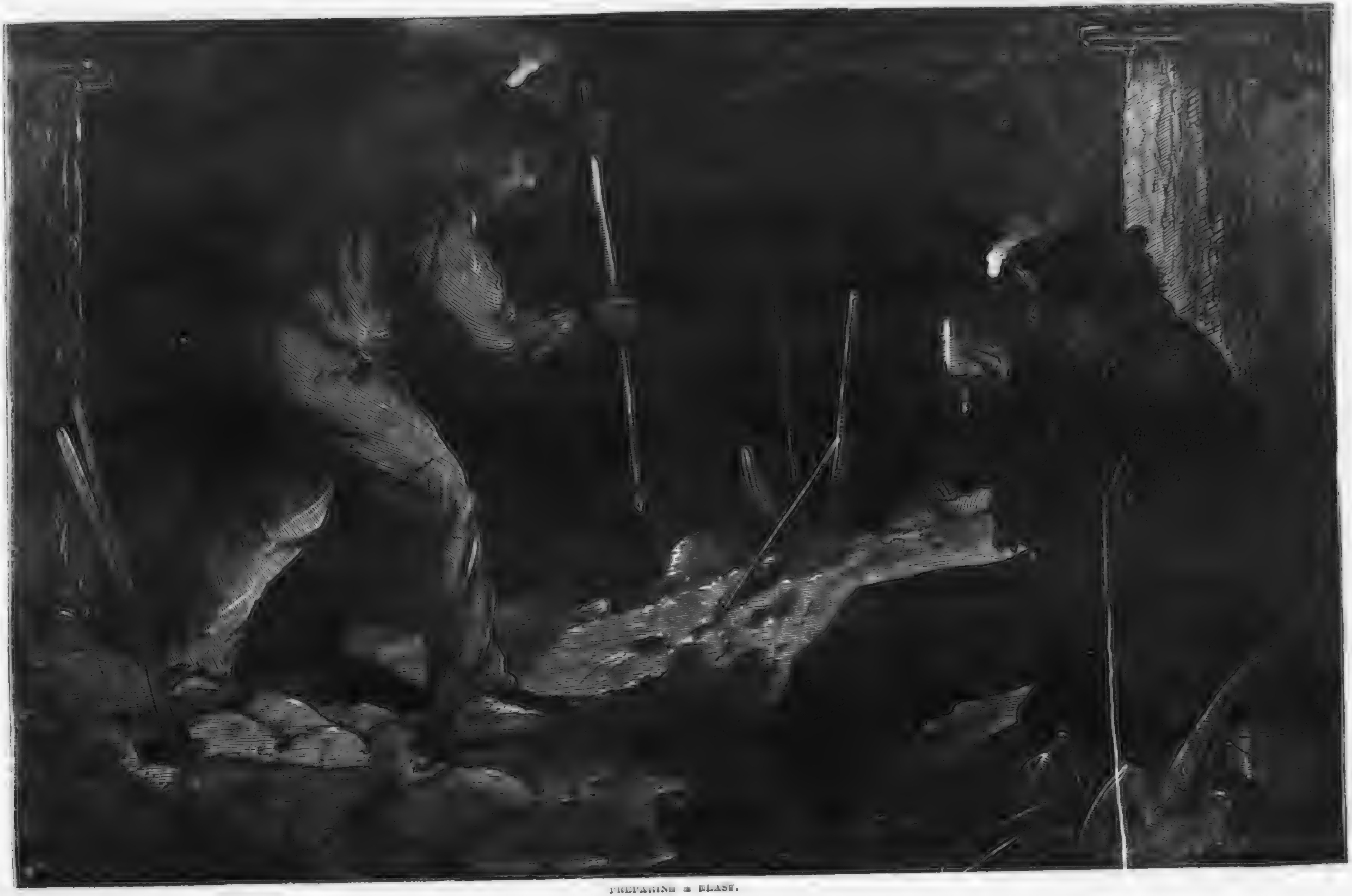
taken over the route in comfortable little cars, without locomotives or driving power of any kind. To reach the road proper, it is necessary to ascend to the top of Mount Pisgah, a precipitous dome in front of the hotel situated on the opposite side of the river, which is about 1,300 feet high.

The first part of the ascent of 400 feet is made in an omnibus, until a niche in the mountains is reached, through

SIZING COAL.

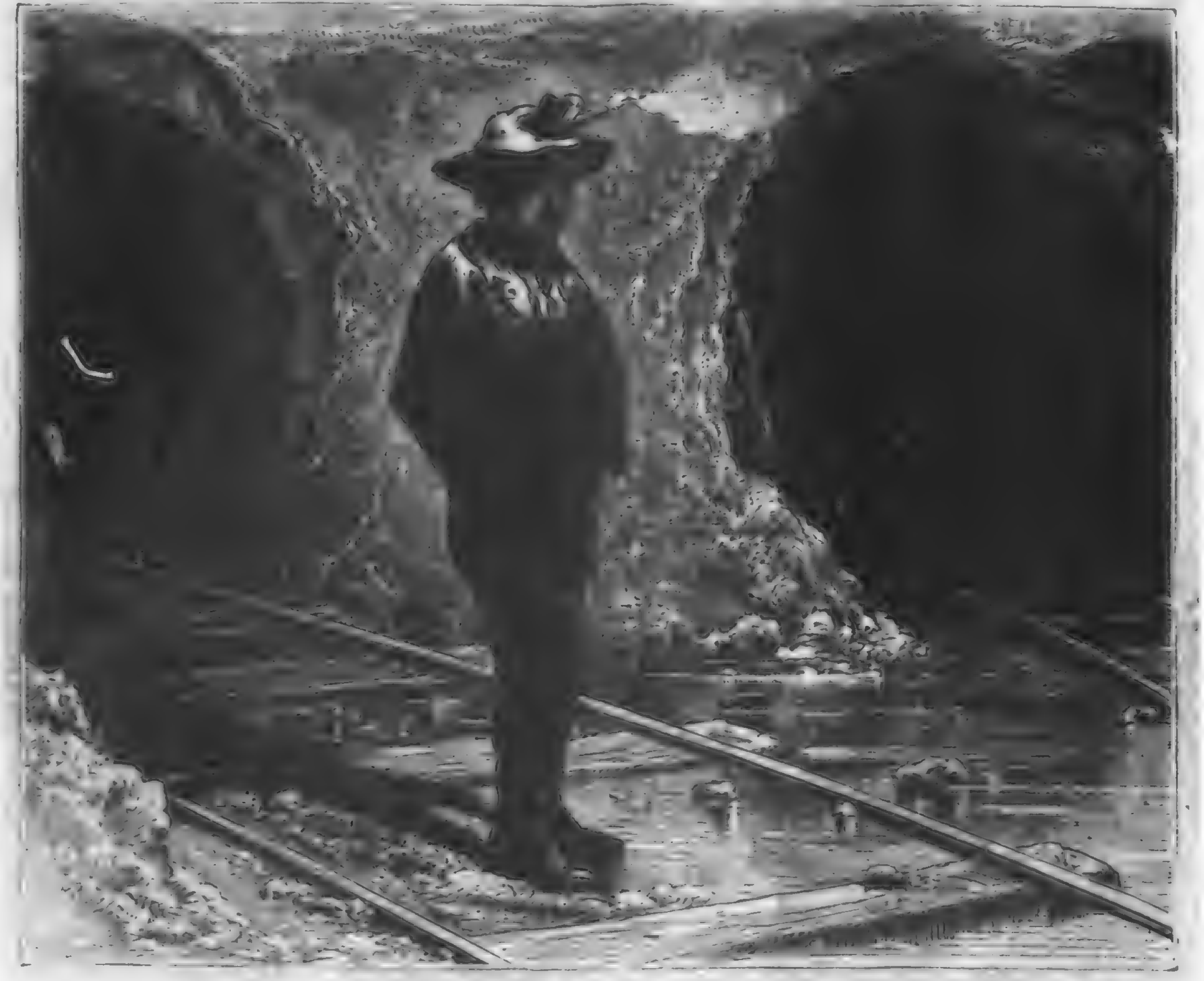


LOADING THE CARS.



PREPARING A BLAST.

which one of the inclined planes passes. Stepping into a car at this point, the traveler is drawn up an ascent at an angle of 45 deg., to the top of Pisgah, 900 feet higher. The stationary engine, with its two huge, smoking chimneys, is situated on its highest point, and gives to the mountain the appearance of a volcano. The view may not be as fine as from the top of Mount Washington or of the Righi, but it has its own peculiar characteristics, and the railroad is altogether unique. Starting from Pisgah, the circuit of the "Gravity Road" carries the traveler over 25 miles of a most tortuous course, on the tops and along the sides of mountains. The first stage is down a gentle decline of 9 miles, to the foot of Mount Jefferson, up which the train is drawn by another stationary engine; the track then runs downward by a gentle grade to Summit Hill, from whence it descends rapidly into the valley, where are situated some of the most profitable coal mines of the country. This is a sequestered, romantic place, apparently as far out of the world as any one would ever desire to be. Great coal-breakers are upon the right hand and the left, and dark, yawning pits, the entrance to the subterranean passages traversed by the coal-diggers, are seen in every direction. Mountains of coal-dust, the refuse of the breakers, project into the valley and give a sombre hue to everything. Even the leaves upon the trees become darkened by the coal-dust, and black, turbid streams wind around among the rocks from out dingy caverns in which they originate. From the "slopes" or entrances to the ravines, mule teams, attached to trains of cars, loaded with coal, are constantly emerging, and the drivers in charge, with oil-lamps affixed to their caps, and begrimed with the sooty powder, seem like mountain imps who have no business with daylight or the outside world. Leaving this valley, another mountain crowned with its tall, smoking chimneys, has to be ascended by means of a stationary engine, and here the furthest point of the route is reached. From this high elevation the return route commences, and the train runs on the downward track at fearful speed, until it reaches the town of Summit, the home of the miners, where there is a church, school-house, and, oddly enough, a barracks for troops, as it has been found necessary in turbulent times to quarter a regiment of soldiers at this point to preserve order.

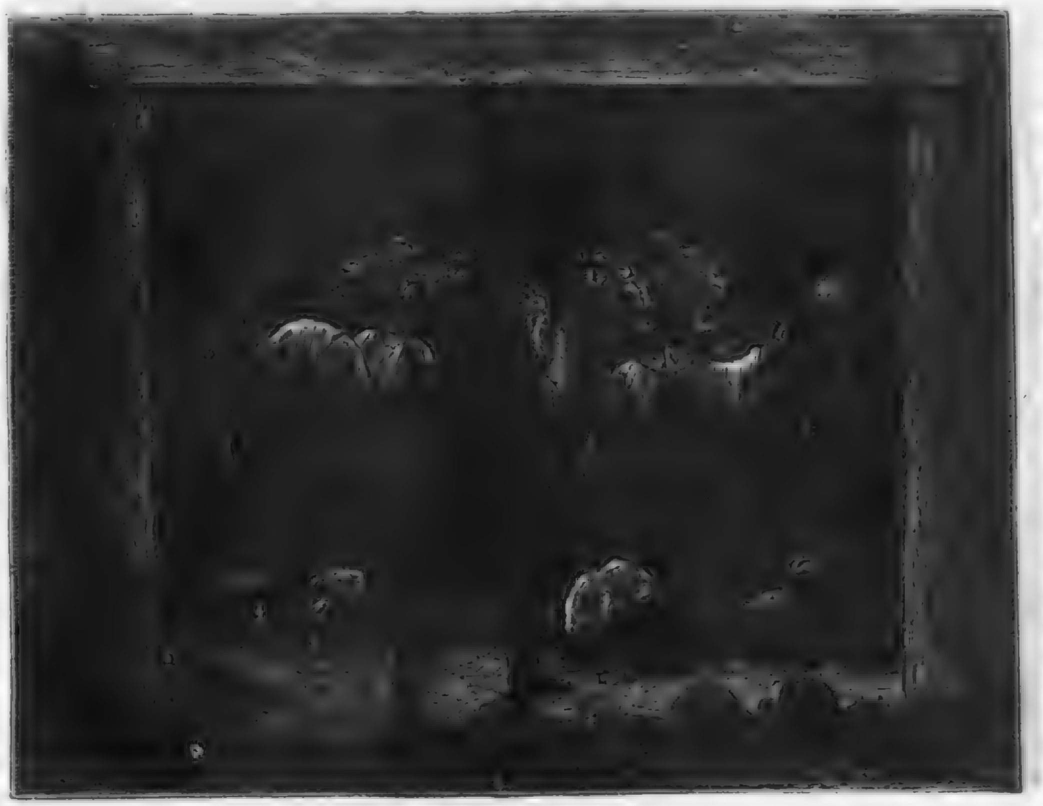


THE WATCH-BOY.

The track the whole way is a down grade, and an hour's ride brings the traveler back to the base of Pisgah, the starting-point.

During the ride of 25 miles the traveler is seated in an open car, from which the view is unobstructed by engine or tender; there is no smoke, no gas, no noisy steam-whistle, and the train rushes along, propelled by an unseen power which Sir Isaac Newton first explained to the world, the force of gravity.

Although the excursion over this road appears to be hazardous, yet few accidents have occurred, and the journey through the clouds is as safely accomplished as in the valleys below. Having made the trial of the "Gravity Road," the traveler, if he has time and is of an inquiring state of mind, will wish to descend into the bowels of the earth to learn how the black diamonds are detached from their veins, and what the subterraneous life of a miner is like. Very few persons, however, go down into the depths in comparison with those who enjoy the luxury of the ride over the mountains.



MINERS AT WORK.

Over the entrance or shaft of the mine there is usually erected an immense wooden structure, called the breaker, although in reality it is the building which contains the breaker, which is a toothed cylinder, into which the coal passes after being drawn up from the mine, and where it is crushed or broken into all sizes, and the building generally comprises the head-house or tower over the shaft, and a room where the coal is screened; and all this, besides the engine-room, is called the breaker of the mine.

Sometimes the breaker proper is placed in a separate building, at a distance from the engine-house, and the coal in being drawn up is run to it on a railway.

Before descending into a mine, it is customary to disrobe and put on a mining suit appropriate to the noisome character of the place to be visited. After being clad in suitable raiment, the visitor passes into the shaft-room of the head house; here the rope from the cylinder passes up and down over a large wheel at the top of the head house, and is attached to a platform of the size of the shaft. At a little distance above the platform or carriage, and attached to the rope, is a light cover, which, as the carriage descends, remains over the hole, completely covering it, and preventing any one from falling down the shaft.

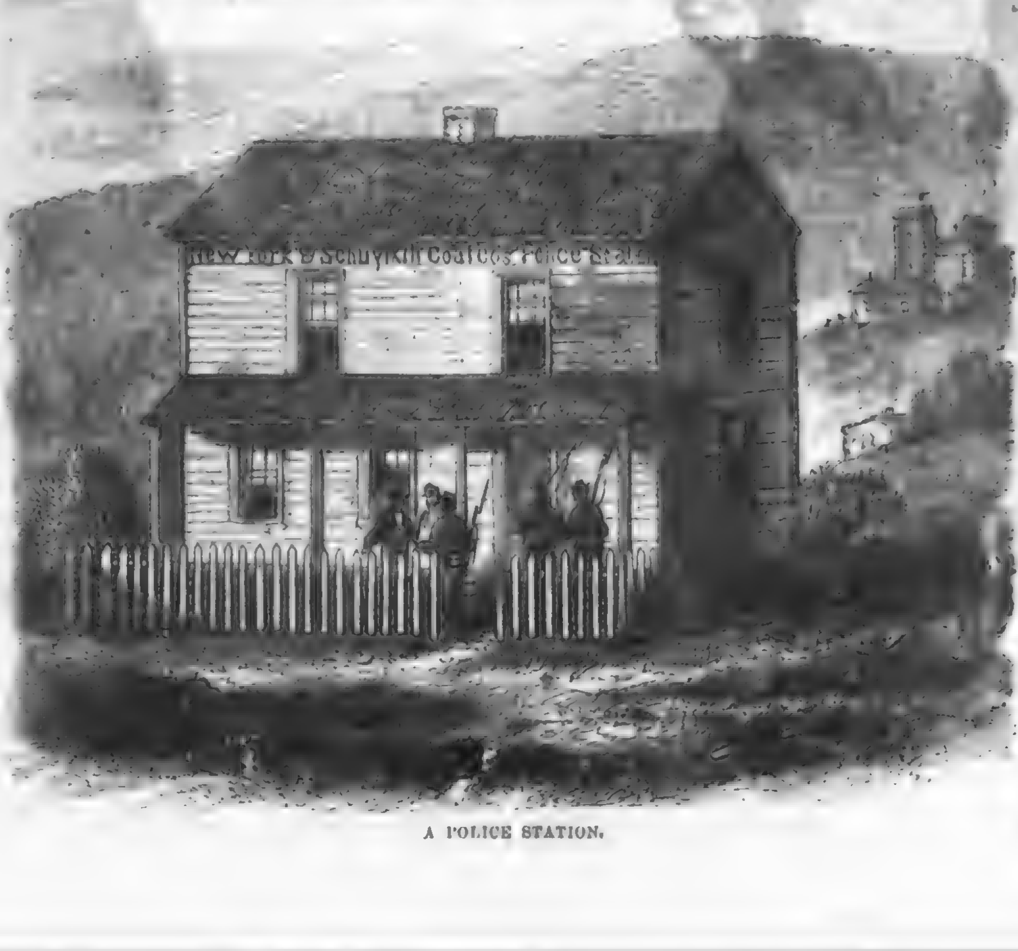
The descent into the mine is made very rapidly, by means of the lift, and as there are often drippings, the value of waterproof overalls is fully appreciated.

To dislodge and break the coal from its bed requires considerable skill. A sharp drill is used, by means of which openings are made in the seam, and when these are filled with gunpowder, tamped, and exploded, large fragments are dislodged, which are placed in the cars by the laborers and drawn through the dark galleries to the shaft down which the visitor has just made his descent.

The regular miner does not handle the coal. Such work is beneath his dignity — he leaves it to an inferior workman, who is called a laborer. As soon as the miner has dislodged as much coal as the laborers can clear away, he is at liberty to stop work for the day.

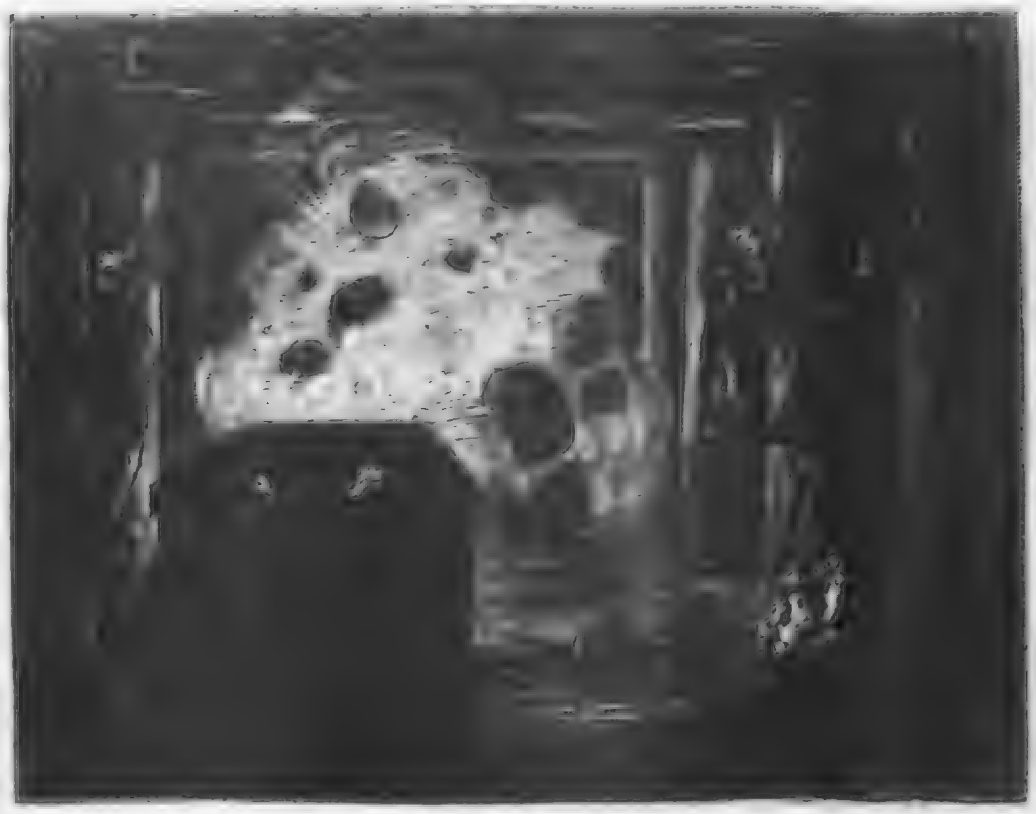
The atmosphere of the mine is very disagreeable to any one unaccustomed to it, and sometimes in coal mines of bituminous character an explosive gas, called fire-damp, issues out of fissures, and renders working in the galleries very dangerous. When such gas contaminates the air, the workmen are obliged to use Sir Humphry Davy's safety-lamp for illumination. It is said that George Stephenson invented a safety-lamp before the time of Davy, but he never got credit for it, and Davy's pattern is the one still in use.

The work of mining, viewed from the stand-point of dwellers on the surface of the earth, is not an agreeable occupation, but it is less exacting and laborious than many other kinds of labor. It is also less hazardous than many other pursuits, although a contrary notion prevails. There have been few serious casualties in the United States, those of


New York & Schuylkill Coal Co's. Police Stat

A POLICE STATION.

Avondale and Pittston being the most fatal. There are employed in the anthracite region about 30,000 miners, and the loss of life from accidents incident to the business shows but a very small percentage. It is the terrible nature of the casualties, when they do occur, that awakens such widespread sympathy, and causes the occupation to be looked upon with dread.

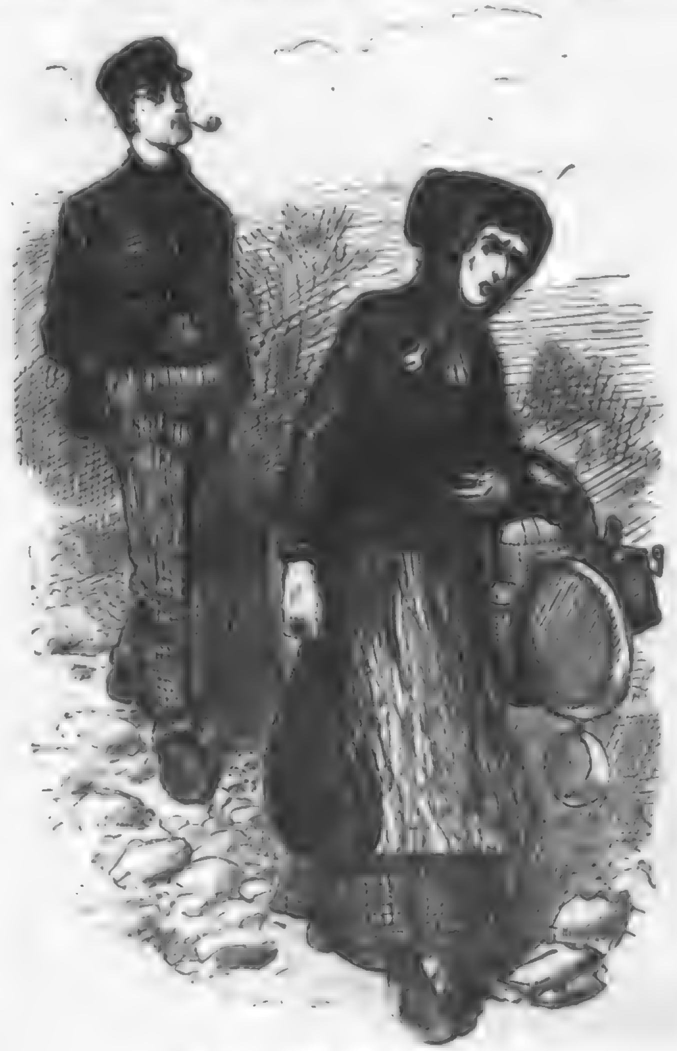


A BLAST IN A COAL MINE.

The danger in the occupation is not so much from accident in the mine as from the wicked combinations of men in the secret order of "Molly Maguire."

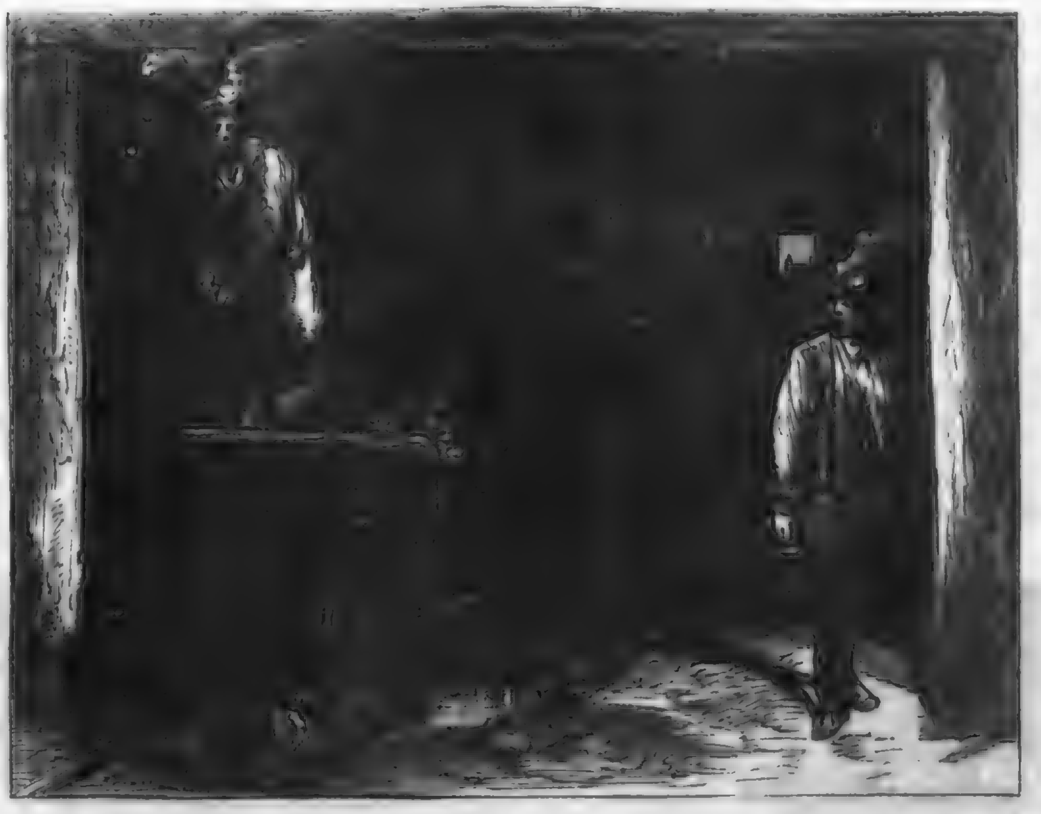
According to Detective McParlan, a man of the most wonderful nerve and courage, there has, for long years, existed among the workmen at the mines a regularly organized society or order, numbering, it is said, fully eight hundred members, in which murder and arson were deliberately planned and carried into execution by oath-bound members, chosen by lot for the special service.

The evidence taken in the trial of "Molly Maguire" murderers at Pottsville, Pa., in May, 1876, exhibited a most alarming state of affairs in the coal regions, and it is believed that the disclosures there made will serve to break up the desperate gangs, and enable the steady and honest miners to pursue their callings without fear of an enemy more dangerous than fire-damp or explosions in the subterranean shafts and galleries. The sober second thought of a majority of the miners must



A COAL-MINER AND HIS WIFE.

A [illegible] ICER.



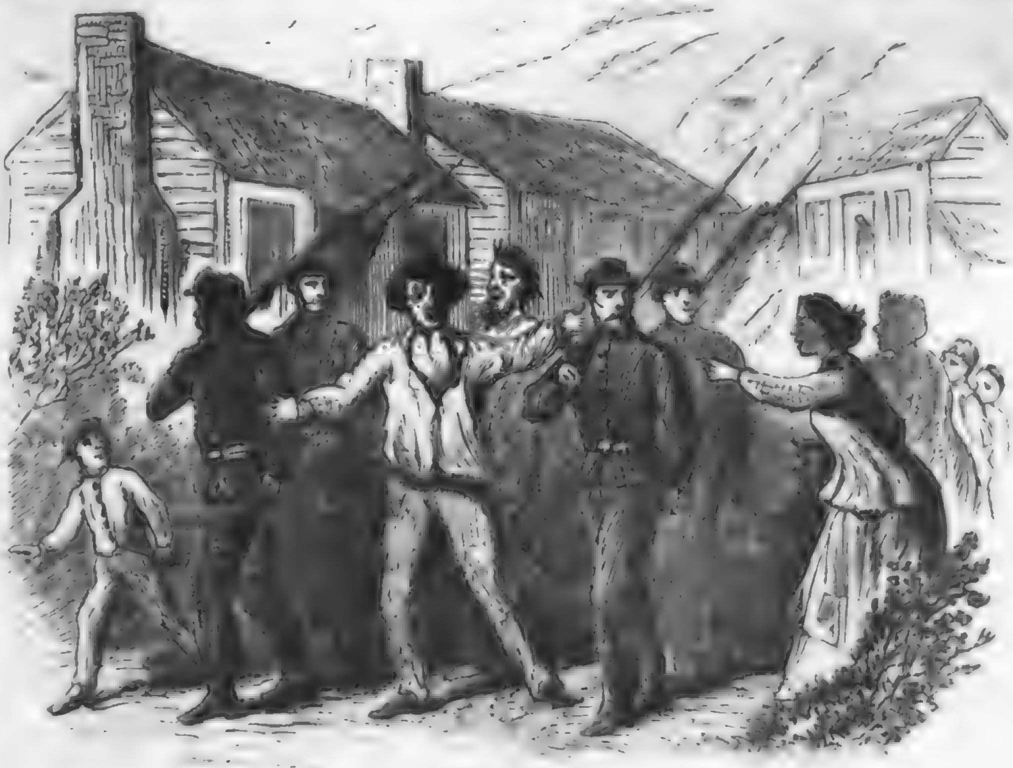
LOADING THE CARS.

condemn such murderous combinations as have been formed by the "Molly Maguires," and they ought to be the first to put down the secret order.

A comparatively few very wealthy men in our large cities are owners of the mountains and valleys where lie hidden the precious deposits of coal. They have been able to combine to keep up the price, but, fortunately for the good of the industries of the country, internal dissensions recently broke up the "ring," and the price of coal has sunk to figures much below the quotations of many years.

The history of the discovery of anthracite coal, and the first attempt to burn it, is full of interest as well as of romance.

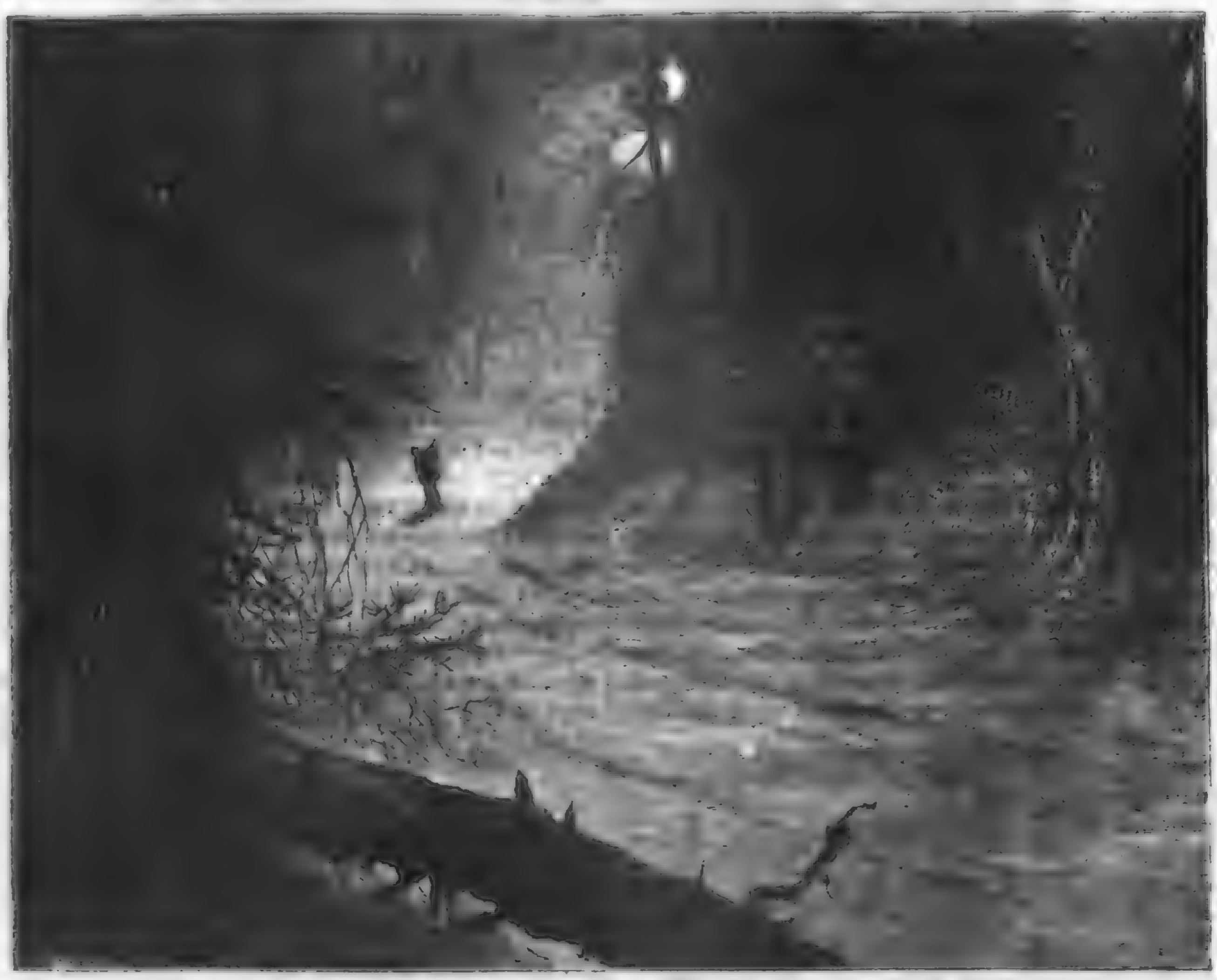
A hunter named Ginter is said to have made the first discovery of coal about eighty-five years ago; but he did not understand its nature, and supposed that it was as incombustible as graphite or granite. Some years later, specimens of the black stuff were sent to the seaboard towns for examination. An experimenter in Philadelphia, after most persistent efforts to ignite the black stones, gave up in despair, and left his furnace filled with a mixture of wood and coal, and went home to dinner. Fortunately the wood was partially ignited, and, equally fortunate, the furnace-door was closed and the draft open. When the experimenter returned to rake out and throw away the worthless stones, he found them, to his surprise, all aglow, causing such intense heat that his furnace was well-nigh destroyed.



ARRESTING MINERS.

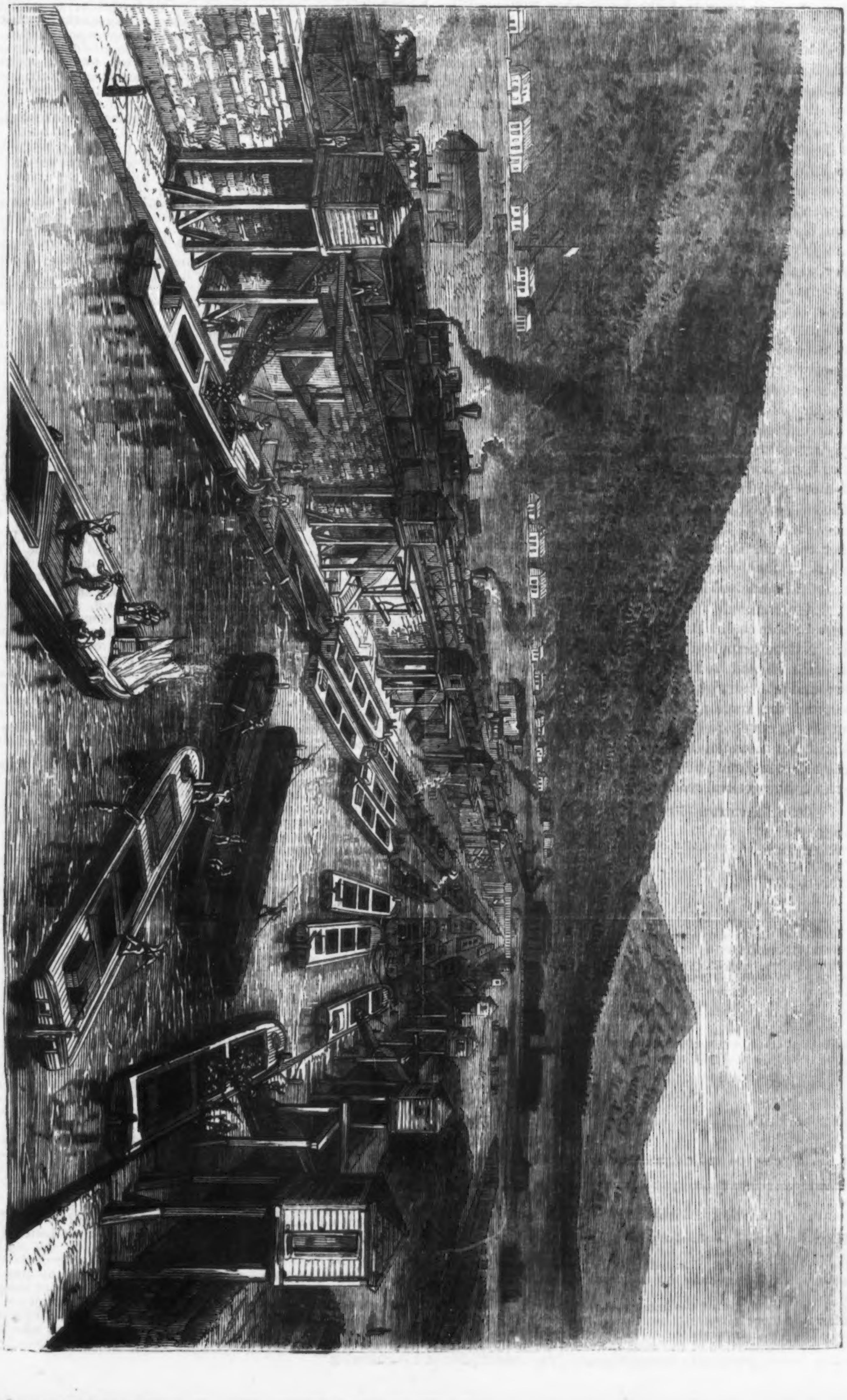
This result of course dispelled the idea that anthracite would not burn, and companies were soon organized to work it. Coal was, however, brought from the Pennsylvania mines by slow and wearisome conveyances, such as wagons and mule-backs, until 1827, when an imperfect track was laid to run cars down the mountains by gravity, and this originated the present very remarkable "Gravity Road." The area of coal within the United States has been estimated by Dr. Newberry at 150,000 square miles, while that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is reckoned at 10,000 square miles, or scarcely equal to Ohio alone. The supply of coal in the United States is practically inexhaustible.

In reference to the chemistry of coal, we cannot do better than quote from Professor Huxley on this important subject: Suppose we adopt Principal Dawson's assumption, that one foot of coal represents fifty generations of coal plants; and further make the moderate supposition that each generation of coal plants took ten years to come to maturity—then each foot-thickness represents 500 years. The superimposed beds in one coal field may amount to a thickness of fifty or sixty feet, and therefore the coal alone, in that field, represents 500 X 50=25,000 years. But the actual coal is an insignificant portion of the total deposits, which, as has been seen, may amount to between two and three miles of vertical thickness. Suppose it to be 12.000 feet—which is two hundred and forty times the thickness of the actual coal—is there any [illegible] we [illegible] believe it may not have taken two hundred and forty times as long to form? I know of none. But, in this case, the time which the coal-field represents would be 26,000 × 240 = 6,000,000 years. As affording a definite chronology, of course such calculations as those are of no value; but they have much use in fixing one's attention upon a possible minimum. A man may be puzzled if he is asked how long Rome took a-building; but he is proverbially safe if he affirms it not to have been built in a day; and our geological calculations are all, at present, pretty much on that footing. A second consideration which the study of the coal brings prominently before the mind of any one who is familiar with palæontology is, that the coal flora, viewed in relation to the enormous period of time which it lasted, and to the still vaster period which has elapsed since it flourished, underwent little or no change while it endured, and in its peculiar characters, differs strangely little from that which at present exists. The same species of plants are to be met with throughout the whole thickness of a coal-field, and the youngest are not sensibly different from the oldest. But more than this. Notwithstanding that the carboniferous period is separated from us by more than the whole time represented by the Secondary and Tertiary formations, the great types of vegetation were as distinct then as now. The structure of the modern club-moss furnishes a complete explanation of the fossil remains of the *Lepidodendra*, and the fronds of some of the ancient ferns are hard to distinguish from existing ones. At the same time it must be remembered that there is nowhere in the world at present, any forest which bears more than a rough analogy with a coal-forest. The types may remain, but the details of their form, their relative proportions, their associates, are all altered. And the tree-fern forest of Tasmania or New Zealand gives one only a faint and remote image of the vegetation of the ancient world. Once more an invariably recurring lesson of geological history, at whatever point its study is taken up—the lesson of the almost infinite slowness of the modification of living forms—the lines of the pedigrees of living things break off almost before they begin to converge.



THE MOUNT LAFFEY ROAD, NEAR POTTSVILLE, THE SCENE OF MANY MOLLY MAGUIRE MURDERS.

Finally, yet another curious consideration. Let us suppose that one of the stupid, salamander-like Labyrinthodonts, which pottered with much belly and little leg, like Falstaff in his old age, among the coal-forests, could have had thinking power enough in his small brain to reflect upon the showers of spores which kept on falling through years and centuries, of which, perhaps, not one in ten million fulfilled its apparent purpose, and reproduced the organism which gave it birth, surely he might have been excused for moralizing upon the thoughtless and wanton extravagance which Nature displayed in her operations. But we have the advantage over our shovel-headed predecessor—or possibly ancestor—and can perceive that a certain vein of thrift runs through this apparent prodigality. Nature is never in a hurry, and seems to have had always before her eyes the adage, "keep a thing long enough, and you will find use for it." She had kept her beds of coal many millions of years without being able to find much use for them; she has sent them down beneath the sea, and the sea beasts could make nothing of them; she has raised them up into dry land, and laid the black veins bare, and still, for ages and ages, there was no living thing on the face of the earth that could see any sort of value in them; and it was only the other day, so to speak, that she turned a new creature out of her workshop, who by degrees acquired sufficient wits to make a fire,



COAL DEPOT AT PORT CARBON.

and then to discover that the black rock would burn. I suppose that nineteen hundred years ago, when Julius Cæsar was good enough to deal with Britain as Britain dealt with Zealand, the primeval Briton, blue with coal and woad, may have known that the strange black stone, of which he found lumps here and there in his wanderings, would burn, and so help to warm his body and cook his food. Saxon, Dane, and Norman swarmed into the land. The English people grew into a powerful nation, and nature still waited for a full return for the capital she had invested in the ancient club-mosses. The eighteenth century arrived, and with it James Watt. The brain of that man was the spore out of which developed the steam-engine, and all the prodigious trees and branches of modern industry which have grown out of this. But coal is as much an essential condition of this growth and development as carbonic acid is for that of a club-moss. Wanting coal, we would not have smelted the iron needed to make our engines, nor have worked our engines when we had got them. But take away the engines, and the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire vanish like a dream. Manufactures give place to agriculture and pasture, and not ten men can live where now ten thousand are amply supported. Thus, all this abundant wealth of money and of vivid life is Nature's interest upon her investment in club-mosses, and the like, so long ago. But what becomes of the coal which is burnt in yielding this interest? Heat comes out of it, light comes out of it, and if we could gather together all that goes up the chimney, and all that remains in the grate of a thoroughly burnt coal-fire, we should find ourselves in possession of a quantity of carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matters, exactly equal in weight to the coal. But these are the very matters with which Nature supplied the club-mosses which made the coal. She is paid back principal and interest at the same time; and she straightway invests the carbonic acid, the water, and the ammonia in new forms of life, feeding with them the plants that now live. Thrifty Nature! Surely no prodigal, but most notable of housekeepers!

The following statistics of coal production may prove of interest to the general reader:

COAL STATISTICS—PRODUCTION OF ANTHRACITES.

1820	365	tons.
1820 to 1830	533,194	"
1830 to 1840	5,940,270	"
1840 to 1850	21,893,160	"
1850 to 1860	63,981,807	"
1860 to 1870	114,319,161	"
1870 to 1876	206,668,325	"
Great Britain in 1870	110,431,192	"
" " 1875	133,306,185	"

CHRONOLOGY OF ANTHRACITE.

1768	Anthracite coal first used by Obadiah Gore (Wyoming Valley).
1775-76	Coal used to manufacture arms (Carlisle Barracks).
1790	" discovered in Schuylkill County.
1794	" first used in " "
1808	" " " grates (Wilkesbarre).
1812	" " hauled to Philadelphia from Pottsville.
1814	" " carried " " Mauch Chunk.
1815	" " " " " Schuylkill County.
1820	" shipped by Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

When the Earl of Shaftesbury recently introduced a deputation from the "Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade" to the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for India, he stated that the revenue derived from opium now amounts to $45,000,000 annually, and bids fair further to increase largely. He quoted the testimony of the most eminent men in Europe, that nothing was more physically or morally injurious to Eastern nations. The local government of India was using every effort to extend the consumption of the drug to every part of the East. It was now even imported into British Burmah. The consumption of ardent spirits was also rapidly spreading in India, and was encouraged in every sense of the word by the British Government, which, instead of being a blessing, promised to become the greatest curse of India. Government were the manufacturers and venders of the poisonous drug, which he considered a very undignified position. Mr. M. Stewart, a member of Parliament, who followed, said that in 1800 only 4,000 chests of opium were exported from India to China; in 1834, 12,000; in 1844, 20,000; from 1849 to 1854, 58,000 annually, and in 1874 the export was 89,674 chests. The Marquis of Salisbury, in reply, could hold out no hope that legislation in the desired direction was probable.

Sulphide of Copper.—In the excavations made by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, over what he supposes to have been the site of ancient Troy, he discovered lumps of a blue metallic substance lying near the copper shields which were dug up. An analysis shows them to be sulphide of copper. It is conjectured that they are identical with the material mentioned by Homer as being used by the Trojan heroes for the ornamentation of their shields and dwellings. According to some authorities, there was a certain spring at Corinth in which the smiths of that city used to plunge copper in order to color it; and this affords ground for the supposition that the spring contained sulphur, and by means of the bath a coating of sulphide of copper was formed upon the surface of the metal.

Preventive of Hydrophobia.—In a letter published in a recent number of Professor Gubler's "Journal de Thérapeutique," another addition is made to the already formidable list of prophylactics against hydrophobia. Dr. Grzymala, of Krivoe Ozeroe, Podolia, reports that during the last ten years he has treated at least one hundred cases—in human subjects as well as in beasts—of bites by hydrophobic animals with the powdered leaves of *Xanthium spinosum*, with success in every case but one, although cases of bites inflicted at the same time, but treated in other ways, had terminated in death. The drug is described as possessing sudorific, sialogue, and slightly diuretic properties, but less pronounced than those of jaborandi. The dose for adults is nine grains of dry powder of the leaves, repeated three times a day, and continued during three weeks; to children under twelve years, half the quantity is given.

Underground Railroads in London.—The perfection to which the system of underground railroads is carried in London is one of the triumphs of modern engineering. In some places there are three tiers of roads, placed one above another, crossing on light, airy bridges, and never interfering with each other. This is the case at the entrance to the Clerkenwell tunnel. The Metropolitan Railroad has been a grand success; it carries more than 12,000,000 passengers every year, and on holidays as many as 80,000 in twenty-four hours. The carriages are lighted, and every effort is made to keep the tunnels well ventilated and clean. Perhaps the most important feature of these rapid-transit roads is the facilities they afford to poor people to live in the country, a long way from their work. Special trains are run in the morning and evening for the accommodation of this class of persons, and it has been of inestimable value in enabling workmen to bring up their families away from the confined air and bad associations of the crowded city.

To Nickel Small Articles.—Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to nickel small articles by boiling, just as pins, hooks and eyes, etc., are silvered or tinned. The *American Manufacturer* states that a Nuremberg chemist—Doctor Kayser—has succeeded in coating metals with an alloy resembling German silver, thus giving them a handsome finish, and making the surface more durable and permanent than that of tin or silver. He first melts together one part of copper and five parts pure tin—preferably the Australian. The alloy is granulated as usual, but not too fine, and then mixed with water and cream of tartar, as free from lime as possible, into paste. To each two hundred parts of the granulated alloy is added one part ignited oxide of nickel, and the articles are laid in it. After boiling a short time they become beautifully plated. Some fresh oxide of nickel must of course be added from time to time. Brass and copper articles can easily be plated in this manner without previous preparation; those of iron must first be copper-plated. By adding some carbonate of nickel to the above bath, or to a common white bath, and boiling, a coating richer in nickel is obtained, and darker, varying in color from that of platinum to a blue-black, according to the amount of nickel salt added.

Nothing Like Paper.—A contemporary thus describes a new adaptation of paper: "The American Paper Car Wheel Company, of Hudson, has specimens of 30, 33, and 42-inch wheels of its manufacture. These wheels have steel tires made with an inside flange and a cast-iron hub. On each side of the hub and tire wrought-iron or steel plates 3-16 inch thick are bolted, and the space between the plates is filled with compressed or, rather, condensed paper. This paper is made of straw-boards ⅓ inch thick, pasted together with paste made of rye-flour, and first made into sections about ½ inch thick. These are subject to a pressure of about 400 tons for about five hours, and are then dried with hot air. These sections are then pasted together in the same way, so as to get the requisite thickness, about 3½ inches, and are again pressed and dried. They thus form a disk, which is turned off, and the tire forced on with a pressure of about 150 tons. The plates are then bolted to the inside and outside of the wheel with ¾ inch bolts. An old wheel is exhibited, 'one of the first paper car-wheels ever made; it has run under a Pullman car 312,000 miles without the tire being turned.' One of the wheels is shown with a portion of the plates and paper disks cut away, so as to show the inside structure. One of the paper disks is also exhibited, and if a separate tire and hub were shown the exhibit would be complete. The wheels are painted brilliantly red, which might be described as 'monochrome-engineering.'"

The Physiological Effects of Light.—The study of the action of light on all forms of life, animal, vegetable, and insect, is not new, and the literature of the subject is immense, but nevertheless, we have every year either something new or a revival of some old theories. The action of blue light on vegetables or animals was an especial hobby of General A. J. Pleasanton, who took out a patent, "on the use of the combined natural light of the sun in combination with the transmitted blue or electric light of the sky, to the growth of the animal kingdom of nature, to the growth of fruits, vines, flowers, plants, vegetables, and to the cure of diseases in man and animals." The inventor was remarkably successful in raising grapes as well as pigs in accordance with his theory. His most remarkable experience was in the case of an Alderney male calf which at its birth was very weak and puny, and not expected to live. Placed in a pen under a violet-colored glass roof, it immediately began to improve, and so continued to do, until in fifty days he gained six inches in height, and at the end of the year had attained maturity. We observe that, acting on a suggestion of Father Secchi, of Rome, who was at one time a resident of New York, Dr. Ponza, of Italy, has been trying the action of different colored lights on the patients of an insane asylum with remarkable success. Dr. Ponza performs his experiments in rooms the walls of which are painted of the same color as the glass panes of the windows, which are arranged to admit the utmost amount of light. Several rooms were prepared and several patients kept in them under observation. One of them, affected with morbid taciturnity, became gay and affable after a three hours' stay in a red chamber; another, a maniac who refused all food, asked for some breakfast after having staid twenty-four hours in the same red chamber. In a blue one, a highly excited madman with a strait waistcoat on was kept all day; an hour after, he appeared much calmer. The action of blue light is very intense on the optic nerve, and seems to cause a sort of oppression. A patient was made to pass the night in a violet chamber; on the following day he begged Dr. Ponza to send him home, because he felt himself cured; and indeed he has been well ever since. Dr. Ponza's conclusions from his experiments are these: "The violet rays are, of all others, those that possess the most intense electro-chemical power; the red light is also very rich in calorific rays; blue light, on the contrary, is quite devoid of them, as well as of chemical and electric ones. Its beneficent influence is hard to explain; as it is the absolute negation of all excitement, it succeeds admirably in calming the furious excitement of maniacs."

Death of the Originator of the Channel Tunnel.—The International Commissioners charged with the examination of the plans and estimates relative to the proposed submarine tunnel between England and France closed its session on the 18th of February, after taking final steps for the commencement of the work. By a singular coincidence, M. de Gamond, the originator of the project, died on the day the Commission closed its labors. He was born in 1798, at Paris, but was educated in the Netherlands, where he gave great attention to hydrography. His great scheme was remodeled by him many times before it took its final form. It was brought before several international exhibitions and commissions, and he published a great number of pamphlets, documents and books, before the scheme gained the favor of those who were able to help him in carrying it out. He was not destined to see the boring actually commenced, but he saw all obstructions and objections removed. M. Thomé de Gamond had also conceived a vast scheme for the improvement of the streams and rivers of France. He proposed to enable the country to utilize the whole of its hydraulic resources, and was anxious to put an end to the immense loss of water, which might be used for irrigation and as a motive power. He was modest, energetic, and benevolent.

Herr von Loeher has recently read a paper before the Munich Academy of Sciences in which he argues that the Guanch or Wandsch population of the Canary Isles, who for more than a century repulsed all invaders, are the descendants of the Vandals. Most of the names of places are barbarian, but some Germanic. Many common expressions are a mixture of both, and names of persons are almost all Germanic, as also religious phrases and the titles of public functionaries. Herr Loeher believes that the Vandals or Goths settled in the Isles in the eighth century, finding there a weak barbarian population whom they subjugated; that they gradually lost the use of iron and shipbuilding, and mostly relapsed from Christianity into German heathenism; but, though degenerating in their complete isolation, retained the features and customs of their race in all essential points until their discovery by Europeans. Fair-haired mummies have been found in their tombs, and the dimensions of their skulls agree with those of Germanic races.

The Most Fusible Metal.—The new metal gallium, just found in zinc ores in France, melts at the extraordinary low temperature of 85 deg. Fah. It can be cut, possesses a slight malleability, and when fused, adheres to glass, on which it forms a beautiful mirror resembling silver. Excepting mercury, which melts at 39 deg Fah., this is the most fusible of all the metals, and this property may make it valuable for safety-plugs, and also for electrotype composition.

A miner has recently found in the Globe Mining District, Arizona, a solid mass of metallic silver ore lying on the surface of the ground, and weighing 2,200 lbs. An assay showed it to be worth at least $20,000.

President Clark, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has selected Mr. D. P. Penhallow, of Portsmouth, N. H., for Professor of Botany and Chemistry, and Mr. William Wheeler for Professor of Mathematics in the Japan Agricultural College.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Con.—What is the difference between horse-racing and going to church?—One makes men bet, the other makes them better.

A Gallant Peddler.—As a lady of great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawker of earthenware, driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock in trade. In order to give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockeryware was broken. The lady, in her turn, became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, if not offer to insult her; but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, ma'am; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

A new prison-chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane!'

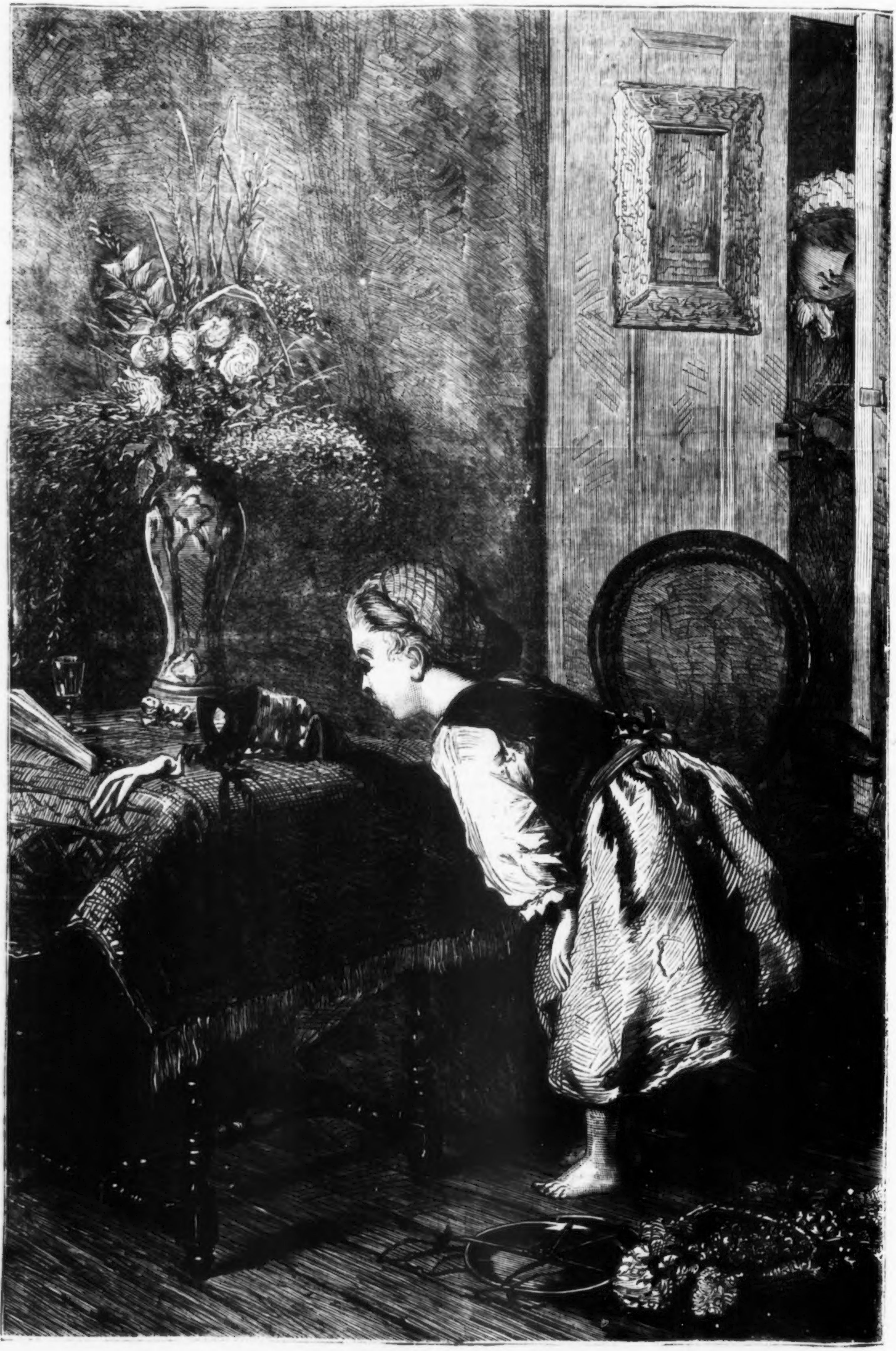
The Reverend Sydney Smith was once taking a walk around the purlieus of Lambeth, when he saw two little girls amusing themselves with a tortoise. Among other methods of amusing that hard-shelled democrat, they adopted that of gently scraping the shell. The natural common sense or intelligence of the pulpit humorist was aroused, and he said: "My children, what are you tickling the shell of that tortoise for?" The little idiots looked up and said, "To please it, sir." Sydney Smith heaved a sigh at the simplicity of innocence, and then said, "My dears, you might as well hope to please the conclave of cardinals by scratching the dome of St. Peter's, as to please the soul of that tortoise by scratching its shell."

A juvenile Mrs. Partington, while walking with her elder sister, suddenly turned her head towards a rather shabby-looking edifice, and cried delightedly, "Oh, how I should like to live in that house! It would be so nice!" "But why, dear? What makes you wish to live in such an old, tumble-down house as that?" inquired her astonished sister. "Why, it would be so splendid; we could soon make it look like new again. We could have everything we want for nothing, and papa would never be cross." "What on earth do you mean, child?" asked the mystified sister. "Don't you see that board?" said the little elf, as if pitying her elder's ignorance, at the same time pointing to an innocent-looking sign-board which read thus: "No bills here."

One day a Turkish joker borrowed a great kettle of a neighbor. When he was done with it, he returned it, and a little saucepan along with it. The neighbor asked what this meant, whereupon the joker said, "The kettle had a young one." On hearing this, the neighbor readily accepted both. Some time afterward the joker again borrowed the kettle, but, after waiting a long time to have it returned, the owner at last went for it, and knocked at the joker's door. "What do you want of me?" asked he. "I want my kettle," replied the neighbor. "I see that you look quite well yourself, but I am very sorry to say that your kettle is dead," returned the humorist. "Nonsense! Kettles don't die," cried the neighbor. "Certainly they do," opposed the joker. "If a kettle can have a young one, it can die."

A capital story is told of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who traveled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called roughing it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries—*i. e.*, a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles of a particularly fine varnish for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the natives, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles they opened them, and the varnish being made with Madeira and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that, and, in order to try, he should drink some; so they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot-varnish!

The San Francisco *News-Letter* heartily congratulates London on the coming Chinese invasion. It says: "A gleam of hope arises in the leaden-colored cloud known as the Chinese question. A colony of laundrymen is to be shipped from New York to London. Happy John Bull! In a few years a large portion of England's metropolis will be overrun with the astute Mongolian. Hyde Park and St. James's will bristle with signs of 'Hong-Ki' and 'Ah-Yen,' while the sounds of the discordant fiddle and the pre-adamitic banjo will resound in the back slums of Belgravia. Regent Street will be devastated with crackers every Chinese New Year, and St. Paul's Cathedral will have long since been converted into a joss-house. Some ultra radical will remove all their disabilities, and a quarter of a century may behold them in Parliament. The Hon. Wang Si may be imagined addressing the honorable member for Lambeth, and saying, 'You all same talkee heap lie: you welly bad man.' Advance, adventurous Mongolian, to the *Ultima Thule* of thy conquests, and a cockney wreath shall speedily adorn thy saffron brow!"



WHAT CAN IT BE?